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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

1853.

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GIVE UNTO THE LORD, O YE KINDREDS OF THE PEOPLE, GIVE UNTO  
THE LORD GLORY AND STRENGTH. PS. XCVL 7.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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No. 1.]

[JANUARY, 1853.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



LIBERATION OF AFRICANS AT SIERRA LEONE IN 1820.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

B

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

ONE of the most interesting scenes which can be witnessed is the landing of liberated Africans from the hold of a slave-ship.

In the year 1820, owing to the vigilance of the cruisers under the command of Commodore Sir R. Mends, who afterwards fell a victim to the African climate, an unusual number of slavers were assembled at Sierra Leone, awaiting the decision of the Mixed-Commission Court, composed of the representatives and judges of various nations. Three of these vessels having been condemned, it was considered expedient, if possible, to land all the slaves at once. For this purpose all the boats of the squadron then in port proceeded to the vessels, and were filled to overflowing with now happy and liberated negroes. On the shore, the inhabitants of the various villages, who had been themselves previously emancipated, were assembled in thousands, in the hope of recognising some friend or brother, some mother or sister, from whom they had been cruelly torn in a distant land. As the boats neared the shore, the shouts from those on the land and those in the boats became loud and incessant. Recognitions of fellow-countrymen and near and dear relatives took place. The boats appeared to them to move too slowly—at any rate they did not keep pace with their affections; and the consequence was, that many jumped from the boats into the sea to swim on shore, while those on the land could not be restrained from swimming towards the boats. Many gratulations and embraces were exchanged on the mighty deep. And as soon as the boats touched the land, the crowds became so mingled, and their actions so animated, that it resembled rather the onset of conflicting bands, than the meeting of long-separated friends. Groups were speedily formed of the different nations and tribes of which the inhabitants of Sierra Leone are composed. Then some conspicuous personage was to be seen unfolding to the assembled throng the tale of woe, of wonder, or of joy, as the case might be—in fact, all that they had seen, and all that they had endured; the state of their tribe; the births, marriages, and deaths; the welfare of friends, and the fate of foes. The Engraving, however, will bring the scene more vividly before our readers than any description that we can give.

Long will it be before the embraces, the tears, and the joys that were then exchanged can be forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. Considerable time elapsed before the assembled throngs could be persuaded to move off to their respective villages.

May not this happy event remind us of a far more exalted and happier meeting, which many of those poor Africans will one day experience, through the instrumentality of the Church Missionary Society, around the throne of God? Severed from their native land, and torn from the embraces of friends, they have, in His marvellous providence, been conveyed to a land where, for the first time, they have heard of Him, and of the glad tidings of im-

mortality by Jesus Christ. Be it our endeavour then, by our contributions and prayers, to aid that great Society which is raised up to carry the glad tidings of peace to poor, degraded, and long-injured Africa. Then "Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands" and praise the Lord.

KANDIAN BAPTISM AND MARRIAGE.

KANDY, the capital of the interior of Ceylon, is placed at the head and widest part of a pretty extensive valley, and about 1400 feet above the level of the sea. Standing on the borders of an artificial lake, and enclosed by wooded hills and mountains, from 200 to 2000 feet high, its situation is beautiful. We have had a Missionary Station there since 1835; and much good seed has been sown. It is true that, as in other parts of Ceylon, the progress of the work is slow; yet there are occasionally encouraging indications, which lead us to wait in expectation of the time when the Lord shall cause this Missionary field to bring forth plenteously. Not long since we related some interesting circumstances respecting the village of Ratmewela, about twelve miles from Kandy. We are now enabled to introduce another pleasing fact, communicated to us by the same Missionary, the Rev. W. Oakley. He writes, June 9—

I must give you a brief account of the baptism and marriage of the daughter of a Kandian chief, which took place here last month.

This young woman, now about eighteen years of age, is the daughter of a Kandian chief, named Kapitipolla Bandar, connected with the highest Kandian families. Her father is dead: her mother is still alive. She has a sister older than herself, who is married; and a brother and sister who are much younger. With one or two exceptions, the whole of this family and their relatives are heathen—Buddhists. One of the uncles of this young woman is a Christian, and a communicant in connexion with the congregation on the Mission premises. Another uncle, the elder brother of the above, has been accustomed to attend divine service on the Mission premises occasionally for the last twenty years, and has some considerable acquaintance with Christianity; but, from a variety of reasons, still holds back from renouncing heathenism altogether, and becoming a Christian. Several other members of her family are well educated, and are not altogether unacquainted with the truths of the Christian religion; but unless the Spirit of God carry home these truths to their hearts, and make them willing to renounce all for Christ, we cannot hope to see any permanent change produced in them. Our hope is in the word and promise of Jehovah. He has promised to His Son, "Ask of me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession." Our prayer is, that He would hasten the fulfilment of this promise: our desire and hope is, that we may be permitted to witness it.

The young woman, of whose baptism and marriage I am now speaking, is able to read her own language—Singhalese—a little. Some months since she was betrothed to a young man, the son of a Kandian chief, who has renounced Buddhism and become a Christian. He, in con-

sequence, objected to marry her unless she also became a Christian. Both her friends and his urged him to marry her while she was a heathen, and according to heathen custom, saying that he might afterwards have her instructed and baptized. To this, however, he very properly objected, and her friends then applied to me to instruct her, as she had expressed a willingness to receive instruction. After a few visits to her house, she was prevailed upon to attend divine service on the Mission premises, and subsequently she came almost daily to the Mission-house to receive instruction. She was instructed chiefly by Mrs. Oakley, who found her to be a most willing and interesting pupil. Her mind seemed gradually to open to the truths which were set before her; and, unlike the females in general in India, she was accustomed from the first to ask a great many questions on every subject upon which she was instructed, by which means she made very rapid and very satisfactory progress in her knowledge of Christian truth. She was particularly anxious to understand the nature and value of prayer, and often asked Mrs. Oakley to teach her short prayers, which she could repeat whenever she was alone. When asked if she thought she should ever turn back again to the worship of Buddhu, or if, in the time of trouble and affliction, she would, like her relatives and neighbours, seek help and deliverance from devils, she replied, with great emphasis, that it was impossible; that she had now received so much light and knowledge that she could never more have any confidence in heathenism. She seemed to feel the deepest interest in reading chapters in the New Testament, with Mrs. Oakley, and was remarkably quick in perceiving the meaning of many of our Saviour's discourses and parables.

As I was satisfied with her sincerity, and with her knowledge of the chief truths of the Christian religion, I admitted her into the Church by baptism on Sunday, May the 9th, in the presence of the congregation, after the second lesson at morning service. She gave her replies with great simplicity and earnestness. On her return home from church, she found all her friends in tears. When she inquired the cause, they said it was because she had forsaken the religion of her fathers, and gone over to a strange religion. She was not, however, in the least degree discouraged by their expressed regret at her conduct, but the next day—Monday—she came as usual to Mrs. Oakley for instruction, and continued to attend up to the day of her marriage.

On the day of her marriage—she was married by license, after the custom of the English—she came with her friends very early in the morning, about nine o'clock. The bridal party came in five or six carriages. The bridegroom came in full dress as a Kandian chief: the costume is very handsome, purely Indian. The bridegroom's father and another of his relatives were also in full dress as Kandian chiefs, but the other members of the family were in their usual attire, which is partly European, partly native. The bride was very handsomely attired as a Kandian lady, and was accompanied by four other Kandian ladies, one of whom was her mother. Neither of these ladies had, I believe, ever before been in a place of Christian worship. They appeared to be much interested in the service, and seemed to be quite reconciled to the young convert who had renounced their religion.

During the time this young woman has been receiving instruction,

many opportunities have been afforded of speaking to other members of her family on the subject of the Christian religion. What effect this may have upon them we cannot say. We trust that the seed which has been sown in faith may yet spring forth, and produce an abundant harvest, to the praise and glory of God.

The bridegroom is the young man referred to in the Society's Annual Report, 1849--1850, who had been educated at the Government school in this town, and was baptized by me in December 1848. He has, since his baptism, remained stedfast in his profession, and is now a communicant. He has recently been made Ratemahatmaya of the Harrisputtua district, from ten to fifteen miles distant from Kandy.

NEW MISSION TO THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

A new Mission is about to be commenced by the American Board of Missions among the Caroline Islands, or, as they are sometimes called, the Micronesian group, lying directly north of New Zealand, and close to the equator. They consist in part of low, flat, coral islands, from one to five or six feet above the ocean, and in part of high, mountainous, volcanic islands.

The natives are the same race of people with their neighbours the Polynesians, and are described by different navigators who have visited them as remarkable for their sweetness of temper, kindness of manner, and absence of harsh and violent feelings. They are said to be an intelligent and thinking people, sharp sighted, and curious to learn the meaning of any new object which they see. Their women are treated with much consideration. They are social and enterprising, and a constant communication is kept up by the inhabitants of the different groups and islands, which will help much the spread of gospel truth.

The girdles or sashes which they wear are made of the filaments of the banana plant, not braided, as in other parts of the Pacific, but woven in a simple loom.

Their canoes, which sail readily either way, are covered with a varnish of native manufacture, which makes them water-tight. In their voyages they direct their course by the stars with much accuracy.

Like the generality of the heathen, their religion mainly consists in worshipping the spirits of their ancestors. To these they pray and perform certain ceremonies, and offer a portion of their food; but they have no temples, images, nor sacrifices, nor does it appear that the tapu system, so general throughout the isles of the Pacific, has any existence amongst them.

This new Mission, interesting in itself—as every effort must be to extend the knowledge and blessings of the pure gospel to new tribes—is rendered still more so by the fact, that the Missionaries are to consist partly of Americans and partly of native Christians from the Sandwich Islands, which are now evangelized, through God's blessing on the labours of the American Missionaries. Not only

has compassion been kindled on behalf of the inhabitants of the beautiful yet benighted islands which constitute the new sphere of labour, but the spiritual welfare of the Christian Hawaiians, and their confirmation in the faith, has also been considered—there being no surer way to strengthen our own faith in the gospel than to be diligent in making it known to others; for just in proportion as we give, shall we receive—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." A Society, therefore, with this object in view, has recently been formed in the islands, auxiliary to the American Board. This Society takes the first step as to exploring the field, and obtaining necessary information. It is expected that the Hawaiian Missionaries will be sustained wholly by their own churches, and the American Missionaries who may accompany them from the same source likewise, so far as may be practicable.

There is no stronger proof of vitality than the power of reproductiveness. Protestant Missions, in various parts of the world, have now, by the blessing of God, attained such a point of advancement, that they are reproducing themselves in kindred efforts around; and places which, some few years back, had been the extreme points of Missionary work, are now centres of new efforts, which are being pushed further on, in different directions, into the wilderness. The boasted Missions of the Popish church have never reached as far as this.

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#### THE SIAMESE.

OUR readers are aware that a portion of the great Birman empire, lying along the sea coast, called the Tenasserim provinces, has been in possession of Great Britain since the conclusion of the last war with Birmah in 1826. These provinces once belonged to Siam, and were wrested from that kingdom by the Birmese about a hundred years ago. To the westward of these provinces lies the present kingdom of Siam. In our Number for March last we introduced an account of the coronation of the present king of Siam, and the idolatrous ceremonies with which it was attended. The Siamese are heathen, Buddhists by profession. Their sacred places are called wats. They consist of a spacious grove, containing pagodas, temples, image-houses, dwellings for the priests, and various other structures. In and around Bankok, the capital of Siam, there are no fewer than 100 of these wats, occupying all the best locations. Amidst the small, rude houses of which the city consists, streets no better than footpaths, overgrown with bushes, into which every sort of filth is thrown, canals and ditches branching out in every direction, which, when the tide recedes, display a loathsome slime, these wats, with paved and shady walks, present the only pleasant places. Buddhism, like Romanism, provides for the priesthood their power and comfort, but leaves the mass of the people unimproved. The following extract from an address delivered on a late occasion by a

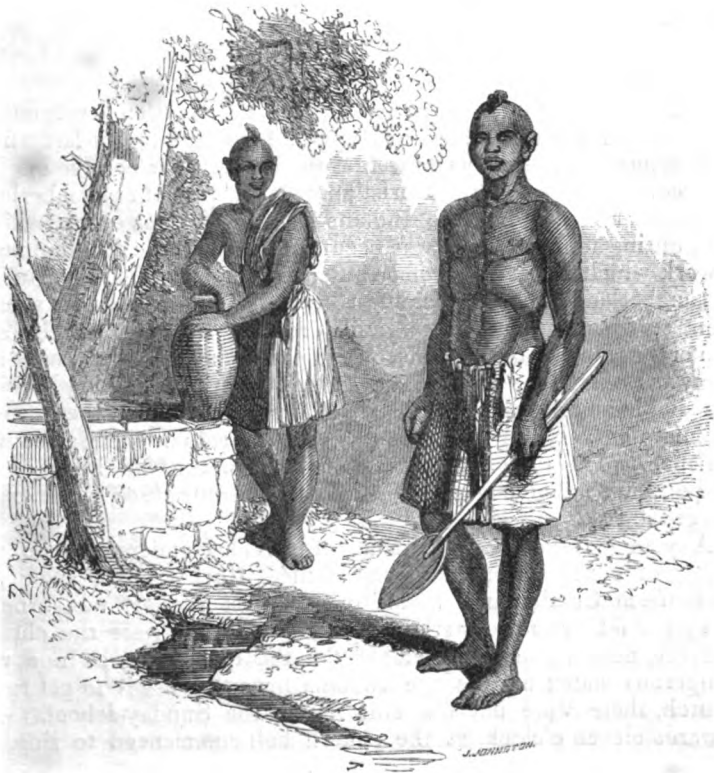


gentleman who has recently visited Rome, will enable us to perceive that there are strong points of resemblance in the practical effects of the two systems—

Out of a population of about 120,000 in the city of Rome, of whom 20,000 are members of ecclesiastical orders, there are 40,000 paupers. The Campagna, for miles around, is a desert, because the land has been irrevocably given to ecclesiastical corporations, which leave it to waste, no man daring to cultivate it. The roads are the worst in Europe, resembling canals rather than roads, except that there is too little water for a boat, too much for a carriage. The pestilential influence of the Pontine marshes is gradually extending, and, if not checked by effectual drainage, will soon desolate the whole city of Rome. Rome is not lighted by gas. Every attempt to introduce railroads has been resisted. Whilst the people are reduced to beggary, and not a penny can be obtained for roads, bridges, or commerce, there are hundreds of gaudy churches, in which millions have been invested.

So in Siam, no efforts are made to improve the capital. Hindus make tanks, wells, bridges; but in Siam it is thought more meritorious to build wats and pagodas, and to support priests.

The Siamese, of whom we give an engraving below, are not



a comely race; they are, in personal appearance, inferior to the generality of people. The national characteristics are, a broad and flat face, long and square lower jaw, large mouth, thick lips, and prominent cheek bones. The hair, except on the top of the head, from the forehead to the crown, is kept shaved by the men, and cut pretty close by the women. The dress of both sexes is much alike. A cloth, generally of printed cotton, descends below the knees, at a distance resembling trowsers, to which the women add a scarf, crossing the breast and passing under the arms. To this is sometimes added, when in the sun, a light hat, made of palm leaves, which is set upon the head by an elastic bambu frame, which holds it up several inches. Their moral character is such as might be expected from those who are "without God in the world," and in ignorance of the alone Saviour.

In the great peninsula beyond the Ganges are many interesting races of people, some of them under British rule. There is, moreover, every prospect of our dominion in that region being much increased by the result of the present Birmese war. Yet in the whole of these lands there is no Church-of-England Mission Station. Whatever Missionary work has been done there, has been accomplished by the Americans.

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FALLING ASLEEP IN JESUS.

THE Rev. Henry Budd, our native Missionary, has been in sole charge of our station at Cumberland, in Rupert's Land, during the last winter and spring. It has not been the first time that he has been so circumstanced. He was the first Christian teacher placed at Cumberland, in the year 1840, when the Indians became desirous of instruction; and, during four years, he was occupied in laying the foundations of a work which has now become settled and important, all the Indians at Cumberland being professing Christians, and, as a body, valuing their spiritual opportunities, and profiting by them. The last winter has been, amongst these dear people, a time of sickness and many deaths. This time of sorrow has brought out very forcibly the simple and strong faith of the Indians. Resting on the gracious promises of God, they have been enabled to submit themselves with patience to His will; and several of them, in the full hope of the gospel, have fallen asleep. One instance we introduce, as an example of the rest.

A young Indian, of the name of David Henderson, who was dying of consumption at a place called Rocky Lake, some distance from Cumberland, at his own earnest request was brought in by his father to the station, that he might be near the church. On the next Sunday, November the 2d, the river was in a very dangerous state; and as the Indians have to cross it to get to the church, there were but few children in the Sunday-school. But towards eleven o'clock, as the church bell commenced to ring, the

Indians were seen trying to cross the river, although the ice was floating down very thickly, and in large pieces, the least of which, coming against their slender canoes, might crush them in a few minutes. We continue the narrative in the words of Mr. Budd—

Amongst the number, I was surprised to see the emaciated countenance of David Henderson. On entering my house, after the service, poor David held out his skeleton hand to me, saying, "I am glad to see you once more: I did not expect to see you again in this world. I thank God that He has spared me to come here, and permitted me to enter His house of prayer this day. I prayed to God, when I was at Rocky Lake, that I might be spared to see the church but once more; and God in mercy has answered my prayer, for which I thank Him." I was so delighted to hear him talk in this manner, that I tried to speak to him, but in vain. He could not hear me: he is quite deaf. Twelve months ago he had a severe attack of influenza, which took his hearing from him; and the consumption increasing, made him altogether deaf. I sincerely hope that the Lord has made David to think of the interest of his soul, and has sanctified his affliction to him, to the glory of His grace.

Nov. 20, 1851—As the river is now fit and strong enough to walk on, I went over to see David Henderson, who, I was told, was very low. On my entering the house, the poor man stretched out his withered hand to me. It was exceedingly difficult for him to speak. Pointing to his breast, he said, "It is sore here." Then he said, "I am glad to see you very much, to tell you that the Lord is very good to me, and makes my heart glad. I thank Him for it. He makes me particularly happy this day. Although I don't expect to get better, yet I can rejoice in Him." I asked him, through the means of his wife—for it was very difficult to speak to him, his wife putting her mouth to his ear, and calling as loud as she could, and even then it was with difficulty that he could hear her—how he felt in the prospect of death, and whom he looked to and trusted in at this time of trial. He said, "Do you not know whom I am trusting in? I have said often that I do not trust in any one but in God and in Jesus Christ. He alone is God, and to Him alone I look."

Nov. 21—I went over to see David again in the evening, and found him in a very weak state indeed. However, he knew me at once, and tried to speak, but it was with much difficulty that he could be understood. The little that I could make out was this—"I lie here from morning till night, and from night till morning. I would find it very hard if I was not thinking of God as my Father. I am thankful God gives me strength in my mind, though I am so weak in body. I am glad, also, that the people here come over and sit with me every night. I feel thankful to them for their kindness, and I pray God to bless them."

Nov. 24—David's wife came to our house, and said that her husband had sent her to call me over: he wanted to see me very much. I went, but he did not know any one: his understanding had failed him. After a long time, his father asked him why he had sent for me. He only replied, "I wanted to say that I am very thankful for his kindness to me, and for all the medicine and necessities he has supplied me with. I pray God to bless him and all his children." But he was much interrupted by a painful cough while he was forcing himself to say these few

words: he therefore stopped and rested himself. After we had all prayed together, I arose to go home, giving him my hand, and bidding him good night. He seized my hand, and, pressing it, tried to say something, but I could not hear him.

Nov. 25—David Henderson departed this life at ten o'clock this morning, I trust "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." He has left behind him a wife, and one only child. I trust that God has long been teaching him the vanity of worldly things, and that his long affliction has been sanctified to him, so that he was as a shock of corn fully ripe for the garner of his heavenly Father. He was quite sensible to the last, and spoke to his friends while he was able. He called them all together, being sensible of his approaching end. He encouraged them to follow the Lord closely, and to adorn the doctrine of Christ their Saviour by their consistent lives. He spoke of heaven, and said it was a happy and a glorious place, and would more than repay them for all the pains they might take to get there. He was not in the least afraid to die: death to him was disarmed of its sting. He seemed quite confident as he came to the shore of Jordan; for he said, "The Lord will conduct me safely across its waters." Noticing his wife weeping, he said to her, "If you knew what a happy place I am going to, you would not weep so for me." He gave his wife some directions about their little child, and told his father not to allow him to go with the heathen Indians, but to have him taught in the school; and having said this, he fell asleep. Thus died David Henderson, exemplifying to his friends the power that Christ's own word can give, and the reality of the gospel of Christ.

Nov. 26—This day we paid the last honours to the mortal remains of David Henderson: all the Indians that were at home were present at the burial. I trust in the Lord that his death will have been blessed to many of us.

THE HINDU CONVERT DESAI.

A DEEPLY-INTERESTING account of this native Christian appears in a small work published by the Rev. W. Clarkson, of the London Missionary Society, whose station is on the banks of the Mahi, near Baroda, in Guzerat. We can only present it in a brief form, endeavouring to preserve as much of the interest as possible.

Desai was a man of some property, possessing land with wells, which gave it value. He also farmed a large village under the native government. When he first came to Mr. Clarkson he was covered with sacred necklaces and various marks of heathenism. But the Lord had touched his heart with a desire to be taught, and he came daily for that purpose. Many sacrifices were before him should he profess himself a Christian. The native government, in whose employ he was, would disgrace him; his family and connexions, by whom he was greatly respected, would cast him off. It was no light thing to face all the people and be branded as polluted: "but," as he said himself, "the grain of bijari (millet), which you throw into the ground, does not bring forth fruit unless

it first die; and eternal life cannot be enjoyed in heaven till we have died in regard to the world." He made his choice for Christ, and by the grace of God he was enabled to hold fast that which he had taken as his portion.

After his baptism the storm fell upon him. He was outcasted, and a paper was issued through forty villages in which he had relatives, declaring that all who partook food with him should be made outcasts also. At this time a daughter of his had just died from the bite of a cockatrice, but none came near to sympathize with him. His own house was a scene of confusion; for his wife, his two brothers, and their wives, although submitting to become outcasts with him, heaped reproaches on him. But he remained firm and constant, although deeply feeling amidst all; and finding that he could not hold his position under the government without being implicated in various acts of injustice and oppression, he resigned it. Having thus parted with all for the sake of Christ, he left his native village with his wife and children, intending never to return to it. One daughter was still left him, about eight years of age, and she had been, according to Hindu custom, betrothed some years previously; but he broke off the ivory armlets which encircled her arms, the symbol of marriage, and said—"I betrothed her to the world when I knew no better; but now that I myself have come to the light, how can I, a Christian, send my own child into a heathen family? She is not mine: she is Christ's. Let her be baptized, and let the Lord dispose of her."

He now took up his residence at the Mission, intending to give himself to the work of an evangelist; but his trials were not yet ended. His younger brother, enraged at having lost all the family, had followed him, and, suddenly entering Desai's tent, seized the two children, and carried them off. It would have been unsafe for Desai himself to have ventured into the Guicowar districts. Mr. Clarkson therefore went in search of them to Desai's village, and, having regained possession of them with some difficulty, was returning with them, when he was stopped by the soldiers of the Guicowar government, and the children taken from him. Nothing now remained but to put the case into the hands of the British Resident; and three days of suspense ensued, during which the parents were kept in much patience and confidence, when at length the bullock-cart arrived, bringing the long-expected children.

But Desai's faith was to be again tried. His wife, of whose conversion good hopes had been entertained, persuaded by her friends, left him, taking the two children with her. "He was now," as Mr. Clarkson says, "like a tree stripped of all its leaves and blossoms." His mind seemed shaken, and it was feared that he would break down beneath his weight of trials. Suddenly he disappeared, no one knew whither. Fearing lest he should be drawn away too, "he had gone on the Lord's work, without purse, staff, or scrip, preaching at

every village, sleeping sometimes in the fields and sometimes in the public resting-places, and finding food according as the hospitality of the villagers might afford it."

But now He, who has promised that no temptation shall take us beyond what we are able to bear, graciously interfered to relieve poor Desai of his heavy burden. Shambai, his wife, returned to him, bringing their two children; and Desai is now labouring as a native teacher in the Baroda Mission.

"They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses."

CHURCH MISSIONARY MEETING AT GLENCAR, COUNTY SLIGO, IRELAND.

THE Bishop of Sierra Leone, while on a visit to Ireland in August last, preached for the Society in Sligo, and attended the Annual Meeting in that town,* as well as afterwards a country Meeting some miles off. The Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, Association Secretary to the Hibernian Auxiliary, has sent us the following account of the latter meeting, which we think will be read with interest—

One of the most cheering and delightful Missionary meetings I have ever witnessed was held in a wild mountain glen, some seven miles from Sligo, in the midst of most romantic scenery, and a simple, but intelligent people. The little church was crowded; and, as the good Bishop remarked, the wonder was, as one looked round upon mountains and rocks, where they could all have come from. No doubt the presence of the first Bishop, perhaps, ever seen in that remote district was an attraction; but the faithful and untiring energy of the worthy clergyman was the chief cause of such a concourse of anxious and earnest listeners.

The 3d of August 1852 will be long remembered by the rustics of Glencar; and I cannot help thinking that the Bishop may remember with pleasure, when on a foreign shore, the crowded little mountain church in the "Sierra Sligona," as our friends there have since called that hilly district, in commemoration of his visit. Perhaps, too, he may remember the humble cottage, with its thatched roof and earthen floor, where the Irish curate—loved by his flock and esteemed by his brethren—exhibited his simple hospitality to the first Bishop of West Africa.

The good Bishop, with several of our Missionary brethren who sailed with him, has, we hope, ere this reached Africa. We trust our friends in the Sierra Sligona, and elsewhere, will remember him and his companions in their prayers, that they may be preserved in their going out and in their coming in, and that this first West-African Episcopate may be marked by a great accession of well-qualified and devoted native Missionaries to the service of the gospel.

* The gentleman—R. Olpherts, Esq.—who took the chair at the Sligo meeting had been for several years Secretary at Sierra Leone, and bore his testimony to the value and progress of our Mission there.

No. 2.]

[FEBRUARY, 1853.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE NEW ZEALANDERS AS THEY WERE.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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NEW ZEALAND AS IT WAS AND IS: OR, PAST AND PRESENT.

WE have recently received a letter from the Rev. B. Ashwell, one of our Missionaries in New Zealand, conveying to us several interesting particulars respecting his district. He first refers to the death of a valuable native teacher named Samuel, of whom he thus speaks—

On Wednesday, May 26, 1852, Samuel Wahapu, one of the oldest native teachers of this district, died suddenly in the midst of his usefulness and labours. He had fulfilled the duties of native teacher at Tukropoto pa for twelve years with fidelity and zeal. His greatest infirmity was an irritability of temper, which now and then displayed itself in unguarded expressions, but which, I believe, he deeply felt, and secretly mourned over. His clear views of the work of Christ, his attendance on the means of grace, and anxiety to do good, were remarked by all. I much regret his loss, especially as his services had been transferred to Rangiriri, a pa twelve miles distant from the Station, and just at this time in want of an efficient native teacher. The circumstances of his death are as follows. On Tuesday evening, May 25, he spoke to the natives from Matthew xxv. 13—"Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." His words were, "Death may surprise us whilst walking, eating, or in the midst of our work: to-night or the coming day may be our last. Are we prepared?" The next day, whilst taking his evening meal, he said to his friends, "I must go in the air: I have much headache." He went out, and did not return during the night. The natives supposed he was sleeping at another village, at a short distance. The next morning, Sydney, also a native teacher, went out to ring the bell for morning prayers, and found Samuel with his head leaning on the bush, quite dead. He had been engaged during the early part of the week in cutting posts for a chapel, and had purposed, with Sydney, attending the teachers' meeting on the Friday at Kaitotehe.

On the 28th the teachers assembled. A deep seriousness prevailed: we all felt Samuel's death. I trust God was with us, and that we earnestly desired to work "while it is day."

Four days afterwards I committed the body to the grave, in the glad hope of a joyful resurrection. The teachers carried the coffin, and the school-children and about a hundred natives followed, among whom were several influential chiefs. It was a solemn, and, I trust, profitable season. We felt much cheered by our delightful Burial Service, and sang a hymn at the conclusion.

He next communicates to us an interesting account of a Missionary meeting lately held in his district. Light is not reflected where it has not been first received. If New Zealand continued to be what it once was there would be no Missionary meetings, for the object of a Missionary meeting is to assist in giving light to others; and the fact that we desire so to do is a proof that we have learned to value it for ourselves. Wonderful change which has taken place in New Zealand! Thirty years ago a land of cannibals, now so altered that, from one end of the island to the other, not a trace remains of this great national sin. Once spoken of at Missionary meetings at

home as a dark land, in which there was no light, now so far enlightened itself as to be desirous of aiding in the great work of reflecting light to others. But let us read Mr. Ashwell's account of his Missionary meeting.

On the first Monday in June we held our monthly Missionary Prayer-meeting. Twenty native teachers assembled. Whilst taking tea—our usual refreshment on this evening—I translated the account of the Abbeokuta Mission, the attack of the Dahomians, their cruelty, blood-thirsty character, &c., which led some of the teachers to speak of their past lives, and to compare themselves with the Dahomians. Most of the native teachers present had been cannibals, some fearfully cruel. One of them, a chief, Grey Te Rau, had drunk the life-blood of his enemy, a chief who had killed his grandfather. Grey was a lad about seventeen years old at the time : the Waikato chiefs urged him thus to show his revenge. The throat was cut, and he drank the warm blood. These teachers, once savage cannibals, are now “clothed, and in their right mind,” and I do believe all love their Saviour. Their earnest prayers that God would establish His kingdom first in their own hearts, and then throughout the world; their prayers for Dahomey, India, the islands of the Pacific, New Caledonia, &c. ; and their prayers, also, for those set over them in the Lord—Bishops, Ministers, and Missionaries; caused a thrill of joy and thankfulness, which only those engaged in Missionary work can understand—a “joy unspeakable.” I could not help thinking of these natives, with all their inconsistencies, that we had almost forgotten to “look unto the rock whence they were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence they were digged.” Their words were, “Greater has been our wickedness than that of the people of Dahomey.” Yet what has God wrought! To Him alone be the glory! We missed Samuel, and felt that one of our party had been enabled to fight the good fight, and had entered into his rest, whose faith may we follow. Samuel was baptized by the Rev. R. Maunsell thirteen years ago : he was one of the first-fruits of Waikato.

It is true that the New Zealanders have much to acquire in the way of Christian attainment, but let us not forget the evils they have laid aside. In looking forward to what we would wish them to be, let us not lose sight of what they once were, and in the remembrance of the past we shall find encouragement for the future. Lest we should be forgetful, we have presented in our engraving a memorial of what New Zealand once was. There you have the New Zealand council and the native orator addressing them, and rousing all their bad passions to the war. A chief rising to address the people first walked up and down the circle: then, when his thoughts were collected, he took short runs, the vehemence of his actions increasing as his passions rose. He brandishes his spear or hatchet with so wild and menacing an air that he seems transported beyond himself; he tortures his face into hideous grimaces frightful to behold; his eyes almost start from his head, glaring with unusual fierceness; and quivering with rage he stamps the ground with savage fury, as he utters his threats against the enemy

of his tribe. Soon, under the effect of this exciting harangue, the war party was formed, and set forth in search of utu, or payment, for some wrong, real or imaginary. What a contrast Mr. Ashwell's Missionary meeting presented to such a scene as this!

And what has changed them—a people as barbarous, if not more so, than Dahomey itself, the most savage of the African nations with which we are acquainted? We answer, The gospel—the voice of Him who, in the midst of the storm, rebuked the winds and the waves, and there was a great calm. Let us pray for that blessed time when the same happy result shall be produced over the face of the whole world, when “the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.”

RETURN OF THE REV. S. CROWTHER TO ABBEOKUTA.

A FEW months back, and our dear African brother, the Rev. Samuel Crowther, was amongst us, preaching in our pulpits, and addressing meetings in different parts of the country. He is now in his own native land of Yoruba, and diligently labouring for the salvation of his countrymen. No doubt it was pleasant to him to be amongst us, and to receive our expressions of Christian sympathy and regard; but far more delightful to him it is to be amongst his people, and to be the blessed instrument of turning many of them to Christ; for he may say, in somewhat of Paul's language, “My heart's desire and prayer for them is, that they might be saved.”

He has sent us an account of his journey from the coast, and arrival at Abbeokuta. Hitherto our Missionaries have been obliged to land at Badagry, and get on from thence by a circuitous route—the proper seaport, Lagos, which communicates with Abbeokuta by the river Ogun, being in possession of the slave-dealing chief Kosoko, and consequently closed against the Missionaries. In December 1851 Kosoko was driven out of Lagos by the British squadron, and Akitoye, the rightful king, having been restored, Lagos has become a Missionary Station. It is now the door of entrance to Abbeokuta, and there Mr. Crowther landed. It was not his first time of being there. He had been at Lagos once before, on a well-remembered occasion, when he had been brought down thither as a slave thirty years previously. The little schooner in which he had come from Sierra Leone anchored off the same place from whence he had been shipped. Many recollections of the time of slavery were awakened in his mind as he went over the spots where slave-barracoons were wont to be, now changed into plantations of maize and cassava, or covered with sheds filled with casks of palm-oil and other merchandise, instead of fettered slaves in agony and despair. Blessed be God for the removal from these shores of the slave-trade, that fruitful source of every evil and hindrance to every thing good!

Mr. Crowther and his young companions, Messrs. S. Crowther, jun., and Macaulay, arranged to travel by land, and crossing the Ossa, which divides the island of Lagos from the main land, reached the opposite shore, where horses were to have met them. But as they had been detained at Lagos until Wednesday, instead of leaving it on Monday, as they had expected, the horses had been taken on to a village eight miles from the ferry. Mr. Crowther says—

We therefore betook ourselves to our journey on foot under heavy rains, and contrary to the good account of this road we heard at Lagos. I never travelled here before: it was full of puddles—I may say a continual splash for miles, so that Messrs. Macaulay and Crowther, jun., were obliged to take off their boots and socks, and walk barefooted for fifteen miles to Ogba, an Otta village, where we were glad to halt for the night, and dry ourselves near large fires kindled in the centre of the huts. Though we got to Ogba under most disadvantageous circumstances, yet we felt more comfortable in our little huts, on our way to Abbeokuta, than in the king's palace at Lagos, in which we never felt at home.

July 1—Having got our two horses ready, and provided two sets of carriers, after the usual difficulties attending such provision, we left Ogba at half-past seven A.M., and arrived at Otta town about three P.M., under very heavy rains: this of course made the sight of a large fire very welcome, which the head chief immediately kindled for our comfort in his own unfinished house, where he lodged us. The Sierra-Leone emigrants soon made their appearance to salute us, and not long after the elders of the town assembled and followed their example. Both parties were highly delighted when I brought them the tidings that Mr. W. Morgan, a native catechist, was appointed to labour among them. I requested them to find him a suitable place for a school-room, where he also would keep service—which I advised them to attend themselves, as well as send their children—and also a comfortable house for his lodging, till we can build our own places. I pointed out to them, at the same time, the folly of resuming the worship of a tall palm tree, around which I observed, as I was going on the road, the bush had been cleared, which I judged to be with no other intention but adoration. I brought the subject abruptly before them, thus—"Yonder palm tree used to be worshipped before your town was several times destroyed, and the numerous inhabitants killed, made slaves, and dispersed; yet the palm tree stood there all the while, without affording you any shadow of protection. For what do you now wish to worship it? For its inability to keep you, or for protecting your old ruins in your absence?" These poor old men were confounded, and were not able to answer a word. I then requested them to listen to Mr. Morgan, who would shortly come among them from Abbeokuta. He would point out to them an object worthy of their adoration, even Jesus Christ the Son of God, who came to seek and save those who were lost.

July 2—We left Otta at six A.M. rather dry. We travelled much better, and arrived at Papa, the mutual resting-place for caravans, either from Lagos by way of Otta, or from Badagry. Several persons arrived here the day before from Abbeokuta to meet us on the road, supposing we had started on Monday or Tuesday, the time previously fixed; but

not finding us, nor hearing of our coming, they retraced their steps to Abbeokuta much disappointed.

July 3—We started from Papa early this morning, that we might get to Abbeokuta before night, though under a heavy rain. When we were five hours' journey to Abbeokuta, we met some of our converts and monitors, who had come thus far to meet us, with those who had returned home from Papa: it was a very cheerful meeting, and under more encouraging circumstances than when we left them in April last year. The number of our welcomers increased as we approached Abbeokuta; and towards evening we were once more surrounded by a host of friends, from all directions, to hail our arrival, the chiefs sending their messengers to salute us.

I cannot look back upon my short absence from the Mission without feelings of unutterable gratitude to the God of Missions, for His protecting care over me and mine, when passing across the wide sea; and now I am brought back to the place of my labour in peace and safety. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." May we ever be found faithful, as good stewards of the Lord Jesus Christ!

We have received a sketch of Mr. Crowther's dwelling in Abbeokuta, which we give below. In our "Quarterly Paper" for Christ-



mas we gave a picture of Ake Church, wherein Mr. Townsend preaches. Our readers will see that they are in harmony with each other, both humble structures, and just what is becoming in the infant condition of our work.

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MOOSE FACTORY, RUPERT'S LAND.

THE Bishop of Rupert's Land having ascertained that our Catechist at Moose Factory, Mr. Horden, was much embarrassed in his efforts for the spiritual good of the Indians by not being in holy orders, undertook the long journey from the Red-River Settlement to this distant Station in the summer of last year; and having been joined on his arrival by the Rev. E. A. Watkins, from England, he ordained Mr. Horden, and was thus enabled to leave behind him two effective Missionaries. Mr. Horden remains at Moose Factory. Mr. Watkins will move on in spring to Big River, on the east side of the southern projection of Hudson's Bay, which is called James's Bay, and about 250 miles distant from Moose Factory, which is at the extreme south point of the same bay. Big River will be our first point of approach to that singular race the Esquimaux.

We have received various letters from Mr. Horden descriptive of the character of his work, and detailing various points of interest connected with it. The following fact is of a very pleasing kind. After speaking generally of the Indians, his hopes and fears respecting them, and the pains he was taking to instruct them in Mr. Evans' syllabic characters, that they might be enabled to take books with them when they left for their winter grounds, he thus proceeds—

One in particular would be quite an example to many so-called Christians. Passing his tent rather late one evening, after having visited one of my sick patients, I was arrested by hearing his voice. On drawing near, I discovered that he was engaged in prayer. In this delightful exercise he continued for a long time; and his manner showed me that something more than bare words was used in this act—namely, the dictation of an humble and pious heart. You may conceive my feelings at this moment: I assure you that they fully compensated for the fatigues of a rather laborious day. Another, with his family, walked a hundred miles for the purpose of seeing me, that he might hear some of the word of God, for although he had seen the priest he did not wish to hearken to what he said. These are sources of encouragement, and provide a warmth for the heart even in this dreary, bleak, and snowy land.

All things considered, I think I have much to be grateful for, and have great reason to offer my heartfelt thanksgivings to Almighty God for His favour to me in the land of my pilgrimage.

Connected with Moose Factory are numerous Stations to which the Missionary will have to pay periodical visits. Amongst these is Albany, on the west side of James's Bay, a spot on which the Romish priests have fastened, and where they are labouring diligently to substitute Popish for heathen superstitions. It has been repeatedly visited by our Missionary, in his anxiety lest the poor Indian should

be led to mistake a yoke of bondage for the liberty of the gospel. The following extract from one of his letters, addressed to a member of the Parent Committee, describes his first journey to Albany and the manner in which he was received by the Indians—

I started from Moose on Monday, January 5, 1852, in a sleigh drawn by five dogs, and accompanied by two Indians. We proceeded very well for a few miles, except that occasionally the dogs made a halt, being apparently in no particular hurry to reach Albany. After riding eight or nine miles, I walked for a time, but found myself unable to keep pace with the dogs, and therefore occasionally sat for a few minutes. About one we stopped for a short time to take a little dinner, after which we pursued our journey until half-past four, when we halted for the night. We were now obliged to walk about two miles through thickly-set willows, in snow shoes, sinking at every step a full foot in the snow. Being unaccustomed to this kind of march I found it very fatiguing, and, having never before placed snow shoes on my feet, had two or three falls, and, the snow being so deep, was unable to rise without assistance. Having arrived at a favourable spot, brush was cut for our bed and wood for fire, which was soon kindled. Supper over, having dried our socks and committed ourselves to the protection of the Almighty, under the canopy of heaven I lay me down to rest, my two companions lying by my side. I felt very cold during a part of the night, but, considering the circumstances, slept tolerably well.

The proceedings of Tuesday were a repetition of the preceding, except that I walked rather more, and we were not obliged to take such an uncomfortable march in quest of a resting-place. On Wednesday morning we arose about three, and after partaking of breakfast, while the men were arranging the sleigh, I walked on. It was a most beautiful morning, the moon shining very brightly, but the cold very severe. Could you have seen me then in full armour, with a flannel and fur cap on my head, pilot coat, scarf, mittens, and snow shoes, I little think you would have recognised in me the young man sitting before you in your study, whom you asked whether he wished to come to this country. After walking about six miles the Indians came up with me, and we proceeded on together. We stopped for dinner at two, and then crossed a piece of land which somewhat shortened our journey. Onward we travelled, I expecting to see the time when we should encamp for the night, but it came not. Hour after hour passed on: I became very tired, and at twelve was obliged to sit on the sleigh for a time; but the dogs could not draw me: the men were therefore obliged to assist, but this did not very well please me, as I knew that they must be more fatigued than myself even. At two, one of the men sought a putting-up place, but could find none. Between three and four we reached an old Indian's house, in which were lying fourteen or fifteen Indians, each wrapped in a blanket: they arose on our entrance, made a good fire, and brought me a little table, with some fish; but although provided with these luxuries I could not eat, my appetite having entirely departed. I was therefore obliged to content myself with a little tea. After speaking for an hour with the inmates, one of whom was very ill, I had my buffalo rug brought in and stretched on the floor; and then, having thanked God for His mercy, I lay

down, and enjoyed a most comfortable and refreshing repose, feeling as secure as if I had been lying in my own house, and sleeping as soundly as I should have done on a bed of down. Here I rested three hours, and we departed on the remainder of our journey, which was not more than sixteen miles, after rewarding the Indian's hospitality by giving him some tea and sugar.

I remained at Albany a fortnight, and on the return journey, having very different dogs, met with few mishaps; but during two days the cold was most intense, our faces being frost-bitten—mine not considerably, as it was quickly discovered, but the men's received bites in several places, which will disfigure them a little for a time, but will not be attended with much inconvenience.

Were I master of my pencil I would have sent you a sketch or two, but as that is not the case, I am merely able to give you a very poor description in writing. Our bivouac one night would form a beautiful subject for a person of taste. A small piece of canvas was stretched at our backs, before us was a large fire, and beyond an area surrounded by lofty pines, whose foliage was tipped with snow: the moon and stars shone brightly, and altogether I think I never beheld a more pleasing scene.

I had almost forgotten to mention the manner in which I was received by the Indians. Contrary to the expectation of the gentleman in charge, and also of my own, during my fortnight's stay I saw nearly thirty Indians, besides children. Some of them would remain with me but an hour, others a few days, and but one appeared to have the slightest disinclination to listen to what I said. One family, who had never heard the word of God, and who, for some reason or other, did not attend on the priest, were among the most anxious people I ever saw to hear the word of God, application to which I find more powerful than any thing else. I told them that I should most probably visit them again in the spring.

Another letter, dated June 26, and written just as he was about to start on this expedition, contains the following passage—

On Monday a rather strange sight will present itself here. There is but one conveyance to Albany, and that a small sloop, so that all wishing to visit that post must go in her. There will be two priests, a lady and servant, together with myself and servant. I think the discipline will do my mind good. I hope that I have fear enough to keep me from being presumptuous, and that sufficient courage will be vouchsafed me by Him in whose cause I fight to stand in the day of trial.

How consolatory it is at such a time as this to read the following texts—"My strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. xii. 9; and again, "It may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." 1 Sam. xiv. 6.

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THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST.  
We have been reminded of this Society as entitled to occasional notice in the pages of our little periodical, a claim we freely ac-

knowledge. The female of the East, whether in Mahomedan lands, in India or China, is unworthily degraded. She is the prisoner and the slave, instead of being the equal and the helpmeet, of man. For eighteen years this Society has pitied and diligently sought to help this suffering portion of our race, by establishing schools and sending out suitable persons to superintend them. "The claim for distinct and earnest efforts on behalf of the benighted women is apparent. It is this sphere which the Society is designed to occupy, and in which, while interfering with no Missionary Society, it helps all." The occasional papers published by the Society are very interesting, and we hope sometimes to refer to them. We have at present room for one extract only. It is from Mrs. Mitchell of Bombay—

You have heard of our female boarding-school, I am sure. To it I devote much of my attention and time; and it is a most interesting and pleasant little sphere to labour in, full of hope and encouragement, where our hearts are often comforted and refreshed. It is indeed delightful to go into that school, and see thirty-three little girls being trained for Christ, with happy, smiling faces, clean and neat and orderly, all getting up to welcome one with a curtsy and "Good morning, ma'am." Such a contrast to the wretchedness and misery and filth the heart has just been wrung by witnessing in the bazaar without! A little garden it is in the midst of a great moral wilderness, where I trust many plants shall be reared which shall bloom through a long eternity in the garden of our Lord above.

Several of the girls in this school are converts. The eldest is called Maina, of whom, I daresay, you have heard. She is a very superior girl. She loves her Bible well, and is a devoted and consistent follower of Christ. She does much in teaching the younger children both in English and Marathi. She is engaged to be married to one of the converts who lives in our house: his name is Vincent, and he is studying with the hope of becoming a medical minister.

The next girl is Luxluni. Her history is very interesting. She came, a poor little heathen child, to my school many years ago. She learned about Jesus, and He was pleased to draw her young heart to Himself, and to make her one of His lambs. I found then that she belonged to a very wicked woman, to whom she had been sold by her unnatural mother. . . . This woman was greatly enraged when she found the change the poor child's mind had undergone, and used her most cruelly. From her persecution the little girl fled, and hid herself for three days in my bathing-room; but the woman watched her opportunity, and in our absence seized her, and with the help of ten other women bound her hand and foot, and carried her off. For a whole year after, we heard nothing of her; but on Mr. Mitchell's return from Scotland he found her in the boarding-school. The woman had discovered that she had broken caste by eating something unclean while she stayed with us. She saw her hope of gain through her means was lost, so she sent her "back to the Missionaries to do what they liked with her." She is now a useful Christian young woman.

I could give you many histories of this kind, but I have neither room

nor time at present. Many poor children are in this way rescued from fearful degradation and wickedness. There is one amongst the little ones I may mention to you. Her name is Goorbie. She is a most lovely little thing, with fair soft skin and bright blue eyes, so sweet and gentle and loving. Her mother is a Mahomedan of high rank, and her father is English. Her mother, although very pretty and interesting, and whom we have often tried to instruct, and induce to forsake her evil ways, is not a good guardian for her children, and we are very thankful that she has permitted us to take Goorbie and her little sister, and bring them up under Christian influence and training. It is very sweet to hear them lisp their little hymns, and sing them too. I am sure it would greatly delight you, could you hear all the little girls of that school as they often unite their infant voices in singing the praises of God. They sing most beautifully many hymns which little children at home delight to sing; and it is very affecting to listen to them, as the note of praise swells to the Lord of lords in this heathen land. They work, write and read English, learn geography, and many other useful things. But I fear I tire you with such long recitals: I feel as if I could write for ever, I have so much to tell you of God's work in this land. I have a school for Marathi children in the compound, and another for Portuguese children in the bazaar. Both are interesting and hopeful, and the latter is altogether taught in English by a Hindu British schoolmistress.

I dare say you have not forgotten Buckhoobhai.\* She is still living with us, and has got on very nicely, and made considerable progress in all her studies. She has been very busy acquiring a good knowledge of Guzerathi, under her father's instruction lately. She occupies a great deal of my time, but she also assists me; and I hope, if it please God, that she may become ere long very useful, and repay what has been done for herself. We have a strange collection of people gathered round us. A Mahomedan and his wife from Cabul are very interesting: he is called the Aga Sahib, and she the Bebee Sahib. The Bebee was strangely prejudiced against Christianity, but now she is much softened and changed, and we hope the Spirit is working in her heart. Her husband is, we hope, a true believer in Christ, and he will shortly be baptized. We have also an Afghan under instruction, and two nice little boys who found their way from Persia in a horse-boat, and were brought to us by a friend who found them in the streets. One is a Nestorian called David, and his little companion, Gregory, is an Armenian; but I trust ere long both will belong to the family of Christ. We have also a converted young Brahmin residing in our house, who is now studying in the medical college, and hopes to become a medical Missionary. His companion is Vincent, a convert from Romanism, whom I mentioned before.

We commend this Society to the consideration and support of British ladies. It has agents in South Africa, China, at Singapur, in Bengal, at Madras, and in Ceylon; and it is hoped that ere long Persia and Damascus will be added to the list.

\* Buckhoobhai is the daughter of a Parsi convert who was ordained some years ago.

“TELL IT OUT AMONG THE HEATHEN THAT THE LORD  
IS KING.”—PSALM xcvi. 10. Prayer-book Version.

God hath called a fallen world—  
Bid the tribes of people come :  
God hath shed a beam of glory  
For the nations' darkest gloom.  
Slaves of idols may be free, then :  
Far the hopeful story wing,  
“Tell it out among the heathen  
That the Lord is King.”

Who shall tell it? We have known it—  
Known its power for love and peace.  
Who should herald forth the message  
Save the hearts that feel its grace ?  
Gladly, heartily, shall we, then,  
While according angels sing,  
“Tell it out among the heathen  
That the Lord is King.”

We have hearts for home and friendship,  
Nor can part without a sigh ;  
But what million hearts are wanting  
Dearer homes beyond the sky ?  
Ours the glorious mission be, then,  
Thither weary souls to bring :  
“Tell it out among the heathen  
That the Lord is King.”

Home ! a willing Saviour left it,  
Holding man's relief more dear ;  
Home ! His mission hath prepared us  
Brighter than attracts us here :  
Fear we not the rolling sea, then,  
Far beyond its billows' fling,  
“Tell it out among the heathen  
That the Lord is King.”

Mark ! the scenes of earth are shifting :  
Past is winter's hopeless gloom :  
God is many a cloud dispersing,  
Dormant flowers awake to bloom.  
Patience ! courage ! bend the knee, then,  
Pray, and help the glorious spring :  
“Tell it out among the heathen  
That the Lord is King.”

Tell it out ! for hearts are opening,  
Vanquished Dagon prostrate fall.  
Time is hastening : soon the summons  
Worlds before the Judge shall call.  
Thousand nations saved as we, then,  
Loyal hearts to God shall bring,  
Taught among the dying heathen  
“That the Lord is King.”

Z. B.

No. 3.]

[MARCH, 1853.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.—See p. 32.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

D

## NATIVE TRAITS AND GOSPEL INFLUENCE.

In our Number for April of last year, we placed before our readers some account of the Rev. R. Maunsell's Native Institution at Wai-kato Heads, New Zealand. We always revert with pleasure to any particular Missionary, or specific spot, which we have had the privilege of introducing, with somewhat of detail, to our readers; and in bringing before their remembrance this valuable effort for the welfare of the Maori race, it is with real thankfulness and joy that we assure them of its continued progress and prosperity; and that the blessing of Him, without whom Paul may plant, and Apollos water, in vain, is not wanting.

We have recently received a letter from Mr. Maunsell, dated July 28, 1852. It is full of graphic traits of native character, and evidences the power of the gospel, in its mild procedure, to soften down the ruggedness and unamiabilities of character, and mould the energy, which, in its uncontrolled state, would have proved an hinderance and a trouble, into an instrument of much good. We present a portion of it to our readers—

Through the most gracious arrangements of my good Master, more help has been supplied to me during the past year, in this time of my need,\* than I ever had before; and every thing goes on with a quiet, uniform, steady pace. My Institution consists of three departments—the girls'-school, the boys'-school, and the adult-school.

For the girls'-school God has mercifully supplied me with a matron whose equal it would, I think, be difficult to find in this island—Mary Ngataru, the widow of Erueti Ngataru, whose death was mentioned in one of the "Records" about eight years ago.† She has been a widow since then, maintaining a most irreproachable character. Having lost her two children shortly after her husband's death, she devoted herself to teaching the children of the village in which she dwelt. About four years ago she joined our Institution. At first we had some difficulty with her, from her unformed, undisciplined, unbroken character. A lady of the highest rank on this river, she found it difficult to submit to the regulations which we considered it necessary to enforce. Her high mettle and spirit, only partially controlled, often seriously endangered our struggling Institution, then very much dependent upon her support. As all this has now passed away, I will mention one or two instances, to enable you to form an idea of the difficulties with which we had to contend. I ventured one day to hint to her that her fowls should be sent away, as they were breaking the windows of the schoolroom. "If my fowls go," she replied, "I'll follow them." At another time she wished that a slave lad of hers, to whom I had some objection, should be taken into school; and, on my demurring, she hinted pretty clearly, "If he does not come, I'll go." Though of a strong, unbending self-will, she—as is the case with, I believe, every native in the island—was totally unable to bend the wills of her girls; and when I used to urge her to enforce obedience, she would make the most extraordinary speeches before them,

\* It pleased God to take Mrs. Maunsell to Himself in October 1851.

† "Church Missionary Record" for Dec. 1840, pp. 281—285.



telling me that they would not obey, that if dealt with hardly they would leave, and that the parents would be angry. Unpromising, however, as were our materials in some respects, we were obliged, from necessity, to use patience; and, with deep thanks to God's grace, I record that we have been most amply rewarded. I may here say, that, in the management of New Zealanders—and, I suspect, of all undisciplined people—the true rule is, patience and perseverance. Marked irregularities in government, one way or the other, they cannot stand: a constant, steady pressure, and a pressure in love, will, where the material is good in the substance, be sure to form them into very valuable agents in our work. All my friends that come here are struck, not only by Mary's own personal carriage, but also by the way in which she manages her department. Her powers of command, even over the full-grown women, are now considerable. Possessed of great energy, she shrinks from no kind of work; and I have often to reprove her for carrying the heavy loads she sometimes does on her back. Whenever I visit her house, I find the rooms clean, and every thing else neat, and in its proper place. Her punctuality, also, is remarkable: formerly, we were much troubled with her irregularity in this respect. Now, as soon as the bell rings, she, with her girls, is ready to proceed immediately, whether to school, or to sewing-class, or to work. Formerly, I used to find, on going unexpectedly to her house, that she had gone away on a visit to the village, leaving the girls to themselves. Now, she never thinks of leaving the settlement without obtaining my permission. Being a woman of high rank, she not only stamps a high degree of respectability upon our establishment, but also exercises a strong influence for good over our young people of both sexes. About two years ago, she overheard me speaking in a determined and angry tone to the native teacher, telling him that if a certain lad did not do what I had appointed for him, he must immediately leave. Without my knowledge, she went directly to the lad, and reasoned with him, telling him that obedience was the first condition upon which he entered the Institution; and that, while here, he ought to comply with the directions of his "father." I heard no more of it. He felt the force of her remarks, and obeyed. Since that time he has been a well-behaved, industrious lad, and left only a month ago, for a short time, to teach his people how to break in their cattle and to plough their land. I do humbly and honestly believe that Mary is a genuine child of God, and that it was His grace which made her, like the softened wax, fit to receive the impressions that we have been enabled to make upon her. She is now my right-hand, and most materially relieves my labours in the Institution.

In the other departments of my establishment great assistance has been supplied to me this year. A young German friend attends to a most deeply-important branch of our labours—the education of the boys. I have charge of the adults, and a general supervision of the establishment. In the boys, however, our great hopes centre. To prepare really useful men, we must begin with the children when very young. All the boys, therefore, under twelve years of age, are under the charge of Mr. Volkner, and are brought up, under a strict discipline, in civilized habits. To assist Mr. Volkner, I have another promising European. I have also secured the services of a steady European woman for the

sewing-classes; so, with our carpenter and agriculturist, I am now, thank God! strong in help. You will be pleased to hear that the services of the carpenter and agriculturist have been granted to me by the government. We are now very busy putting in our crops, and fencing. We hope to get a larger crop this year than in all the former years put together.

Our work in this district is steadily advancing. The good feeling excited at the Confirmations, on the 28th of March, will, I hope, continue. Upwards of twenty adult candidates for baptism have been already received, and our Thursday-evening meetings for the native teachers and the more advanced scholars are well attended. Almost every Thursday evening I have the pleasure of seeing native teachers who have come from a distance, from one part or other of my district, to attend the meeting. I have lately adopted a new mode for the instructions of that evening, which has excited much interest. I have translated into Maori a very valuable little book, "Scripture Studies," by Mr. C. Bridges. The analysis of the passage, and the finding out the references in the Bible, are highly interesting to the class; and, practised as I am in turning over books, I often find that they have been quicker than myself in opening upon the passage. This precious little work I hope soon to send to the press, and I doubt not that it will be hailed with pleasure by those of my brethren who have such classes for instruction. One immense benefit to be derived from it will be, to lead our teachers to give more systematic discourses, and to follow more intelligently the discourses they hear. At present, while it is true that their prayers and discourses contain bright and striking flashes, it is also, in a great majority of cases, undeniable that they are very irregular and unconnected. Indeed, the native mind seems to feel great difficulty in fixing its attention, or thinking connectedly. An elaborate argument with a native congregation would be labour lost. Nothing but what is concisely and strikingly put will arrest their wandering thoughts, and rouse them from the state of torpor into which they are apt to sink. In addition to their want of education, there is, I think, another cause that helps to form in them peculiarly this habit of mind. Though an active people, they are not nearly so energetic as the European. On wet or cold days, therefore, when they are unable or indisposed for active exertion abroad, you may see them, in parties of twos or threes, talking for hours together upon some light, frivolous subject, or else sitting in quiet solitude over the fire in a dark, smoky hut, allowing the hours to pass unheeded over their heads. The European lad will rush into the cold, and warm himself by active exertion: the native boy will cower over the fire, and contentedly amuse himself for hours in musing over its smoking embers, or roasting grains of Indian corn. In this respect they have a great advantage over the European traveller when detained by bad weather. A detention of three or four hours, whilst waiting for a canoe, would be nothing to a native. He would either go to sleep, or allow his mind to sink into a kind of animal vacuity, so as to be quite unconscious of the lapse of time. This habit of mind is a great trial to us in our school; and I am oftentimes obliged to adopt what an European would consider a very *outré* means for arousing their attention, and compelling them to think. I often think, when preaching my Maori sermon, how strange my discourse would appear to an Englishman if delivered to him in

English, with the corresponding action. A native congregation, on the other hand, would very soon show the English preacher that they had no relish for his polished periods. All elegant and far-fetched figures must be laid aside: every thing must be simple and striking.

To enable you to form an idea of the nature of a Maori sermon, I will give, as far as I can recollect, a faithful translation of part of one which I delivered a few Sundays ago in a remote congregation of this district. I found at the place, Opuatia, by the side of a deep stream much swollen by the rains, a small congregation of three men and about twenty women, the other men being absent further down the Waikato. I soon saw, by the fixed glazed eye of the old ladies, that I had very little chance of getting an idea into their heads, unless I had recourse to some expedient for disturbing the torpor into which their minds were disposed to sink. My object was, to set forth the sufficiency of the Lord Jesus. "What do you think, my good ladies, of our going, after prayers, and gathering all the calabashes we can find in the kainga (settlement), all the iron pots, and my tin pannikin, and baling the water out of Opuatia? It will be a most excellent thing; for we shall then be able to walk across the river, and shall also, no doubt, find a large number of eels?" I had now gained my point. Even the oldest lady began to stir, amused, no doubt, with the many absurdities involved in such a proposition. "Do you think we shall succeed? Well, I fear not. But I have got another plan. Here it is. What if we were to get all the Europeans in Auckland, and all the Europeans at tawahi (abroad), with their spades, and shovels, and carts, and make them dig a channel from the source of Opuatia across the mountains into the sea? Now, you tell me that you can empty your heart of its sins. Go and bale the water out of Opuatia. More easily could you exhaust that stream, than dry up the fountain of your unholy thoughts and actions. No, you must get some one to dig another channel for you, and that channel has been dug. Ask Christ, and He will turn away the stream of your sins from Opuatia into the fathomless ocean: ask Christ, and He will dry up the fountain of sin in your hearts."

The New Zealand church is as yet an infant church. How could it be otherwise, when we remember that, fifteen years ago, the greater portion of the island was a dark, heathen land, full of deeds of blood, where Satan reigned. But they—our Christian natives there—are as yet "such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat;" and require "precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little;" that thus they may be "nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine."

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Among the many national blessings vouchsafed to our country by a gracious God, is that of having been instrumental in the suppression of the West-African slave-trade, and thereby delivering so many thousands of our fellow-creatures from a cruel and never-ending bondage. It has also been the exalted privilege of British Christians to provide for the *spiritual* wants of these poor dark-minded negroes. The events connected

with the slave-trade are frequently of the most painful interest. The following is a sample of the deep atrocity which but too often accompanies this degrading traffic.

In the year 1820, the boats of the "Iphigenia" were sent into the Bonny river to capture a Spanish schooner, which had on board no fewer than four hundred slaves. Owing to a tide-way of at least three miles an hour, the boats were exposed to a galling fire from the slaver, which killed some and wounded others of the boats' crews. When nearing the schooner, however, the crews ceased firing, and betook themselves to a boat which was concealed under the bows, and in which they effected a landing on the banks of the river, not far distant. On taking possession of the prize, the coxswain of one of the cutters observed a lighted match hanging on the bar at the top of the magazine, from which the scuttle, or cover, had been removed. The match—made of tow, saturated with saltpetre—would have continued to burn, the slaver's crew thought, just long enough to enable them to effect their escape; and then, possession having been taken by the captors, would have fallen over, and alighted on several barrels of gunpowder—one of which had been opened, and the contents strewn on the floor of the magazine—and thus, by an awful explosion, at least six hundred human beings would have been consigned to an untimely grave. The catastrophe, however, was averted, in



the good providence of God, by the presence of mind of the coxswain, who very coolly turned the lighted match into his hat, and threw it overboard. There are no doubt, at this very time, many Africans living in Sierra Leone, who, through this interposition of God, were rescued from the atrocious wickedness of the slave-dealer.

The great design of our Society is, to instruct and train these liberated slaves, that they may live in endless and blissful immortality. But it designs even greater things than these; for in pushing our Missions into the Yoruba country, our object is to leaven the natives with the gospel of Jesus Christ, that they may no longer make those predatory excursions in which slaves are made, and life sacrificed; but apply themselves to the peaceful employments of agriculture and commerce; so that, when the slave-dealer shall come to the coast, he shall be driven from it by the indignation of a Christian people. Through the vigilance of the British cruisers, the slave-trade may be said to be now almost extinct. This, therefore, is the time for British Christians to come forward "to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" and to send heroic bands of Missionaries to a region which has been blighted and defiled by the avarice and cruelty of those who possess no other characteristic of the Christian than the mere name. May the Lord prosper them in their benevolent and holy enterprise!

#### CHINESE JUSTICE.

It does not at all follow, that, because an accused party in China is condemned and subjected to punishment, he is in reality guilty. Justice in that country is continually turned out of its proper course, and becomes injustice; and not unfrequently the magistrate—instead of carefully investigating, and, in a spirit of strict impartiality, applying himself to ascertain the truth—decides the case according to the weight of the bribe, and the guilty person who is rich escapes, while the poor person who is innocent becomes a sufferer. The practice of "covering the eyes," that is, wilfully blinding oneself to the exact merits of a case, is so customary, that the people seldom think of approaching those in authority without a gift to procure them acceptance. The primary cause of all this extortion is to be found in the purchase and sale of offices which the Chinese government, when its exchequer is low, does not hesitate to resort to. The functionary who has paid for his office thinks himself at liberty to make it as profitable as possible. No doubt there are many amongst them who desire to act uprightly, but we fear that they are exceptions to the usual character of Chinese magistracy; and that, generally, the whole of the functionaries engaged in the administration of justice agree in regarding the people as the source of their profits, and the sponge which they may unmercifully squeeze.

There is a great *show* of justice. Permanent laws are very beautifully carved on black marble, and placed in the streets, that no one may be ignorant. Orders of a more incidental nature are printed in large characters, and posted up in public places. They generally conclude with sentences such as these—"Hasten, hasten! a special edict!" "Tremble hereat intensely!" "I will by no means eat my words!" &c. Officers of government are supposed to be at all times accessible, and the doors of justice open to such as wish to be heard. At the door of the gover-

nor's palace six tablets are placed, on which aggrieved persons may inscribe their appeals. When an officer of high rank assumes the seals of office, he generally issues a proclamation, exhorting all subordinates to embody the kindness of the high emperor, and faithfully discharge their duties. Unless, however, there be more kindness in the emperor towards his subjects than in his official underlings, there is not much paternity in the system. When a serious accusation is brought against a party, the clerks not only summon the accused party, but all persons likely to be implicated in the transaction; and, when their innocence has been proved, demand a fee for their liberation.

But let us look into the courts, and we shall see that there is not only extortion, but cruelty. The officer, as our engraving represents, sits behind a desk. Before him are his writing materials, and around him his secretaries, interpreters—who are necessary in China, on account of the diversity of dialects—and lictors, with their instruments of punishment and torture. Before him, on the table, his official seal is placed, and cups containing tallies to indicate the number of blows the culprits are to receive, and behind him, on the wall, is depicted a kulin, or unicorn. Around the wall inscriptions are hung, which exhort him to be merciful. They fail, however, to remind him of his duty in this respect. In this country, the individual who comes forward to give testimony is placed under the remembrance of God; and by the administration of an oath, which brings him into the presence of the Searcher of hearts, is brought under that influence which we consider most powerful to elicit truth. In China, God is not recognised. There is therefore no truthfulness among the people; and the application of torture is the mode by which a true testimony is sought to be extracted. We may mention some of the instruments of torture. They consist of three boards, with proper grooves for compressing the ankles, and five round sticks for squeezing the fingers; flogging by the bambu, rattan, cudgel, and whip. Besides these, "the pulling or twisting the ears with roughened fingers, and keeping them in a bent position, while the prisoner kneels on chains;" "striking the lips with sticks until they are nearly jellied; putting the hands in stocks before or behind the back; suspending the body by the thumbs and fingers; tying the hands to a bar under the knees, so as to bend the body double; and chaining the neck close by a stone."\* A late Missionary in China mentions the piteous spectacle which met his eyes, of a poor wretch under torture; and when, with quivering lips and tremulous voice, he prayed for relief, he was answered with the stern words, "Suffer, or confess."

The criminal in our engraving wears the *kia*, or cangue. It is a frame of wood, weighing between twenty and thirty pounds, which rests on the shoulders without chafing the neck, but which, from its breadth, disables the person from feeding himself. In this, as in a kind of pillory, criminals are publicly exposed. It entails, however, no disgrace, and little bodily suffering, provided there are some to feed the sufferer, and screen him from the sun. "The name, residence, and offence of the delinquent are written upon it, for the information of every passer by."

Death is frequently inflicted, sometimes by strangulation and decapita-

\* "The Middle Kingdom," vol. i. p. 409, 410.

tion, or by torture and privation in prison. Two Chinese tradesmen, having engaged with our Missionary, the Rev. W. Welton, at Fuh-chau, to repair his dwelling-house, were seized by the authorities, thrown into prison, and so cruelly tortured, that when, on the representation of the British Vice-Consul, they were brought forward to be identified by Mr. Welton, with a view to the mitigation of their punishment, one of them was so changed, by the sufferings he had endured, that Mr. Welton scarcely knew him. Such are justice and mercy in China!

As might be supposed, there is nothing of which the Chinese people stand more in terror than courts of justice. The officers of the government are their especial dread, and they carefully avoid them, so far as they can do so. There is no greater misfortune to a Chinese than to fall into their hands. This dread of being implicated in legal trouble increases their selfishness and inhumanity. They are often afraid of doing that to which their natural feelings would prompt them—such as quenching a fire at its commencement, or assisting a man who has fallen down from sickness in the street—from the fear of being involved in trouble; and they seek protection from government in secret clans and associations, which sometimes, when much provoked, break forth in powerful insurrectionary movements, which the rapacious and cruel, yet weak officials are altogether unable to resist.

How much China needs the gospel! This alone can remedy the social evils which exist. The want of the gospel is not at first so apparent as amongst nations of a more ferocious character; but a careful investigation of the existing state of things shows that, although under a different aspect, the necessity that exists for it is equally great. China is a stagnant pool. It needs only to stir it, to be convinced how foul it is.

#### SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

THE Psalmist said of old, "Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word." Many there have been, from time to time, whose experience has been similar to his, and who, under the chastening hand of God, when laid upon the bed of sickness, or otherwise in sorrow, have been brought seriously to consider their position before God, and learned to find their chief delight in those gospel promises and blessed truths which previously had no value in their eyes. The individual mentioned in the following extracts is one of these. In our Number for January we gave an account of a believing Indian, David Henderson, at Cumberland Station, Rupert's Land, who was sick and died. We now introduce the case of another at the same Station, Thomas Bell, who was sick, and lives to bless God for his sickness.

The following extracts, as well as the account of David Henderson, are from the journal of the Rev. H. Budd—

*Sept. 9, 1851*—When the evening prayer was over, an old woman came into my house, saying that her son Thomas had desired her to ask me to come over to their house, as he wanted much to see me. When I had come into the house, I saw Thomas lying on his bed. He had been lying there now a long time, and was in a very weak state, but quite desirous

to converse with me on subjects of the highest importance. He began the conversation by saying, "I am glad to see you come in. I have been a long time wishing you to come and see me. I wish you to tell me something for the good of my soul. As for this world, and all things in it, I don't think much of them. I am glad only when I think of God, and of His great mercy. What I am troubled most about is my sins. To know that I have committed such grievous sins against God grieves me much. I see my sins so plainly, though committed long ago, as if they had been committed only yesterday. But when I think of the Holy Spirit, then I am happy—so happy, that I cannot tell you in words." I need not say how glad I was to hear him speak in this manner, when I had never known him to be serious before about his soul. Having conversed with him for some time, and endeavoured to give him every encouragement in this way of thinking, and prayed with him, I went home.

*Sept. 13*—In the evening I went over to see Thomas Bell, taking him a little medicine and some books. He was very glad of the medicine; but he appeared to be most glad to get the books. He was one of our first scholars when we established this school. He was quite a little boy when his parents first gave him up to be taught. A few years ago, when he was grown up, he left the school to do for himself. He could read his Bible well when he left the school.

*Sept. 25*—I went over to see Thomas, to give him some more tracts. I found him sitting up on his bed, with his books at his side. Finding him somewhat stronger than he used to be, I entered into conversation with him at once. "Thomas," I said, "are you tired of lying here from morning till night, and from night till morning?" He said "No, I am used to lying here now. At first I found it very severe to have to lie here all the day long, and thought that I could never be reconciled to it; but now I don't mind it so much. When I was able to run about I did only mischief, and scarcely ever thought about God or my soul; but since I have been here, I have been enabled to turn my thoughts to a more profitable account."—I said again, "Do you read those little books alongside of you?" "Yes."—"Do you understand any part of them?" "I understand some parts of each of them, and those parts which I do not understand on first reading, I read over and over again, until I can understand a good deal of the meaning."—"Will you have some more of these tracts to read?" "Yes: they are my companions night and day." I read one of the tracts with him, and endeavoured to explain it, promising, when I left, to bring him some more soon, of which he was very glad. I do sincerely hope that God is teaching him the evil of sin, the vanity of the world, and the deceitfulness of his own heart. He spoke much on these particulars. I pray God to send him the Holy Spirit, and teach him more and more the great importance of seeking the salvation of his soul.

*Sept. 28: Lord's-day*—This evening, when both the services were over, I went to Thomas, to give him the tracts I had promised. He was lying quite still, having just left off reading one of the books at his side. He had a Bible, a Prayer-book, a Catechism, and some tracts, lying close within his reach. I asked him, "Are you better, Thomas? Do you feel any stronger now?" He said, "No, I am not better,



neither am I any stronger.”—“Have you been reading in any of those books at your side?” “Yes, I have been reading until I am quite tired. I had only just put the book down when you came in.”—“Then you love your books, if you are always reading in them.” “Yes, I love my books. With any thing else I soon get tired; but with my books I don’t get tired. I find that I understand more of what I read than ever I did before. It seems to me as if my Saviour were speaking to me through these books. I sometimes feel so happy, that I cannot explain to you how I feel, though at other times I feel very unhappy. I am not weary of God’s correction. I know it is His hand. I am as happy and contented in this bed as when I was able to run about.

*Oct. 1*—I was requested to see Thomas again. There were a good many people in the house, and Thomas was sitting up in his bed, reading one of the tracts. Putting down the tract, he said, “I have much pleasure in reading these books. The more I read and understand them, the more pleasure I find in them. I am waiting my time now. I don’t think it can be very long.” I asked him how he felt at the approach of death. He said, “I have not much fear of death now. I used to be so much afraid to die, that I was even afraid to speak of it; but now I am not so much afraid. I am waiting every day and every night. It may be this night.” He said, moreover, “One thing especially troubles my mind—my debts. I am indebted to several people. To one I owe three skins, to another two, and to the Company I owe six. These debts are always before me. I cannot forget them.” After encouraging and directing him to look to Jesus alone, and trust in nothing short of His merits for acceptance with God, I left the house.

*Oct. 12: Lord’s-day*—At morning service I observed a noise at the church-door, and saw Thomas Bell being brought into the church by four men. He felt himself a little better, as he told me afterwards, and envied our going to the church; so he begged of his friends to take him there. I addressed the congregation from Isaiah xliii. 2, 3.

*Nov. 6*—Thomas Bell is getting better. Though he is not able to walk without using crutches, yet he is so anxious to learn, that, by the help of them, he crawls to the school door every morning. He can read very well, and write a little; but he wishes to know a little of arithmetic.

*Nov. 16: Lord’s-day*—Thomas is now able to come to church by means of his crutches. He attends the services regularly, and manifests the sincerity of his conversion by a consistent life.

May he never be moved away from the hope of the gospel; but, as the “tree planted by the rivers of water,” bring “forth his fruit in his season!”

#### AFRICAN SAILORS AT WOOLWICH DOCKYARD.

THE increased commerce and quickened communication which Britain now enjoys with the most distant countries, not unfrequently bring to our happy shores, from various nations, many heathen who are employed in navigating our vessels, and lending their aid to increase our enormous wealth. God, in His providence, has evidently designed, by this intercourse, that mutual benefit should be received and imparted. May this thought quicken our exertions for the future! “The night cometh, when

no man can work." We have lately had an opportunity of seeing nearly forty of the sable sons of Africa on board one of Her Majesty's ships in Woolwich Dockyard basin. They assisted to conduct the ship to this country, and thereby rendered valuable service to our navy. They are a fine, tall, robust, intelligent race of men, of various nations, yet all understanding and speaking sufficient English for the requirements of their position, and some of them having a slight knowledge of reading, which they had acquired from Europeans in their native land. But as respects that knowledge which "giveth understanding unto the simple," we fear but few traces were to be found. It was indeed an interesting sight to witness them, with their dark countenances, woolly hair, and bright sparkling eyes, seated in three rows in the cabin of Her Majesty's ship "Fairy," late in the evening, when a Secretary of our Society, and a Missionary from Africa, spoke to them concerning the things which make for our everlasting peace. The solemn service began by singing Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," in which some of the negroes joined most heartily—for they had heard the sweet songs of Sion from Missionaries in their native wilds—and prayer was offered to the God of heaven, through the only Mediator between God and man, for His presence and favour. The design of the Church Missionary Society, and the nature of the blessings it seeks to impart, were placed before them; and England's efforts for the good of the oppressed African races, and for the suppression of the wicked slave-trade, were made a topic for reflection and thanksgiving. A devoted Missionary from Africa, who had laboured in various parts of that sin-bound country, then placed before them his own sphere of labour, and the benefit which had followed, when one arose and said, "Aha! I remember you telling us those things in Sierra Leone." A second broke silence, and remarked that he had "heard massa preach at Badagry." A third could not be restrained from uttering that he, too, "had seen him in Africa." The hearts of these poor people seemed touched with the feelings of former associations, and a remembrance of that delightful intercourse which so often takes place betwixt the inquiring heathen and the faithful Missionary. They were, in conclusion, commended to God and His grace, and exhorted to make the best use of the time which God had given them, and the means placed within their reach. A school has been set on foot for their benefit, and Bibles, school-books, and tracts—furnished by the liberality of the Christian Knowledge Society and Religious-Tract Society—were shortly after sent down. Under the kind instruction of the chaplain of the dockyard, the naval schoolmaster, the engineer, and some Christian friends of the town, the black men have been daily diligent in acquiring both general knowledge and religious truth. They are now returning to their native land. May they be accompanied by the prayers of our readers; and may such future opportunities as occur be unceasingly used for God's glory, and the temporal and eternal benefit of our fellow-immortals journeying on to an eternity without beginning and without end!

No. 4.]

[APRIL, 1853.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



OPIMUM-SMOKING IN SIAM.—*Vide* pp. 47, 48.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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## DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

"PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." It is His gracious removal of His people from the trials and tribulations of this present life to be with Himself; and if there be joy at the conversion of a sinner, there is also joy when a believing soul is safely landed, out of the wreck of the body and the storms of this earthly life, on the shores of the heavenly Canaan. We, however, who remain behind, cast many a lingering look after them, when we see the posts of service, which they had diligently and faithfully occupied, left vacant. Our British-Guiana Mission is now in mourning, suffering under the bereavement of our young and promising Missionary, Lohrer. We have published from time to time, in the pages of the "Gleaner," interesting extracts from his journals—accounts of Missionary tours undertaken by him into the interior, with a view to the extension of gospel truth amongst the poor Indians. He now rests from those labours. His place here knows him no more; but he has a better place assigned to him in heaven. To us his loss is great, particularly in the feeble state of Mr. Bernau's health; while the peculiar circumstances of this Mission—in which opportunities contract instead of expanding—and the wide doors of usefulness which in other directions invite attention, discourage the hope that a successor will be appointed. The circumstances of our valued brother's death will be found in the following letter to the Lay Secretary, from our friend and correspondent at Demerara, W. B. Pollard, Esq. It is dated Demerara, Jan. 12, 1853—

Your letter, enclosing one to Mr. Bernau, was received per packet, and sent down immediately to him. He has not yet returned it; but Lohrer, who had just come up to town, had an opportunity of perusing it before it was forwarded. He therein learned that the duty of conducting the Mission would in future devolve upon him. But other arrangements had already been made—he was required elsewhere: the Master called him, and he has quickly obeyed the summons.

You doubtless are aware that the colony has been visited by yellow fever for some time past, but it has chiefly attacked persons who may have been but a short time in it; exceptions, however, have occurred, and our departed brother is one of them: he had what appeared to be a bilious attack on Saturday, but on Sunday more alarming symptoms showed themselves. On Monday night he was still worse, and yesterday, at six o'clock in the evening, he left us to join the Master whom he had served on earth.

We inter his remains this afternoon, at four o'clock, beside those of the Rev. Mr. Bryce, in the churchyard of Christ Church; but as the packet goes at one o'clock, I have thought it due to the Committee to send this hastily-written letter, to apprise them of their loss and ours, and of the entire disarrangement of their plans in regard to the present removal of Mr. Bernau, whose health, I regret to say, is no better. Dear Lohrer was calm and peaceful to the last. About an hour before he died there were several spasms, but otherwise he suffered very little pain. At one time,

when referring to his intended departure for Bartica on the Monday—all his business had been settled on the Friday before, and he had ordered the corial to meet him on Monday at Leguan, to which place he was to travel per steamer—and of his being prevented by sickness, I said, "All this is well;" and his quick reply was, "It could not be better." He told me at three yesterday that he had been thinking much of the change he was shortly to undergo, and we referred to several texts on the subject.

A despatch had been sent off to Bartica on Monday morning, which arrived at eight on Tuesday. Mrs. Lohrer and her infant left immediately, and, by hard travelling, reached town this morning at nine, drenched with water, for it had been raining, and the sea was very rough; but I cannot describe her feelings on being informed of her affliction. I have not long since left her, prostrated with this overwhelming calamity. But you know that our sister is a woman of a meek and subdued spirit: she has been deeply taught in the school of Christ; and now that she has to do with realities, her faith does not fail her. Moreover, He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb is looking on, and will not withhold His consolation in this her hour of anguish. She greatly needs the prayers, as I am sure she will have the sympathy, of all true Christians.

#### INTENDED BAPTISM OF A HINDU LADY AT CALCUTTA.

HINDU society has always presented peculiar difficulties to the advance of the gospel. Around it the god of this world appears to have reared up some of his most laboured defences, and to have perfected a system of idolatry peculiarly well fitted to shut out the light of the gospel. In the most remote parts of the gloomy pile, and in those most difficult of access, the females of India had their place assigned them; and, knowing the powerful influence which they exercise as wives and mothers, he was the more careful to reserve this influence to himself. Many a husband has been held back from following his convictions by the entreaties of a wife; many a son has been turned aside by the tears and lamentations of a mother. But now we rejoice to find that even to this innermost and most secluded sphere of Satan's influence in India, the light of the gospel is beginning to penetrate, and that Hindu ladies are to be found with courage to brave the anger of heathen friends, and resist their persuasions, for the sake of Christ.

There is a case of this kind going forward at present, in which we desire to interest our readers, and to bring out their sympathy and prayers. In order to present it clearly to them it will be necessary to go back to certain facts, which, although published in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," have not had place in the pages of the "Gleaner."

The Tagore family is one most influential and respectable in native society at Calcutta. Dwarkanath Tagore is the well-known name of a polished Hindu gentleman, who some years back visited England and other parts of Europe. A nephew of his embraced Christianity in 1850. The history of this gentleman, Gyandronath

Mohun Tagore, is very remarkable. About ten years previously his mind had become unsettled on religious subjects, and he commenced seeking after truth. His friends, observing that he was reading Christian books, and fearing the result, placed infidel publications in his way; yet amidst all this, which was calculated to distract him and lead him astray, his mind was guided to the conviction that Christianity was the true religion. He did not, however, openly profess it. He was the heir of much wealth, and he was not prepared to make a sacrifice of all. He diligently instructed his wife in the precious truth he had found, and her conviction of its value seems to have surpassed her husband's, for she was willing to part with all for the sake of it. "Let us," she would sometimes say, "live in a hut, rather than remain among idolaters." At length she was taken ill, and, to the inexpressible grief of her husband, died after a few days' illness, bearing her dying testimony to the excellency of that faith which, in the hour of nature's dissolution, she found sufficient to uphold and comfort her. Immediately after her decease her husband made an open profession of his faith, and was baptized.

Now another lady of the same family has come forward, the particulars of whose case will be found in the following communication—dated November 8, 1852—from the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, our Secretary at Calcutta—

An interesting case has just occurred here. A young Hindu lady of one of the high native families—a niece of Dwarkanath Tagore, who died in Europe—has escaped from her Hindu relatives, and taken refuge in the house of her cousin, Gyandronath Mohun Tagore, who embraced Christianity about a year and a-half ago, and who, with his wife, has received the fugitive most kindly. She has been studying the Scriptures for some years, having been first taught to read, and introduced to the sacred writings, by the former wife of Gyandronath M. Tagore, who died, about two years ago, a believer in Jesus. Her Christian leanings were observed by her family, and she was sent to Benares with a female relative. Whilst there she learned the Devanagri character, in order to elude the vigilance of her immediate relatives, who, knowing the Bengali character, would be able to detect her reading the Scriptures in it. She obtained a Bible or New Testament in the Devanagri, and continued studying it. On her return to Calcutta, not long since, she made known to her native-Christian friends her desire to embrace Christianity, and be baptized, and has at length succeeded in placing herself under the protection of those Christian friends.

It is so entirely novel an event for a Hindu *lady* to take such a step, that it has produced a very great commotion in the family; and, as usual, efforts are being made to prevent her proceeding to the length of being baptized. Legal means cannot, it is thought, be resorted to, as she is twenty-three years of age, and a widow, and consequently independent mistress of her own person and actions. But offers, promises, and threats, have been plentifully used. She was offered the other day 10,000 rs.—1000*l.*—to return to her Hindu friends, being assured that she

would be treated with the greatest kindness, and allowed to eat any thing she liked—which Hindus are apt to think, at least to say, is the great object converts have in view—and also to read, believe, and, in fact, do whatever she chose, only not to come forward and receive baptism. At the same time, threats of personal violence, even to the extent of killing her, were held out in case of her refusing these offers. She continues unmoved by all. She said to the Hindu relative who made her the tempting offer, "If you were to give me a crore"—i.e. ten millions—"of rupees, what good would they do me, when what I want is the forgiveness of my sins and the salvation of my soul? And as to your threatening to kill me, you may do it, but you cannot kill my soul." This is the substance of what she said in the Bengali language. She is to receive baptism as soon as possible; and, in the mean time, every precaution has been taken to place her under the protection of the civil authorities, lest violence should be attempted; and that protection has been most readily granted by the magistrates.

The young woman is pleasing in her personal appearance and manners, modest without being shy, and is said to be well informed in her own language, in which she writes well, and has composed some poetry.

#### CHINESE THRIFTINESS.

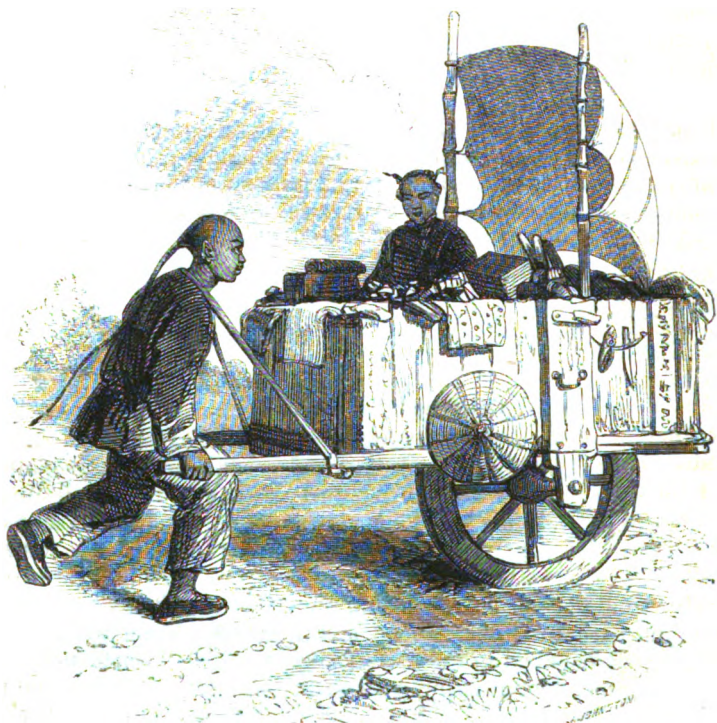
THE Chinese are a thrifty people. Their circumstances compel them to be so. The population is very great, and a large portion of the people live in ways, and by means, that to us would appear impracticable. Money in China subdivides into much lesser fragments than with us, and a man will work for less and live on less than we have any idea of. Thirty-two of our farthings are equal in value to about one hundred and ninety of the little copper coins which are used in China. They are therefore, except when opium interferes, economical in the use of their means—"waste not, want not," being a common saying with them—and economical in the use of their time and labour. Many curious illustrations of this present themselves amongst Chinese usages. Thus, a Chinese musician, attending on one of the puppet-shows to be met with in the outlets of Chinese cities, may be seen with a cymbal attached to his left foot, which he strikes against its fellow, securely fixed in the ground; with his right foot he plays upon a drum or tambour; while both hands are employed in the management of the flute.

A market gardener, with his boat-load of fruit and vegetables, proceeding to the nearest market, presents the same characteristics. His sail, made of bamboo fibres, is unfurled; and the reefing tackle being made fast to a pin beside him, he tightens or relaxes it with one hand, so as to suit the wind, while the other hand holds the helm. One oar is unemployed, but the other is worked by the foot, either on the right or left hand side, as circumstances require; this busily-employed personage, in the midst of it all, being leisurely engaged in the smoking of his pipe.

So with the Chinese pedlar in our engraving. He has his barrow



conveniently constructed, on which he wheels his wares from village to village; and when the wind is favourable he hoists a sail, and enlists it in his favour.



Many curious sights present themselves in the streets of Chinese cities. Cobblers, provided with a few bits of nankin, silk, and yellowish sole leather, patch the shoe of their customers; and a man may be seen giving his old shoe to a cobbler, and his ragged jacket to a sempstress, while he calls a barber to shave him while he waits for them. To economise his fuel as much as possible, the baker places his fire in a large iron plate, worked by a crane, and swings it over a shallow pan, embedded in masonry, in which the cakes and pastry are laid, and soon baked. At the native lime-kiln, where shells are being calcined, the villagers, towards evening, collect, bringing with them their kettles of rice and vegetables to cook, and so save themselves the expense of fuel.

In points where their worldly interest is concerned the Chinese are an intelligent people, displaying much ingenuity in various ways. Their darkness on all spiritual subjects is more palpable by the con-



trast. The idol-maker, with the license of the mandarins, pursues his vocation. His shop is filled with idols of every pattern and quality, and at various prices; and the Chinese literati, as well as the labourers and handicraftsmen, frequent the golden Buddha shop to purchase a god. "Professing themselves to be wise, they have become fools." "A deceived heart hath turned them aside, that they cannot deliver their souls, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

#### BAPTISM OF TWO YOUNG STUDENTS AT MASULIPATAM.

MISSIONARY work is often a slow and tedious process, reminding us of the words of Scripture—"The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." Long patience is, indeed, most necessary in this and every other spiritual work; that sort of patience which enables a man to go on working, even though there be nothing to indicate that his work is making progress; patience which has faith in the sure promise of God as its foundation—"though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

When the New Zealanders first had given them some wheat to sow, they became impatient at the slowness of its growth, and, with pointed sticks, began to dig around the roots to see if they could trace the formation of tubercles similar to those to which they had been accustomed in the potato; and when they found nothing of the kind, they dug the whole up. In Missionary work it will not do to be thus impatient because the results we wish for do not rapidly appear. Not unfrequently, over-anxiety in this respect interferes with, and retards, the springing of the gospel seed.

In school work amongst the heathen this "patient continuance in well doing" is most needful. The prejudices of heathen parents and friends, and the levity of the youthful mind, present formidable difficulties. There are many disappointments, and the Missionary must go forward in the belief of the promise—"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

But when the Lord vouchsafes encouragement, and the labours of the past yield somewhat of present fruit, how grateful that moment! What an ample recompense, to be instrumental in the conversion of a soul to Christ; and what an encouragement to press onward with redoubled diligence, forasmuch as our "labour is not in vain in the Lord!" It is thus that the hearts of our Missionaries at Masulipatam have been cheered by the conversion and baptism of two young students in the English school. The particulars, which are deeply interesting, will be found in the accompanying letter from the Rev. T. K. Nicholson to a friend in this country. It is dated Masulipatam, August 20, 1852—

I am truly thankful to have to send information which will gladden your heart, and the hearts of all who feel interested in the progress

of the gospel among the heathen. I have now the true happiness to send you a brief account of the conversion of two young men in our school, the one a Brahmin, the other a respectable Vellama, both upwards of eighteen years of age. But I will endeavour to give you the account precisely as the circumstances happened.

Three weeks ago I went to school on Thursday afternoon as usual; and whilst conversing with my class on religious subjects, three of them said at once, "Sir, you may preach and teach Christianity in Masulipatam for ever, and you will never get one convert from among us." This was said so emphatically, that I could not help, in my own mind, feeling some discouragement. Very shortly after this, the same afternoon, dear Mr. Noble came to me, and told me the joyful news that two youths in the third class had again visited him, and determined upon placing themselves under his protection, with the view of becoming Christians. This news, coming so soon after the disheartening assertion of my class, that we should never get any converts in Bunder, formed rather a remarkable coincidence, and made me feel doubly thankful for Mr. Noble's information. At five o'clock Mr. Noble assembled all the pupils in one room, and, after a brief introduction, told them there were two among them desirous of embracing Christianity. This created quite a sensation, and instantly every one began to surmise to his neighbour as to who were the parties alluded to. Mr. Noble then called upon the youths by name, and asked each whether he had ever made them any offers of reward, in order to persuade them to this step. Both answered decidedly that nothing had been offered them, nor had any promises been made to them. The question was then asked, whether they were willing to forsake all and to become Christians. The answer of both was, "Yes." Mr. Noble then told the boys that he anticipated much disturbance, and thought it probable he might never see many of those present again. The two candidates for baptism were then allowed to go where they wished, and both went direct to Mr. Noble's house, no one being with them to conduct them thither. I remained behind for half an hour, and was much pleased to witness so much uniform good feeling manifested. Every one said, that, if Rutnum and Bhushanum were convinced of the truth of Christianity, they were acting perfectly right in embracing it. The young men who had uttered the remark I before quoted, respecting the difficulty of obtaining converts, seemed completely silenced: they had not a word to say. More than one, however, said, that, now a beginning had been made, others would follow their example, and become Christians too.

On arriving at Mr. Noble's house I found a few persons collected at the gate of his compound: they were not allowed to approach nearer, as the peons (police) were stationed in considerable numbers to prevent any disturbance. In the course of half an hour a large crowd had collected, and became rather boisterous in consequence of the relatives of both youths, and especially the female relatives, crying. They made a complaint to the collector that Mr. Noble had enticed the youths away from home, and was now detaining them in his house by force. The collector then sent his bullock carriage to convey the youths to his house. Mr. Noble and I accompanied them, and found the relatives in the room with the magistrate. The instant the youths entered they were seized upon by the females, who, with the most affectionate caressing and tears, besought

them to return home with them. The magistrate was obliged to interfere to obtain a hearing. He then asked the youths separately whether they wished to go home, or to Mr. Noble's. They answered, "To Mr. Noble's house."—He then asked, "Why?" They said, "To become Christians."—"Why do you wish to become Christians?" The answer was, "Because we can find no peace in Hinduism."—The magistrate then asked, "But cannot you accompany your friends home?" They answered, "No; for if we go home they will compel us to worship idols, and that would be wicked." Having satisfied himself respecting their ages, that they were both upwards of sixteen—nineteen is the age of each—the magistrate then said to the relatives that he had now nothing to do but to let the young men go where they pleased, and to see that nothing was done to disturb the peace of the place. The relatives then begged that the magistrate would prevent the young men from breaking caste until the following day at twelve o'clock, as they intended to adopt another course of conduct. This the magistrate could not interfere with, but Mr. Noble promised that they should not break caste until that time. We then returned home in the collector's bullock carriage, under a guard of peons.

Of course I cannot attempt to convey to you any thing like the trial which the young men had to undergo: an eyewitness alone could realize the scene. I ought to have said that the relatives protested against the presence of Mr. Noble and myself in the room, which the young men were answering the magistrate's questions, alleging that they dare not answer any thing but what we had previously instructed them, and that if we were not present the youths would speak candidly. We both instantly adjourned, but with no different effect. Whilst we were out, the relatives of the Vellama youth dragged him out and gave him some severe blows on the back and neck: his cries were heard, and the culprits ran away, the crowd outside shouting that the young man was killed. The magistrate interfered, and saved him.

In the course of the next day—Friday—the relatives petitioned the magistrate to put the young men in prison, stating that Mr. Noble had administered some drugs which had caused the youths to take this step: they also said that the young men were mad. The magistrate sent his head assistant to examine them privately, no member of the Mission being present at the time, and he made a deposition of their answers. The assistant surgeon, Dr. Scales, was next sent to converse with the young men, and give his opinion as to their sanity. After talking with them for a quarter of an hour, he pronounced that both the youths were perfectly sound in mind; that they were quite capable of judging for themselves; and were in this case acting upon a full conviction of the propriety of their course, after serious thought. His opinion was, that no drugs had been administered; that the whole was entirely a voluntary proceeding on the part of the young men; and that he should judge them to be upwards of nineteen years of age. The young men passed through their ordeals in a sweet spirit, and yet with much boldness. They repeatedly told their friends, that, though leaving them on account of idolatry, they loved them, if possible, more than ever.

Sunday morning was set apart for their baptism; but, in consequence of information leading us to fear an attack, it was judged more prudent to

anticipate the evil by baptizing them at once. In consequence of this, the baptism took place at nine o'clock on Saturday night, in the presence of all the members of our Mission, all the peons who were guarding the house, and our servants. Mr. Noble baptized them, for special reasons, by immersion; the Brahmin being named Rutnum, and the Vellama, Blushanum. The former name means, "a precious stone;" and the other, "an ornament." The ceremony was deeply interesting to us all, being the first-fruits of our school.

The behaviour of the young men up to the present time has been most satisfactory: they both, Rutnum especially, seem to feel the "so great salvation" wrought out for them by Christ Jesus. Many other young men have been suspected by their friends of an attachment to Christianity, and have been sent off to other villages. Two young Brahmins, in particular, were tied up in their house with ropes to prevent them coming to school; but one evening, after school hours, they were released, and both, without any notice, went straight to school, and slept there all night, in order that they might not be prevented the next day. The poor young men remained all day without food, until after the evening school, when they went home, and we have not seen them since. Shortly after this, both were sent 300 miles from this town. We can scarcely hope to see them again soon. One young Brahmin, named Vencatáchalum, and highly respectable, did come and offer himself for baptism; but, though he would have overcome any amount of persecution, he yielded through natural affection, and returned back for a time. He has since been carried off by his relatives. We have, however, every reason to hope that he remains firm in his desire to become a Christian.

One little fact concerning Rutnum I must mention, as it shows, I think, that an under-current has been really working for good when we thought all dark. Some time previous to our young friend joining us, he appears to have been in the habit of reading portions of Scripture in Telugu to his friends. On one occasion some persons came from a distant village. He read and explained a portion to them, which so interested them, that they actually subscribed among themselves and bought a new upper cloth, which they presented to Rutnum for reading to them things they had never before heard of. We have reason to hope that the sister of Rutnum, a widow, derived real benefit from these and similar conversations. She knew of his secret intention to become a Christian, and purposed coming with him, but was suddenly seized with an illness which terminated fatally in a few hours. Rutnum's conviction is, that she believed in Jesus only for salvation.

May God multiply such instances a thousandfold! and may these accounts, through God's blessing, lead some young devoted heart to feel for, and to preach the gospel to, the millions of perishing heathen in this country! All talents, all knowledge, will find ample scope here; and to what higher or holier cause can they possibly be dedicated?

#### ~~~~~ OPIUM-SMOKING IN SIAM.

THERE are many considerations which urge us, at the present moment, to redouble our exertions in making the gospel known to the

heathen, and, amongst others, their deepening misery. There is no doubt that sin is increasing in the power that it exercises over them, and putting itself forth under the form of new and peculiarly destructive vices. The growing use of opium, as a means of vicious and baneful excitement, is one of these: it is an agency for evil which has come into operation during the last fifty years; and, while many are enriched by its growth and sale, there are millions of ignorant and suffering heathen whom it is grievously impoverishing, and rendering more demoralized and wretched than their ancestors had been before them. The opium in the East, like the slave-trade, when in its power, on the west coast of Africa, is at this moment the cause of national, domestic, and individual misery. It is our happiness to remember that England has been the great instrument for the destruction of the slave-trade; but it is our sorrow to remember that her merchants in the East are the great salesmen of opium to the nations. We would that professedly Christian men were sufficiently under the influence of that which they profess, to induce their consent to, and compliance with, a declaration of the Scripture—"that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

But if we cannot prevail on some thus charitably to refrain, we can, by giving the gospel to the heathen, put them in possession of an antidote which will enable them to resist and repel the temptation when presented to them; and this is more especially our duty. It is precisely similar in our own country. If we should fail in our efforts to prevent the various places of public amusement being open on the Sabbath, we must redouble our efforts to leaven the masses with such a fear of God, and respect for His gospel, that they shall of their own accord decline to avail themselves of such opportunities.

We have pointed out, on a previous occasion,\* the evils wrought by opium amongst the Chinese. Our Missionary at Fuh-chau, the Rev. W. Welton, having also a knowledge of medicine, is frequently called to attend upon poor creatures under the influence of the drug. He says—

I have had numerous applications from all classes of Chinese, to cure them of opium-smoking. They have generally, the better class especially, a great abhorrence of it, and pray for medicine to cure them of the habit. Their abhorrence extends to opium-dealers; and the Missionary who boldly opposes and decries the practice has a greater hold on the affections of the people. I always insist on the opium-pipe being given up before I give medicine, as a test of sincerity. I have about fourteen pipes in my possession.

I was requested to visit an elderly man at his house—an opium-smoker for eighteen years. I found him lying on a small bundle of straw, almost in a dying state. The poor wife, a most decent person, supported herself and husband by making small baskets.

\* "Church Missionary Gleaner" for October 1850.

This man died about four days after—one of a great number of such instances of wretchedness, the effect of this poisonous drug.”

The Chinese are not the only nation to whom the drug is acceptable. Others in the East are becoming familiarized with the poison; amongst them, the Siamese. In Siam, gambling and the use of opium are prohibited by law; and such as are detected in the indulgence of these vices are liable to a heavy penalty, even so far as transportation for life on a third conviction. Yet Bangkok, the capital, abounds with gambling-houses, where at night numbers of the richest and most respectable inhabitants, even officers of state and nobles, assemble round the tables, and play recklessly for large sums. Here also the opium-pipe is introduced. Their mode of using it, shown in our frontispiece, is thus described—

These pipes resemble in form the common narghili, or hubblebubble, of the Levant. They consist of an empty cocoa-nut shell, in an orifice on the top of which a hollow wooden tube is inserted, and the opening hermetically closed, so as to prevent the escape of either air or smoke. In another hole, in the side of the cocoa-nut shell, a common little bamboo tube, about eighteen inches long, is tightly fixed. A little earthen bowl, perforated at the bottom like a sieve, is filled with opium, and, one or two pieces of fire being placed thereon, this bowl is placed on the top of the wooden tube. The man who hands round this pipe holds with one hand the bottom of the cocoa-nut, which is half full of water, and with the other hand he presents the bamboo tube to the smoker, who, putting it to his mouth, inhales three or four whiffs of this most intoxicating and deleterious narcotic. The effect is almost instantaneous. He sinks gently against the cushion set at his back, and becomes perfectly insensible to what is passing around. From this state of torpor, after the lapse of a few minutes, he as gradually begins to recover, and in about five minutes' time he is ready and fit to resume the game again. The pipe is passed round from mouth to mouth, so that half an hour generally intervenes between the first whiff taken by the first smoker and the last sigh heaved by the last man, as he indicates his revival from . . . that short, pleasant dream, from which he is gradually awaking. One old, inveterate opium-smoker told me, that, if he knew his life would be forfeited by the act, he could no more resist the temptation than he could curb a fiery steed with a thread bridle. . . . The tremulous voice and palsied frame, the deep-sunken, glassy, unmeaning eyes, spoke volumes as to the direful effects of the system upon the frame; and, however much soul, or however buoyant spirits, may have lighted up the tabernacle while under such excitement, there was evidently but a faint spark of vitality left within.\*

At present the destructive vice is confined to the wealthier classes. But its commencement in China was precisely in the same way, and now the lowest beggars make use of it. We fear that in Siam, also, the plague will spread rapidly. How much the gospel is needed throughout the world! That alone can free man from the degrading bondage of his own corrupt propensities!

\* Neale's "Narrative of a Residence at the Capital of the Kingdom of Siam," pp. 150, 151.

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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



AN INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

F

### THE MEDICINE-MAN OF THE INDIAN TRIBES.

THE religion of the Indian tribes is a wild and complicated system. They admit the existence of a *gezha manito* or great spirit, the author of life; but they do not regard him as interesting himself in the affairs of this lower world, and consider that all the details of it are handed over to the control of subordinate spirits, bad and good, who are always contending with each other. Under the influence of these spirits the Indian believes himself to be continually placed, even in the most trivial incidents. They prosper him in his undertakings, or they obstruct and hinder him. He is thus spirit-ridden, the subject of superstitious fears—anxious, as every human being is, to avoid calamities and secure for himself a prosperous course, yet ignorant what path to take amidst the uncertain action of the contending spirits by whom, as he thinks, his path is beset. A man in an Indian wood, beset by musquitos, presents a just emblem of the Red Man in his unevangelized state, for the musquitos are not more numerous than the invisible agencies by whom he thinks himself encompassed, and by the fears connected with them his mind is kept in continual irritation. This system is interwoven with his whole life and habits. The very names of his children are supposed to be dictated by some particular spirit, whose wishes are conveyed to the parents by some aged person of the tribe. So sacred are these names esteemed, that they are seldom used, and, to avoid pronouncing them, parents use some familiar term to specify the individual.

At the period of life when youth is opening into manhood, the young Indian is subjected to a process of severe fasting, which continues until he becomes pale and emaciated. This is an important period of his life, for it is then that he selects the *manitos*, or spirits, under whose direct control he is henceforward to consider himself. These unseen agents are invariably connected with the forms of some animals or birds which are presented to the mind, and henceforward are assumed as the distinctive symbols of that particular Indian. Henceforward, in all his undertakings, his personal *manito* is invoked to give success, in war or hunting.

We can easily understand how great influence those men exercise over the tribe, who are regarded as possessing the power of special communication with the invisible world. They are called *jossakeeds*, or *medicine-men*. They are generally persons who have submitted themselves to a preparatory process of fasting and seclusion. When the *medicine-man* is about to be consulted, he sets up the *jee suk aun*, or prophet's lodge, a pyramidal tent of poles, covered with tight-drawn skins, where he sits, and from whence, when he has wrought himself up to a state of enthusiasm, he delivers his oracles. On all such occasions he always takes care to exact a fee for the exercise of his art.

More especially in the season of sickness his aid is sought; and as maladies are supposed to be wrought by the malignant agency of an



evil manito; he comes in the twofold character of a physician and a soothsayer. He seats himself on the ground beside the patient, as represented in our frontispiece, holding in his hand his shishi-quoi, or rattle, with which to keep time to his medicine song. He is also generally furnished with some hollow pieces of bone, which are placed in a basin of water, on a new blanket. With these he proceeds to operate on the patient. Applying one end of the hollow bone to the body of the patient, he puts the other into his mouth, in order, as it were, to remove the disorder by suction. Suddenly he appears to force the bone into his mouth and swallow it. He now acts the part of one enduring great pain, until, finding relief, he gives utterance to a long speech, and then betakes himself to his medicine chants and rattle. After a time, a second bone is disposed of like the first. He now presents the appearance of one suffering excruciating torture, and succeeds at length in reproducing successively the bones which had disappeared, in the groove of one of which is found some small substance, which he pretends to have extracted from the body of the patient, and which, being handed round, is described as the cause of his sickness. We need scarcely add, that, notwithstanding, the patient often dies.

Poor sick Indian—diseased in soul and body, and yet often without suitable help for either! What numbers have died in this condition of midnight darkness, and still continue to do so! And yet the Indian, when the opportunity has been presented to him, has often gladly welcomed, and thankfully received, the gospel, and died rejoicing in the hope that it presented to him.

#### USEFULNESS OF WORKING PARTIES.

THE following extracts from a letter—dated December 1, 1852—addressed by Mrs. Cowley, wife of the Rev. A. Cowley, of Fairford, Manitoba, Rupert's Land, to the Secretary of one of the Ladies' Working Meetings, will prove, we trust, an encouragement to the wide circle of these useful and interesting instrumentalities. It will well show how grateful such efforts are to our Missionaries—grateful, because expressive of sympathy. They convey an assurance to our valued brethren in distant parts, who not unfrequently, as in Rupert's Land and New Zealand, are in charge of remote and secluded districts, where, amidst their trials, and labours, and difficulties, they might sometimes be tempted to think they were forgotten by friends at home, that this is not the case—that they are remembered, affectionately and prayerfully. And as the results of the working parties are grateful and cheering to our Missionaries abroad, so we trust that the letters of recognition received in return will re-act beneficially on the friends who assemble monthly at home for this purpose, and convince them that their efforts are not worthless, but valuable—nay, of much value. We trust that they will continue to be sustained with the same energy

with which they were commenced, and that packages of equal bulk, arriving in their season, will convince our Missionaries that these gifts come not from a momentary impulse which soon exhausts itself, but from the permanent spring of Christian love.

A thousand thanks to you and the dear Christian friends who so kindly assisted you in getting up such a large and valuable box of clothing for our school and Station! We feel particularly obliged by the expression of your wish respecting the things sent, and by the implicit confidence reposed in us. We hope always to bear in mind that we are the almoners of God's gifts, sent to us of your bounty, and will ever pray that God will bless and reward our esteemed, though unknown, benefactors, in time and through eternity. Yea, we are confident in this matter, knowing that ~~you~~ you are in the hands of a good Master. Our blessed Saviour, who notices even a cup of cold water given from love to Him, will not be unmindful of your labours of love from year to year, in ministering to the wants of the poor North-American Indian.

I must now tell you a little how we are getting on. We have all had pretty good health during the past year, which is a great mercy. We have been much inconvenienced by the high water, general throughout the country this year, I believe. The Partridge-Crop river rose during the winter of 1851-52 almost level with its highest bank, overflowing in all the low parts, and consequently deluging the low lands. The greater part of our field was covered with ice, which continued till the second or third week in May. As soon as it was thawed sufficiently, we sowed a few bushels of wheat, in the hope that the waters would lower, and, in due time, permit us to sow barley and potatoes. We did sow and plant a little, but the water rose again, and we lost all. It looked very desolate to see our field, in which for years grain grew luxuriantly, covered with reeds and rushes, which sprang up as if by magic. May the Lord enable us to discern why His chastening hand is upon us, and to learn the lesson He intends we should by this stroke of our Father's rod! Weeks and months rolled by, and the waters continued as high, and we were warned without delay to prepare a shelter on higher ground for a winter retreat. Mercifully, this was found about three or four miles further up the stream; but, from shortness of provisions, we could not employ the workmen necessary for the erection of a dwelling-house for ourselves and Mr. Mackay, with the school children. We were, therefore, obliged to let our school children go with their parents for a season, here and there, whilst Mackay and one man were engaged in building a log house, mudded between the logs, with a mud chimney and thatched roof. This took them, rough as it was, some seven or eight weeks to accomplish—indeed, they had not finished the chimney, or thatched, or mudded, or put in the floor, windows, or door, at the expiration of that time; which will give you a pretty good idea of the constant watching and untiring patience the workmen in this country require on the part of their employers, and how expensive labour of every kind must be in consequence. They want very high wages; their consumption of food is enormous; and, while the man is working for you, his family must be supported as well: and they do really so little work in a day, that, to one who has been accustomed to see things done so differently, it is trying beyond description, and requires no small

degree of grace to manifest that meekness and gentleness, that love and forbearance, which every follower of Jesus is expected to exemplify, and more particularly a Missionary, to all around him. When speaking to a labourer about the lateness of the hour he begins to work, or his tardiness at the thing in hand, and telling him how you would do, or the like, more than once has my dear husband been answered, "Poosca keen," "Do as you please: if you don't like my way, do it yourself." Then their selfishness is so apparent in all they do. But, to go on with our building. After a while the school children began to return, and Mackay had to come down to our own school-houses for a season, till we could get men to finish the new building. We soon gathered our children again, with some additional ones, and doubtless could have got more, but we feared shortness of provisions for the coming winter, on account of the flood. Two girls from Berens' River returned to us. They had been removed by their parents nearly two years ago. We were pleased to see them again, and particularly so to find they had not forgotten their reading. They were reading in the Testament when they left school, and can still read in that blessed book. One is a very hopeful girl, and we trust, by God's blessing on the appointed means, she will some day become a decided follower of Jesus.

We have been permitted to see, blessed be God! some good resulting from our labours in the school. Many of the children have sought, of their own earnest will and desire, baptism. One of our girls has been appointed schoolmistress at the new Mission Station at Moose Lake, near Cumberland. One girl left us this last summer, to go with her mother to the Red River, thoroughly well versed in Scripture knowledge, and was not backward, considering circumstances, in writing, cyphering, and grammar. A little girl, one of the boarders baptized when the Bishop was here, came to me about ten weeks ago, and asked me for a new Bible, saying she wished me to talk to her about Jesus; that she thought a great deal about what was said at church and school; and that she never forgot to pray for us. Some have married half-breed men, and are doing well; and others, again, have gone into service at the Red River, and of whom, from time to time, we hear good accounts from their employers. Some few have returned to the tents, and are living Indian lives, but still seem to have a liking to our way: eventually it may please the Lord to lead them into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

My Sunday-school of adults is rather uphill work, as only the Bible and Testament classes understand any thing of English: the others are learning the English letters, and I try to teach them the Lord's Prayer in Indian; but they are very slow.

Mr. Cowley, dreading the consequences of a flood in winter, and having very little hope of being able to erect even a temporary room of eighteen or twenty feet square for a refuge in case of necessity, proposed to me that I should go with our little ones to the Red River for the winter. But to this I could not consent. I urged that I could endure all he was capable of enduring, and would much rather share with him whatever it was the will of God to lay upon us. You know, if I had gone to the Red River, I must have left home the latter part of September, and could not have returned till June, at the opening of the water. Now, to be absent eight months from my Station, and my dear husband toiling alone all that time,

was quite out of the question. I could not do such a thing, however desirable for my children or for my own comfort. Owing to the drowning of our crops, we have not a potato or vegetable of any kind, and shall not have for another year, and our supply of flour is very scant; but, as we have made a good fall-fishing, we feel truly thankful.

Such are some few of the trials and difficulties of Missionaries in remote Stations. They "go forth weeping, bearing precious seed," but assuredly shall "come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

#### THE LOO-CHOO ISLES.

IN our Number for December last we introduced a brief account of these isles and their inhabitants, illustrated by an engraving of a priest and a gentleman, as samples of the people. We now present a Loo-Choo chief and his two sons, which will give a still further insight into the appearance of the Loo-Chooans.



Since our notice of Loo Choo, an interesting little work, entitled "Lewchew and the Lewchewans,"\* by the Bishop of Victoria, has issued from the press, and we think that some further particulars respecting this new sphere of labour, where, notwithstanding the apparently mild character of the people, Missionary efforts have commenced amidst so much of annoyance and intimidation, will prove interesting.

The Bishop reached Loo Choo on October the 3d, 1850, in H. M. steam-sloop "Reynard."

Leaving our luggage in charge of a number of apparently well-disposed agents of the Lewchewan Government, we walked about a mile through streets of neat dwellings to the isolated promontory on which the Missionary family reside. Here, in their little home or prison-house, perched on a rocky but salubrious elevation, overhanging the sea, they had for four years and a-half borne the privations of exile from intercourse with civilized society. . . .

The house itself had been previously a Buddhist temple. With that religious indifference which is universally prevalent in China, it was ceded by the priests in charge to the foreign family, at the request of the authorities. A spot better adapted for exclusion from the people, and for the agency of spies, could not have been fixed upon. The house was in almost the same state as before its present appropriation. The images only had been removed; the open halls had slender partitions of boards around the sides; a few paper windows were inserted to shut out the cold of winter; and a portion of the accumulated dirt within had been carried away. The inscriptions, however, remained on various tablets; and some sacred bells of large size, on which were inscribed in Chinese the names of the contributors towards their purchase as a gift to the temple, occupied the usual position at the entrance. Behind the house was a little space of ground, about fifty yards in length, bounded by another smaller temple; and outside the whole was a firmly-constructed enclosure built of stone, and presenting, from the sea, the appearance of a fortified wall. On either side there was also some uncultivated ground, covered with wild shrubs and plants resembling the cactus and pineapple. At a little distance inland there were some well-cultivated gardens and a few houses. A narrow road surrounded the Missionary premises, effectually cutting him off from contact with the natives, and forming a convenient *cordon* for the government spies. . . .

The thermometer was now about 80°, and the heat during the day prevented much walking until towards the evening. About an hour before sunset I accompanied Dr. Bettelheim on a walk through the town. We pursued our course through a number of streets, which generally consisted of neat walls on either side, built of coral fitted compactly together, and apparently without any mortar, presenting a clean and pretty appearance, and forming, as I was informed, a strong contrast with the poverty and filth generally existing within. These outer walls enclose little courts, which had a few shrubs and flowers, the houses themselves lying a few feet further back from the street. The houses of

\* T. Hatchard, Piccadilly.

the poorest classes, and the few shops which we saw, were generally without a court, and opened directly upon the thoroughfares. The people generally bowed in return to any advances of civility; and some would even utter a few words of hurried reply to the addresses of Dr. Bettelheim in passing. The higher and more wealthy classes evinced less fear; but it was a rare circumstance to hear a person utter more than ten words, although they were very lavish in their bowings. They would generally remain for two or three minutes when addressed collectively; but when one individual was selected as the person addressed, there were palpable signs of alarm, and he invariably made a hasty retreat. This odd mixture of outward respect and unwillingness to enter into conversation was the kind of reception universally experienced. But on our arrival at the large public square which formed the market-place, and in which probably two or three thousand Lewchewans were at that time congregated, and eagerly engaged in traffic, one of the most remarkable scenes took place that I ever witnessed.

Here, on a large scale, there was a renewal of what had been previously observable only in detail. On our walking into the square, there was a general dispersion of buyers and sellers, and we were left alone with benches and stalls loaded with provisions for sale, but abandoned by their owners. On our proceeding to the other side of the square, the same signs of a general flight appeared. A thousand persons, who just before were quietly engaged in buying and selling, retreated in one hurried mass to the opposite quarter; and there, at about fifty yards' distance, they turned round, like a flock of sheep, vacantly staring at us. A few aged women and cripples alone remained, who were unable to escape, and who received our advances towards conversation in mute astonishment and silent terror. Not a word escaped their lips. Wherever we moved there seemed to be the same fixed determination to avoid contact; and yet there was not any mark of anger or disrespect. A few of the literary class and Government officers, as they passed along, appeared to be less under the influence of fear, and exhibited less equivocal marks of defiance in the sneer which they assumed as they hurried by. One old bonze (Buddhist priest) seemed to be placed in great perplexity, in his endeavour to be polite to ourselves and to obey the orders of the Government. Dr. Bettelheim addressed a few questions to him, to which he responded with many smiles and low bowings, but yet stammering and confused with embarrassment at the possibility of being observed. Along whole lines of streets, leading from the market-square, we perceived the shops shut and the doors barricaded in anticipation of our arrival; and every thing, as if by some mysterious power of magic, suddenly wore the appearance of solitude and desolation. A few natives running forward gave the signal to clear the way, and every wayfarer coming towards us turned suddenly down some bye-lane, so as to take a circuitous route, and avoid meeting us. A few natives, to whom such a means of escape was not easily accessible, after apparently making a hasty calculation between the inconvenience of turning back and the danger of being involved in trouble by meeting us, came towards us with hesitating steps. A few words of kindness from Dr. Bettelheim, instead of composing their minds, only increased their alarm; and they pressed their shoulders against the wall in their anxiety to pass us

at as great a distance as possible. But not a word of reply could be extorted, and I soon came to the conclusion that it was not the part of kindness to encourage the attempt, and to expose them to the hazard of incurring trouble on our account.

Satan is aware of the power of the gospel. His first object therefore is, if possible, so to indispose people to it, as that they shall stop their ears and refuse to hearken. Still, it is astonishing, amidst discouraging circumstances of this kind, how much may be accomplished by prayer and perseverance, and how, by degrees, little chinks and crevices present themselves, through which the light can penetrate. When the sun shines it is difficult to keep out the light; but when the gospel is brought to a distant land, to prevent it from penetrating men's hearts and consciences is impossible.

#### LAGOS AND ITS KING.

OUR readers are aware that this African port in the Bight of Benin, which had been long the great centre of the slave-trade on that part of the coast, is now a Missionary Station, the foreign slave-dealers being removed, and the traffic in human beings prohibited by law. It is a very important Station, particularly in connexion with Abbeokuta, whose sea-port it properly is, lying at the mouth of the river Ogun, on which Abbeokuta stands. The possession of Lagos throws open the interior, and affords peculiar facilities for the encouragement of lawful trade, and the developement of the industrial energies of the people. And here it is most necessary that Missionary efforts should be pursued with energy, for there are many of the chiefs and people who love the gain which they derived from the slave-trade, and would be glad of its revival. At present, all such tendencies are kept down by the presence of the squadron on the coast. But this is a mere repressive system, in which people, by superior force, are compelled to a course contrary to their inclinations. We want their inclinations changed, so that, if there were no compulsion present, and if they were free to do as they pleased, they would of themselves refuse the slave-trade, and put it from them as an injurious and cruel system. This would be a permanent improvement, and this can be done only by the action of the gospel on the minds of the people.

We think our readers will wish to have information from time to time as to what is going forward at this important place. At present we introduce some extracts from the letter—dated January 15, 1853—of a new Missionary, who has recently arrived at Lagos. The first communications of a Missionary are generally very interesting. All is new and strange to one who has just landed, and many things arrest his attention with which the older Missionary has become familiarized, and does not think of noticing.

I had the privilege, last Sunday, of preaching under a tree to a congregation of some 300 or 400 natives, of course through an interpreter. All appeared to be very attentive. We commenced the service with singing,

in English, the beautiful hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," to the good old tune of St. Stephen's. As there were considerable numbers of Sierra-Leone people in the congregation, who can speak English, the singing was really very beautiful. I enjoyed the service, and indeed the whole of this my really first African Sabbath, very much.

We paid our respects to his majesty, in his own royal palace, last Tuesday. A most amusing visit it certainly was. Imagine a dirty, mud-walled, mud-floored room, without windows, nothing but two doors—one I suppose to keep out intruders, and the other to let in those two most necessary articles, air and light. In every corner of this sanctum were stowed all manner of articles, in most delightful confusion—here a kettle and some old shoes, there the king's idols and his big many-coloured silk umbrella, hand in hand together. On the floor were heaps of cowries, which divers lightly-clothed boys were busily engaged in counting. In the middle of all this scene, as a centre piece, on a dirty sofa, sat his still dirtier majesty, half naked, unwashed, unshaven. He welcomed us very cordially, shaking hands with each, and causing chairs covered with dust to be dragged out of their recesses for our special benefit. Glad enough were we at last to make our escape, and breathe a little fresh air.

The Christians at Abbeokuta are eagerly looking out for our arrival. Many kind messages of welcome and little presents have already been received. Indeed, we have every thing to encourage us.

Though every thing around us is so entirely different from what we see in England, to me, at least, the change does not appear by any means strange, and I feel almost as much at home as if I were in much-loved Barnwell. I fully believe that, if our lives and health are spared, we shall be very, very happy in our work.

#### MISSIONARY WORK AT NINGPO.

THE gospel continues to be preached by our Missionaries at Ningpo, assisted by the native Christian Bas-yûoh-yi. The chapels are frequently crowded by an orderly and attentive audience, many of whom are recognised, if not as constant, yet as frequent, attendants upon public preaching. At the close, books are distributed amongst the hearers, and an invitation is given, to those who are anxious to know further of these doctrines, to call on the Missionaries. In the schools 55 boys are in attendance. Most of them have attained a very considerable knowledge of the Scriptures; and our Missionaries admitted three of them to baptism during the concluding eight months of the last year. At the date of the last despatches, another had been placed under instruction preparatory to a like result.

Nor is it only in our own schools that there are indications of the divine blessing. In a girls'-school, conducted by Miss Aldersey, a lady in connexion with the Society for the Education of Females in the East, six or seven of the pupils are in a hopeful state. One of them, who had left school to be married to her espoused husband, when called upon to take part in the idolatrous rites consequent upon marriage, refused, on the ground of their sinfulness, and opposition to the truths she had learned from the holy book. This was the more re-



markable, as she had never expressed a desire for baptism, or given Miss Aldersey reason to believe that she had rejected idolatry. Persisting in her refusal to perform the ceremonies, she was most cruelly treated, and the case became the subject of conversation far and wide. And in the boys'-school connected with the American Presbyterian Board several have applied for baptism, and have established a prayer-meeting among themselves.

Conscious that it is only by free intercourse with the people that their views can be corrected, their minds enlightened, and their prejudices removed, the Missionaries admit to their family prayers, morning and evening, which are conducted in the Chinese language, all who wish to come. The Rev. W. A. Russell's service in the evening is frequently attended by twenty or twenty-five persons, who will remain quietly for so long as two hours. He has a class of candidates for baptism, consisting of three men and one boy, and Mrs. Russell another of four women and the two daughters of one of them.

In those already baptized there is much ground for encouragement and thankfulness. One of them, whose name, for obvious reasons, we withhold, and whose income is about 25s. a-month, has presented a sum of 20,000 cash—being equivalent in English money to about 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*—as a donation to the Church Missionary Society, to be applied to the general purposes of the schools at Ningpo.

To these brief but interesting particulars we now add the following account, by our Missionary, the Rev. R. D. Jackson, of a Missionary excursion made by him and Dr. Macgowan, of the American Baptist Board, to Kwan-hae-wei, distant from Ningpo about 15 Chinese *le*, or about 38 English miles—

We left Ningpo about half-past nine in the evening of the 27th of December last by boat, in which we reached San-tsih-che, a distance of about 70 *le* from Ningpo, at five o'clock next morning, where, leaving the boat, we proceeded to one of the numerous villages, in search of chairs for the remainder of our journey. On our route we passed many populous villages and towns, especially one called Singso, where we got out of our chairs, and distributed some books, and spoke a few words to the people, who flocked about us in great crowds.

About half-past three p.m. we reached Kwan-hae-wei, or "the city overlooking the sea." On entering the city, we dismissed our chairs for the time, and were proceeding through the main street, when a Chinese gentleman came forward and took us under his escort. He led to the Campus Martii, or exercising ground, the crowds following by hundreds. When we had ascended the city walls, observing at some distance an eminence with a pagoda upon it, which, we were informed, commanded a view of the city, we proceeded thither, and had a magnificent view of the sea. In the mean time the people were watching us from the city walls, and, seeing us about to descend, gave a great shout, plainly forewarning us of the crowds we might expect on our return. On our approaching the city gates, every available place on the city wall from whence they could see us was crowded with women and children. Hundreds of people met

us at the city gates, and, as we walked through the principal street, every house furnished its quota of wondering spectators. The cry of "red-haired men" was heard in every direction. A smile was upon every countenance. The copies of the Scriptures and tracts we had brought with us were eagerly sought after, and on our leaving the city many followed our chairs a considerable distance, asking for books. This city was originally settled by eighteen families from the Fuh-kéen province, and they now speak a *patois* very dissimilar from the Ningpo. It is called by the Ningpo people the yin-shih-wo, or swallow-talk, from the similarity it has to the chattering of those birds. From what I have seen, I believe much good may ensue from preaching the word in the villages and towns about Ningpo. The people receive us kindly, and, when we speak to them in their own tongue, will listen.

#### ~~~~~ DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

A FEW years ago a man was crossing the Niagara river in a small skiff; but the current proved too strong for him, and he was swept into the rapids. He was now in great peril. Only a short distance from him were the dreadful falls, over which if he plunged he would rise no more. On—on—on he floated, with the water of the rapids raging, roaring, foaming around him, as if in mockery of his anguish—as if they rejoiced that they had him so completely in their power. Spectators lined the banks of the river, gazing with the most intense emotions upon the downward course of the helpless voyager.

Presently he caught by the bushes of a small island near the verge of the cataract, and effected a landing. It was impossible, however, for him to reach the main shore. Help must come from the shore, or he will perish where he is. Help did come. A brave, strong man put off in a small boat, and, at the imminent hazard of his own life, succeeded in reaching him. Taking the unfortunate man on board, he commenced the still more perilous task of returning. By the exercise of great skill, and of almost superhuman energy—yes, by the assistance of an unseen God—he accomplished the momentous task; and there was more joy over the salvation of that one man, than over the safety of the "ninety and nine" spectators whose lives had not been imperilled.

That man, exposed amongst the rapids, may be regarded as the representative of the heathen world. Like him, the heathen are in danger. They are floating rapidly down towards the dark cataract of death. Every hour many reach it, plunge over it, and are lost. Some are arrested in their course. The Missionary of the cross, at great self-denial and hazard, goes to them to offer deliverance. All who place confidence in his message are saved. But there are many amongst the rocks and rapids of paganism to whom no deliverer is sent. Unless saved soon, they will be carried by the swift current of time over the fatal cataract, and be lost for ever. Will you not feel for these? will you not earnestly pray for them? will you not do for them as you would wish to be done by if you were in their circumstances and they were in yours? You have the life-boat of the gospel. Oh, send it—send it, that some may be saved!

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[JUNE, 1853.]

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



MISSIONARY ENCAMPMENT IN THE CAVE OF OKURA, NEW ZEALAND.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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### THE CAVE AT OKURA, NEW ZEALAND.

IN January 1852, the Rev. R. Taylor, our Missionary at Wanganui, on the west coast of New Zealand, accompanied by our catechist, Mr. Telford, proceeded to visit Rotoairo, a large lake in the centre of the island, at the foot of the celebrated mountain Tongariro. They proceeded some distance up the Wanganui river until they reached the Manga-nui-o-te-ao, one of its largest tributaries\*, when they struck across the country by an old native path. Some incidents in this Missionary tour are very interesting, as exhibiting the wonderful change which the gospel has wrought in the character and habits of the New Zealanders, and we therefore place them before our readers.

They stopped, for the first night, at a small village, not far from the river, called Hamaria, or Samaria, where the people received them most cordially, and assigned two of their best huts for their accommodation. Next day they were detained by the rain, and Mr. Telford writes—

In passing from house to house we found one or two sick people, to whom we administered some medicine, and a few, also, anxious for baptism. One old man in particular, whom I found seated by himself under his little verandah, expressed great anxiety on this head. He was evidently the patriarch of the place, of not less than eighty years of age, and had formerly been a man of note in his tribe. I sat down beside him, and did my best to enter into the spirit of his animated discourse, and, in short, to make myself, as much as possible, like another New Zealander. Nothing charms either the old or young so much as this, when their teachers become, as it were, a part of themselves—listening, with patience and concern, to all they have to tell, and entering into their feelings and desires as a native would. We enjoyed a long and pleasing, and, I trust, profitable *korero* (talk) together. He told me much of the dark history of his early life—of his wars, of his murders, and of his many acts of cannibalism. “But now,” he remarked, in an exulting tone, as I rose to depart, for the bell had begun to ring for evening prayers, “I am a disciple of Christ, and all the old things of my evil heart and of my dark time are passed away for ever.” Happy old man! I spoke of him in the evening to Mr. Taylor, as we sat together in his tent; and next day, which still continued rainy, he was baptized along with other two, very old men like himself—in former years his companions in all the cruelties of heathenism, and now still spared to be his companions in entering the church of Christ, there to rejoice together in the Lord a little longer below, and finally in His glorious presence throughout eternity.

On the following day the weather cleared up a little, and we should have started on our journey, but the swollen state of the many rivers, which the natives assured us we had to cross, detained us yet another day in Hamaria. This delay disquieted both of us a little, and led us to think that it might have been better had we made the attempt to proceed direct up the Wanganui; for although the stream was

\* The name means, “The large branch of the world.”

powerful against us there, still we had more chance of getting forward by water than by our present route overland, with so many flooded rivers to cross. But then the thought occurred to us both, If we had passed up the Wanganui we should have passed by this village among the mountains, and all its interesting people, and that aged Christian disciple—who, I believe, is now with the Lord—would not have been baptized before he died. It was, therefore, the Lord Himself who turned our steps into this bye-path, and we went on our way rejoicing. But before we had left the village an hour's walk behind us, the road became almost impassable, and the rain again began to stream down in torrents. In any country but one with a climate like this, one day's walk under such circumstances, drenched to the skin, and covered with mud, would assuredly be the ruin of the strongest constitution. We were now wading knee-deep through large swamps; now groping our way through forest and jungle; now climbing and then descending steep slippery hills, holding on by tufts of grass and branches of trees to preserve us from falling headlong over precipices, or into yawning gulfs, formed by earthquakes of a bygone age; and now being carried on the shoulders of our native companions across deep and rapid rivers. During our second day's journey from Hamaria we had no fewer than twenty such dangerous crossings to make. Both of us had some narrow escapes; and poor Mr. Taylor, upon whom the hand of time and much hard service in his Master's cause has fixed many marks, fell in once, his bearer having missed his footing in stepping from one large stone to another. As Providence ordered it, however, the water proved shallow at the place, and was running slowly; had the accident happened on the top of a rapid, and in deep water, he must have been swept away by the flood. The sun had set, and we were down between two lofty wooded mountains, in the midst of rain and darkness, shivering with cold, and quite worn out with our long fatiguing day's journey. We scrambled up, with difficulty, the face of the mountain on the opposite side of the stream, and had our tents pitched for the night within a large cave, of which the natives had informed us during the day. The walls of this dismal place had often, before the introduction of the gospel, afforded shelter to the helpless, who fled for their lives before the face of the destroyer, and its gloom and silence had as often been disturbed by the sounds of heathen revelry. Now it had become the quiet and grateful resting-place of the messengers of the cross, and of their pious native associates, who had learned to speak of their own and of its past history with horror. It was late that night before we could retire to rest, for, in addition to other little matters, we had all our wet clothes to dry, and to get ready for the next day's journey. A scene like that which our cave then presented should be witnessed by those who live at ease among the downy comforts of civilized England. It would do them good, and enlarge their hearts towards the poor Missionary, who forgets himself to convey a knowledge of salvation through all kinds of difficulties, and dangers, and inconveniences, into the darkest parts of Satan's kingdom.

And are we not reminded here of the change which has been wrought in New Zealand, once the horrid den of cannibals, now a peaceful land, where the gospel, and they who preach it, are kindly

welcomed? What an encouragement to us to go forward in the blessed work of making the gospel known to the heathen, persuaded of this, that what it has accomplished among the New Zealanders it is capable of effecting elsewhere!

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THE NATIVE INSTITUTION AT WAIKATO HEADS,
NEW ZEALAND.

IN our Number for March we introduced some notices of this important Institution, as various traits of native character forwarded to us by our valued brother, the Rev. R. Maunsell. We feel indebted to our Missionaries when they give us these minute touches, and do not confine themselves to the mere outlines of an ordinary report. It is not merely because of the interest connected with them that we value them, although this no doubt has its value, but because of the insight they give us into native character, and the more accurate view we are enabled to take of the position of our Missionaries, and their peculiar difficulties and trials. We are in a better position to sympathize with them, and to know what to ask on their behalf before the throne of grace. And we feel the more obliged to them, because we know how occupied their time, and how many and diversified the objects which require their attention.

We have recently received another letter from Mr. Maunsell, dated November 11, 1852. It is, in fact, as he informs us, a continuation of the preceding one, and contains similar notices of events which were taking place around him when writing—records of the joys which sparkle for a moment on the waters of life, of the sorrows in which they are soon quenched, and of the blessed hopes and consolations which faith in Jesus Christ sheds abroad in the heart of the believer, and which enable him to rise superior to earthly joys and sorrows.

On the 2d of August we consigned to the grave the body of one of our female scholars, Anne. I had sent her, with four other girls, to Mrs. Kissling's school; but after she had been there a few months our apprehensions were excited by the developement of a consumptive tendency. Her mother and stepfather went to fetch her; but she seemed so attached to the school, that they thought it unsafe to remove her. Her complaint having increased, they went in again, and she consented to return. On her arrival, she stopped a few weeks at the native village, and I continued to visit her there. She always manifested a meek and cheerful spirit, and listened with attention to my remarks. She was not a girl of much power of mind; but seemed to take pleasure in my visits, and felt, I trust, the necessity of leaning exclusively on the merits of the Saviour. At last she expressed a wish to return to our school; and, our matron having also applied in her behalf, I consented. After she had been with us for about a month, Mary came to inform me that she was very poorly. I went to see her, and found her apparently in the last gasp. I called in the little girls who were in the next room, and were peeping in through every chink in the partition. Having placed them in a circle

around her, I gave them a short address, and, as we were bowing the knee in prayer, she expired.

Shortly after, on returning to the school-house, I found Anne's mother, uncle, and stepfather, wailing in a very loud voice. I took the liberty, however, of interrupting the old lady, and urged her not to weep as those without hope. The stepfather then stood up, and said, "I have a word to say: I wish this girl to be left here: she belongs to the school, and with the school she must now lie."

The feelings of natives are always strong on these matters: they always like to take away their dead to their own land. While we were discussing the matter, her uncle rose, and said, "Yes, it is all right: she must lie here with the school." Then, with a slow, solemn step, he moved to the head of the girl, and, sitting down, continued his speech: "This is a branch: she has gone to the root. Christ says, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' Yes, I say, she is a branch, and she has gone to Jesus Christ. I have no feelings as to where she should lie. If it were my old customs, I would have taken her to Wangaroa; but now she is merely dust. We are told, 'He made Adam of the dust of the earth,' and she will return to dust; but her spirit goes to the Saviour. Why should we make so much of the body? The spirit is the only thing really worthy of thought. Go, Anna! Go to your Saviour! Go along the road of faith. Yours was the good departure."

I was so struck with the suddenness of the speech, and with the high dramatic effect of the whole proceeding, that I particularly noted every word uttered.

My next note is one of an opposite character. It is an account of the feast held on occasion of the first marriage that has occurred in our Institution, two days after poor Anne's burial.

Every thing went off very well, and some very good speeches were made. The bride had been brought up in the Institution from a little girl, and had lately been baptized by the name of Beatrice. The bridegroom, a fine, high-spirited young man, to whom she had been affianced according to Maori custom, has been in the Institution this last year; the matron, Mary, having declared that he should not get Beatrice unless he came first to school. I killed an ox for the occasion, and gave a feast in English style to the relatives and scholars. All seemed exceedingly pleased. Many allusions were made, in the speeches, to the excellence of the arrangement that the scholars of the Institution should only be married to scholars, one old gentleman having so far risen above Maori prejudices as to announce, in the hearing of his daughter, a young woman in the Institution, that she was at liberty to marry whom she pleased. It was a happy day for Mary, who was particularly zealous in all the arrangements connected with this termination of her care of her foster child, and who ended the meeting by a short, modest speech to the assembly.

But the speech which excited most attention was made by our head teacher, John. His wife, Sophia, an humble, sincere Christian woman, has lately been much afflicted with scrofula. She had been a faithful servant of ours ten years ago, in our time of need, and John had joined me as a boy. For these last twelve years he has always kept close to me, and seems to have a sincere love for Sophia.

He commenced his speech by following up a remark of Mr. Volkner's, in which he alluded to a German story of a bird, which, as it drank in the stream, kept one eye on the water, the other watching the sky. John applied this idea to husband and wife, and illustrated the necessity of union by the Maori story of a double-headed guana, one of whose heads desired to go into the hole, the other head to go to eat, and which, in consequence of the dispute, gained neither rest nor food. Then, addressing the married couple, he continued, "Sophia and I were the first married couple in this district; and, from the day of our marriage to the present hour, I have never lifted a hand to strike or slap her. Pomare, you are young and I am old; my beard has now lost its stiffness; but recollect that my wife and I have lived in peace and love to the present day." He was so overpowered by his feelings, that tears gushed from his eyes: he covered his face with his handkerchief, and was for some time unable to proceed with his speech. Addressing then the married couple, he continued, "You heard what the Bishop said when here at the Confirmation: how he reminded us that our sons should be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters should be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Now, Pomare and Beatrice, retain your Christian profession, and be polished pillars in the house of God. I have," continued he, "in the days of my foolishness, done a foolish thing; which I mention now, that you may censure me if you think fit. When Susan was born, I promised Hoana that she should be the wife of William. This, I now know, was wrong. I would rather now let the girl choose her own husband. But I have also done this: I took hold of William last year, and said, 'Come to school, and Susan shall be yours. If you leave the school before you are married, then Susan shall be the wife of another.'"

William, I may add, is one of the best behaved lads in our school, and Susan, John's daughter, is in Mrs. Maunsell's select girls'-school. I was much gratified at John's allusion to the Bishop's remarks, not only because of their appositeness, but also because it showed the attention with which he had listened, I myself having forgotten any such remark in the Bishop's discourse.

Poor John was suffering on the day of the feast under a complaint which has since caused us much anxiety. He retired, for change of air, to his friends in the neighbourhood. After he had been with them for a little time, they came to me, with a mixture of concern and surprise, and asked what Hoani meant by saying that he was quite ready and willing to die. His complaint not abating, he went further up the river about a month ago, for a more complete change of air, leaving his three children and his faithful Sophia, a poor helpless invalid, all under our care. On the 14th of last month I received from him the following note, an exact translation of the original—

"Friend Maunsell—How farest thou and mother Maunsell? Friend, here I am at Waikare. My sickness still continues. It is in my head. If God is pleased that I should return well, it is well: if He wills that I should die now, it is well. But I forget not God: I pray for myself to God, for my children, and for my wife. Still the pain is violent. With God rests the issue, whether for life or for death. As for me, I am now in the interval between life and death. From JOHN HUKI."

We trust that the perusal of these notices will deepen much the interest of our friends in the operations of the New-Zealand Mission, and lead us to comply with that request which our Missionaries are continually urging upon us—"Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf." 2 Cor. i. 11.

THE AKE CRIER.

THE singular-looking personage whose picture is here introduced to our readers is the public crier at Aké, the principal district of Ab-



beokuta, a messenger of good and evil, by whom tidings of various shades have been announced, some joyous, others of a gloomy character. He is described as a tall and large man; his head-dress of black monkeys' skin, ornamented with metal rings and a coin. Around him are folded cloths of native manufacture, striped with various colours. In one hand he holds his bell, and the stick with which he strikes it, and in the other an axe.

When, in Abbeokuta phraseology, Oro takes possession of the town—that is, when the supreme executive power of the state is called into action, and meetings of the chiefs are about to be held, in which sentences against prisoners are about to be passed and put in force—this personage perambulates the streets to warn women carefully to confine themselves within their homes, that they be not seen. Often has he been the herald of idolatrous rites and festivals, and not unfrequently, it is to be feared, of human sacrifices, by which it was supposed the national gods might be propitiated. By him the arrival of slave caravans has been announced, and the various public events connected with African life in a large and populous town. Of late years he has had announcements to make, previously unknown in the history of Abbeokuta. When, in July 1846, not seven years ago, the Missionaries Townsend and Crowther entered Abbeokuta, to commence the work which has increased so wonderfully in so short a time, this official personage was sent round with bell and tongue to caution all persons against molesting in anywise their newly-arrived guests.

Blessed be God, that those who proclaim a better message have, in His good providence, reached Abbeokuta! "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation."

SAMUEL, THE TINDAL.

THE following narrative, which we have abbreviated from a lengthened account which appeared in the Calcutta "Christian Intelligencer," will show the happy results which often follow from a faithful improvement of the talent to which Paul directs our attention in these words, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men"—good in every possible way, especially good to the soul.

In the spring of 1835 a small European family who had learned to value spiritual and experimental Christianity, reached, for a brief abode, one of the Hill Stations in the Himalayas. They came in search of the health which had been injured in the hot plains below. Soon after their arrival, a young man, a native of the Punjab, and by caste a Rajput, engaged in their service as tindal, or head servant. There were many features of character which recommended him. He was intelligent, desirous of information, willing, and good tempered, and the younger member of the family was particularly interested in him. Their residence in the hills proved longer than they had expected, and during two years and a-half he proved a faithful servant, and grateful for the kindness shown him. At length the period arrived when they were to leave, and it became necessary that the tindal should leave also, as he had never served in the plains, and it was not thought desirable that he should accompany them. The prospect of this caused him much regret; but there was one member of the family to whom this period proved a very searching season. She had not been faithful in the improvement of her

opportunities. She had not only not done all she might to bring this sinner to Christ, but she could scarcely be said to have made any effort at all. Once, and once only, had she spoken to him on the subject of religion, and on that occasion he had shown no bigotry, no unwillingness to listen: all he did was to acknowledge his ignorance, and he seemed anxious to know more. Yet this favourable opening had not been followed up. Alas! how often this is the case. How often good might be done, but the cold and sluggish heart will not rouse itself to effort. How different our Lord's example—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." It is true that in the instance we are now speaking of there was a special difficulty, that of a different language—the Hindustani—in which she could not readily express herself. Still, she had contrived to speak to him on other points of less importance; and why, then, should it have been suffered to prove a hindrance in that which was most urgent? But what shall be said of us if we find ourselves in daily communication with those who are living without God, and who speak with ourselves the same language, and yet do nothing, attempt nothing, to bring them to a better mind? Can we be really interested in Missionary work abroad, if, when we have the opportunity, we are not acting in a Missionary spirit at home?

Sixteen months passed over, and, in the providence of God, the same family, reduced in number, re-visited the Station, and the Tindal returned to their service on the very day of their arrival. Perhaps the person who herself relates these facts, quickened by a consciousness of former negligence, was more zealous now in doing her Master's work. Painful to say, it was not so; and two years more elapsed without any suitable effort being made for the conversion of this faithful servant. Do you think this strange, and are you disposed to condemn this backwardness? Can you discover nothing of it in yourself? Examine your own heart, your own life; and can you not remember how often a service has forced itself upon your mind, and you have felt, very strongly felt, it ought to be done, but you have as strongly felt disinclined to do it? nor has it been until after delay and hesitation that you have become, by the grace of God, not only convinced of what you ought to do, but willing to do it. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Early in January 1851 she was visiting a friend, when the conversation turned on the duties which Christians owe to their heathen brethren, and the lady of the house incidentally mentioned that she was in the habit, each evening, of reading to her ayah a chapter from the Hindustani Bible. Her visitor immediately asked to see the Bible, and requested permission to read a portion of it with her some evening, in the hope of overcoming the difficulty she experienced in using that language as a medium of intercourse with the natives. This was readily conceded. She brought with her a copy of a little catechism, with the Hindustani on one page and the English on the other, and this was rendered more intelligible than ever it had been previously. She now applied herself with energy to the language; and at length, after much prayer for help and direction, asked the Tindal if he would like to learn something about God. The man was greatly pleased, and at once consented. He said he had often wished to know what was in the Christian books, but had been afraid to ask, lest he should be thought forward. He first learned

out of the little catechism, then he was taught some prayers out of a Prayer-book in the Urdu, and eventually the lady read portions of the Scriptures to him. He expressed a wish to learn to read and write; and the advantage of a native teacher being afforded him, he applied himself so diligently that, in a few months, he commenced reading the New Testament in Hindi. A marked alteration now showed itself in the man's conduct and demeanour: the truth was at work in his heart and conscience. He read for himself the precious words of Jesus, and His invitations to poor sinners; and he felt his heart drawn towards Him, until at length, made willing to part with every thing that had hitherto kept him back from God, he resolved openly to become a follower of Jesus. The account of the Saviour's nativity, as given by St. Luke, and the opening verses of the sermon on the mount, first laid hold on his heart. These, he said, convinced him that Christianity was true, and nerved him to endure the troubles which he knew he should have to meet on becoming a Christian. Those troubles soon commenced, as is usual in India, and his friends and relatives laboured, both by persuasion and force, to get from him the books of the English, as they called them, but in vain. Aware of the power which sin has over the natural heart, he avoided the company of those who had been his former associates, and prayerfully strove against its power. Continually might he be seen in a corner of the verandah reading his Testament, sitting thus, as it were, at the feet of Jesus, and hearing His words. And now and then would he give expression to what was passing in his heart, in words such as these—"I often wonder at the change which has taken place in me, for I now find that those very things which once were pleasant to me, either I never think of, or wonder I should have ever delighted in them. I do, therefore, believe that God has changed my heart. When first you told me this was necessary, I wondered. But now I feel it is no hardship to give up sin—nay, that it is for one's own good and happiness to do so. No doubt it was for this purpose He spared me, that I might be brought to know Him, and His name be glorified in my conversion."

Afterwards the Tindal went down to the plains, and, having received instruction from an eminent Missionary during several months, was baptized at Ghazipur on February the 8th, 1852, receiving the name of Samuel. He then returned to the hills, and to the service of the same family. His first meeting with his own people after his baptism was a trying period; and, as he seemed somewhat depressed in the prospect of it, he was asked if he regretted having become a Christian. "O no!" was his reply: "I would not be as I was before, one of them. I thank God daily for having caused me to be snatched, as it were, out of the fire, and opened my eyes to see the way of life; and I am determined, by His help, to live as His servant always; but I know not what they may do to me, through malice and ignorance of the truth, for such a thing has never occurred among them before."

Some of his friends would not look at him when they met him; others told him that they could not believe what was said of him to be true, and entreated him to say that he had not yet eaten with Christians, and to return home with them, when they would try and reconcile him to his friends. But when he confessed that he had done so, they raged against

him and abused him. But, amidst all this, the Lord has been faithful to uphold him. He is now able to read any part of the Scriptures in Hindi with fluency: they are his constant study, and, as he often says, his chief delight; and often he expresses his admiration of them in words such as these—"I am more and more astonished at what this book contains every fresh chapter I read. I suppose because it is new to me it seems so wonderful a book, containing an endless variety of truth and wisdom." He is much concerned for the salvation of his kindred, especially his aged and widowed mother, whose youngest and favourite son he has been. Let us pray that he, also, may be "wise to win souls."

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### DEATH OF A NATIVE CHRISTIAN AT KARACHÍ.

THE following deeply-interesting fact has been communicated by our Missionary at Karachí, the Rev. A. Matchett, to a friend in England—

We learned, one Sunday morning, that there was a poor native Christian in the bazaar, who was very ill. My brother Missionary, Mr. Rogers, being engaged, I went in the evening to see him. He showed me a letter that he had received from Captain C., and also from the German Missionary at Cannanore, in both of which he was spoken of in the highest terms. I was much taken with the man. Although he was suffering much from dropsy, yet that sweet Christian temper, and that heart warmed with grateful love to Christ, shone forth in him. I read a chapter and prayed with him, and then took my leave. Mr. Rogers and I visited him next day; and as he was very ill, sheltered from the sun, we invited him to our compound, and within two or three days, he, his mother, and wife and little daughter, came to us. He appeared to get a little better, but in a short time he became worse. We told Dr. G. his case, and that dear Christian, in the midst of a great deal of medical duty, used to come every day to see the poor pariah. The sick man's name was Stephen Francis: he understood English well. We did all we could to make his last days comfortable, and nothing could exceed his gratitude. It was a rich privilege to sit by his bedside. When we talked to him, from time to time, of the dying love of the Saviour, and of His ever-sustaining grace, the tears of gratitude would roll down his cheeks, and expressions of self-abasement and of confiding trust in Jesus, would fall from his lips. His sufferings became very intense, but his patience was greater still. Often used he to speak of Captain C. with much, very much, respect and affection, and say it was he who had led him to Christ. Once Satan appeared to buffet him: he doubted how he could be saved. At such a time there is nothing like the word of God: it was too solemn a time for me to speak my own words. I opened the Bible. I read to him passages which showed the completeness of the Saviour's work, and the fulness of blessing which is in Christ for the vilest and most helpless, and then I prayed with him. He obtained grace from on high. He was enabled to feel that his feet were upon a rock, and so he continued to the last. We were with him in his dying moments, and when we were commending his soul to God, he fell asleep in Jesus. He died on the afternoon of the 1st of December, and we accompanied his

remains, on the following morning, to the camp burying-ground, where he was decently interred. Seeing all this, I “thanked God and took courage.”

This touching fact will no doubt produce the same effect on our readers. How many instances of the same kind may occur throughout India, which never come under European observation; blessed results of souls converted, and gradually ripened for glory, until they have been gathered into the holy place above. It is said that in the jungle fastnesses of India, where the foot of man has scarcely ever penetrated, beauteous flowers bloom: they expand and open out before the eye of Him who formed them, but are unseen by the eye of man. They remind us of those more glorious manifestations of God’s new-creating power—souls, under the influence of His Spirit, opening forth in holy desire and affection to Himself, unknown even to the human agents by whose instrumentality they were brought to the knowledge of the truth, and discerned only by the eye of God.

#### THE TWO HOMES.

(Composed for the “*Church Missionaries’ Children’s Home*” by the  
Rev. G. Pettitt, Ceylon.)

If in this Home, so far away  
From smile of parents dear,  
We taste such mercies day by day,  
And feel that God is near;  
If here, remote from want and care,  
In happy union found,  
We gather oft for praise and prayer,  
And meet on hallow’d ground;

Oh, how intensely blest are they  
Who, in the Home above,  
Behold in glory day by day  
The Saviour whom we love—  
Who mingle with the angel throng,  
And such, redeem’d from earth,  
As passed from age to age along  
The path of second birth—

Who there behold, nor lose again,  
Those loved and wept below,  
Whom death or distance parted then,  
Amidst a world of woe!  
What tongue shall tell to mortal ear,  
What mind conceive their bliss,  
Where God’s own hand hath wiped the tear,  
And filled the soul with peace!

O that our souls, in this renewed,  
May reach that blissful Home,  
With thousands to the Lord subdued  
From distant nations come;  
And there—with parents, kindred, friends,  
Each to the other known—  
Partake the joy that never ends  
Before the Saviour’s throne!



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[JULY, 1853.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



ENTRY OF CAPTAIN FOOTE AND DR. IRVING INTO ABBEOKUTA.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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### ABBEOKUTA, AND ITS CONVERTS.

Our engraving represents an animated scene—the entrance of Captain Foote and Dr. Irving into the town of Abbeokuta in December of last year. They are mounted on active, sure-footed Abbeokuta horses, which have borne them along a difficult and trying route, safely and steadily, to the end of their journey. Around them may be seen a promiscuous assemblage of chiefs and others, some on horseback, others on foot, many of whom had gone forth to meet them as far as Awoyadi, a distance of nine miles, and were now conducting them, with all due formality, into the town. At the corners of the buildings, clusters of people, men, women, and children, may be seen, from whom proceed gestures and words of lively welcome. The interior of Abbeokuta is very unlike all our preconceived ideas of a town. The houses are built in squares, the doorways of all the apartments opening into a central area, which occupies the interior, while on the outside appear nothing, save low mud walls, with one low entrance from the road. Streets there are none, the pathways passing along the irregular openings that intervene between the neighbouring houses. Along these dusty roads the cavalcade proceeded. Now, a wild-looking warrior on horseback, with a high-peaked saddle, heavy iron stirrups, ornamented bridle and saddle-cloth, would dash past them, and then, reining up his steed, would retire into the rear, prepared to rush forward again on the first opportunity.

These gentlemen, during their brief stay at Abbeokuta, saw much in which they were interested. On the Sunday they attended Ake church, an unpretending building, filled with a congregation of some 300 Abbeokuta converts. The order and propriety which prevailed, the earnest attention and devotional bearing of the people, and the psalmody—English tunes sung by children's voices to hymns in their native Yoruba—all were satisfactory. God does indeed seem to bless abundantly the work in which our Missionaries are engaged; nor can we refrain from presenting to our readers one or two instances, as proofs that their "labour is not in vain in the Lord."

In our Number for October last, we gave an account of John Baptist Dasalu, a native of respectable position and influence among his countrymen, who had become a convert to Christianity. This man, who was at first supposed to have been slain in the battle with the Dahomians beneath the walls of Abbeokuta—but who, it afterwards appeared, had been taken prisoner by the enemy, and carried into captivity—has a very aged mother, about whose conversion to Christianity he was very anxious, and whom he tried, we regret to say without any apparent result, to bring to the knowledge of the alone Saviour. Since the disappearance of her son she has become seriously impressed: his loss appears to have been instrumental in accomplishing that which his presence could



not. The circumstances are related by the Rev. S. Crowther in the following paragraph—

*Oct. 31, 1852*—At the morning service I baptized the aged mother of John Baptist Dasalu, who has become a changed character since the capture of her son in the late attack upon Abbeokuta by the king of Dahomey. Although John's ransom has not yet been effected, and she is disappointed month after month, waiting for his return, he being the son of her old age, yet she often talks of the instruction she used to receive from him—how he used to urge her to follow him to church, and worship God. Some time back she was taken very ill, and thought she would die. Then she gave up the hope of seeing her son any more in this world, but she did not wish to miss him in the next. She said, "My son was a Christian. If I die a heathen, and in my sin, we might not meet again, because my son used to say there will be a separation between the evil and the good after death." She desired to give herself to the same Jesus whom her son serves. We took advantage of this change in her mind to implant the truths of Christianity in her heart, and lead her to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Mr. Barber visited her frequently. She being fully decided, she was this day, according to her anxious wish, baptized by the name of Elizabeth. Eve, our most aged member, was chosen by Elizabeth as one of her witnesses, old Eve being her instructor and adviser at home also, before Elizabeth was fully decided. The sight of those two aged persons by the side of each other during the time of baptism was very affecting. I preached from 1 Cor. xv. 53—55, and afterwards administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to seventy-three persons, old Elizabeth being admitted.

We add another deeply-touching account of a young lad removed by death from the family of our native catechist, Mr. T. King, who writes—

*Aug. 26, 1852*—We have been called upon to sustain the loss of Isaac Robbin, my brother-in-law, a lad about the age of fifteen, who breathed his last about nine this morning. He had for many months suffered much from a peculiar illness, which none could understand, and which bode defiance to all medical help. The poor lad was sent to us by the parents a short time after our arrival here, as he did not make his wishes known in time previous to our embarkation. His conduct since he came here has become decidedly changed, from what it used to be since he has been with us for upwards of eight years, having put aside all childish and bad tricks, and become very mild, obedient, and beloved by all. Besides, he manifested that his heart had been wrought upon by the Author of a divine change, which leads us to believe that he is taken to a better abode, and to the best of parents. One or two cases might be mentioned to prove this.

As it was customary with Mrs. King to catechize the children that are with us on what they have heard in church, Isaac one Sunday, having taken his Bible, turned to the text, and was reflecting on what to say, when he saw two of his companions playing, to whom he said, "Are you playing, instead of thinking on what to say?" On this Mrs. King told him to attend first to the beam in his own eye. "I do attend to it,

ma'am," was the reply. After this he was closely questioned as to whether he understood what was meant, when he was not only emphatic in his answer in the affirmative, but at last burst into a loud cry, with a flood of tears, saying, "I believe that God has pardoned my sins." To all who were present this was very affecting, as it was altogether unexpected. In the evening, after an interval of more than six hours, he was again called, and, in a very gentle manner, questioned why he did so. It appeared that his heart overflowed, and, attempting to make a reply, he burst out again as at the first, and said the same words.

On another occasion, as our little child was sitting near him, and stretched both its hands towards the mother, who immediately took it up, "Exactly so," remarked Isaac, "Jesus Christ apprehends every sinner that comes to Him." When he was questioned whether *he* had been apprehended by Him, he laughed, and said, "Oh, you ask me too deep a question." On the repetition of the inquiry, he smiled, and said, "O yes, Sir."

Other facts might be mentioned, such as his being found engaged in private prayer, &c. Though he was very weak on Monday, three days before his death, at the weekly prayer meeting, and lay down sleeping, he abruptly joined the tune when we commenced, and sang so loudly that his voice overpowered the rest. In this way he continued to sing, almost beyond his strength, till the hymn ended. Considering how he might have been one of the first in the Institution that is just now opened, this afflictive dispensation of Providence is indeed an acute one to us, but especially to Mrs. King.

So the Lord continues to gather in the number of His elect. They come from various climes and countries—from Africa and India, New Zealand and the stern regions of Rupert's Land. Wherever the gospel is preached faithfully it is found to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," whether aged or young. May we experience its power, and share its blessings!

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#### OBITUARY OF AROKKIA NADAN.

OUR native Missionary, the Rev. John Devasagayam, has communicated the following particulars respecting this aged catechist, who had long laboured for the spiritual good of his countrymen in the Tinnevely district—

He entered on his rest on the 15th of June 1852, aged 85 years. His heathen name was Periakannoo Nadan, and, like the rest of the heathen, he worshipped Sudalei Maden and several other idols. About twenty-five years ago, he and many other heathen came under Christian instruction. A good many of them became backsliders when a persecution arose from the heathen in consequence of their profession of Christianity; but Arokkia Nadan remained faithful to the end. He was baptized by the late Rev. C. T. E. Rhenius, and always manifested a deep sense of his corrupt nature, and a well-grounded hope of pardon and mercy through faith in Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. As he was a man of property and exemplary conduct, he was appointed a headman of the

congregation. He evinced a particular desire for the conversion of the heathen. He was very active in bringing the people of both sexes to morning and evening service, and to the Sunday services in the church. His own conduct was a bright example to them. Even in extreme old age he was regular in going to the church every day, with the help of a cane. Once, in a dark and rainy night, when the wind was strong, he fell down near the church, and cried for help. I ran immediately, and asked him how he thought of coming to the church in the dark. He answered thus—"You know how much we suffered from want of rain, and how we prayed for it. The Lord has mercifully given us a little rain. Am I not bound to thank Him for it?" After the service, finding that many did not come to the church, he exclaimed, "Alas! like the nine lepers whom our Lord cured, they are ungrateful for the mercy shown to them." So he went to the houses of the people, and, rebuking them, entreated them to render praises to God, at least in their houses. On Sabbath days, after service, he used to spend the rest of the day in hearing the word of God read to him. He and his three sons, as is the case with many heathen, were not early instructed in reading; but his grandchildren of both sexes were taught in our Christian schools, and were a great comfort to him. One evening, while I was teaching the women their catechism, one of them was not able to repeat her lesson, when Arokkia Nadan addressed her in the following words—"Amma (dear child), your heart is like the ground which received the seed that fell by the way-side; but pray to God that He may teach you by His Holy Spirit." She said, "Oh, Nadan! what shall I do? The lesson does not remain in my mind." He replied, "When you pray to our Saviour, say, 'O Lord, open my heart, as you did Lydia's;' and then your understanding will be enlightened."

During his last illness, I read to him of the sufferings of our Saviour, from Matt. xxvii. He shed tears, and said, "What great love to me, the sinner, in suffering so much for me." I then left him, and went to him again in the evening, and asked him if he wished that I should read a chapter from the gospel. He answered, "I have no other desire so great and so sweet as to hear the word of God." I read to him Luke xxiii., after which he said, "My sin is the great cause of my Saviour's suffering so much."—I asked, "How?" He answered, "The Lord has shed His blood to save me, a sinner;" and repeated a verse from the hymn, "Dear Lord! why all these plagues or sufferings to Thee? Alas! they are caused by my sins: so, if I look to Jesus who suffered for me, He will pardon my sins and save me."

Another day he was visited by a number of his relatives and friends. After I had offered up a prayer, he looked around, and observed his daughter, who is still a heathen. She had been married to a heathen before Arokkia Nadan became a Christian. He addressed her in the following terms—"It grieves me exceedingly to see you a heathen, and remaining in a state in which you cannot embrace Christ as your Saviour. Here is a Christian church in this village: come and live here, learn the word of God, trust in our Saviour for the pardon of your sins, and your soul's salvation. I have often exhorted you and your husband, but you have neglected my advice, and trust in the devil. I therefore did not come to see you. Respect my dying advice at least, and embrace the gospel.

If not, your fate will be awful." Observing some of his children in tears, he said to them, "Do not weep like the heathen, who have no hope beyond the grave. My heavenly Father calls me: I desire to go gladly to the house of my Father." He then looked at me, and said, "Dear catechist, pray for me, and commend me to the Lord's will." I accordingly prayed for him. He then said, "When the Lord removes me, you must take care that our people do not weep like the ignorant heathen." I then read to him the 25th chapter of Matthew, and gave him some exhortation.

I came to him on the following day, and told him that his present sickness might end in death. He said, "I don't fear to die. I wish to 'finish my course with joy' and comfort, and go to my Saviour." I asked him to tell me the text which gave him such a comfort. He answered, "Did not our Saviour say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?' These words," he added, "give me solid comfort." I then read to him the 14th chapter of St. John. He said, with a feeble voice, that he was prepared to go to his heavenly Father's house, like the wise virgins. I asked him if he knew the parable of the ten virgins. He told me that he knew it when he came to learn Vedam,\* and that he was prepared to meet the Bridegroom three years ago. As he was very weak, I offered up a prayer, and came away.

On another day, when I spoke to him, he repeated to me the following verse—"O Lord, let me die by the side, or under the shelter, of Christ!" and told me that he was washed by the blood of our Saviour, and that he hoped he would obtain eternal rest. He told me further, that, when he gives up his spirit, although unable to speak, still he would commit his soul to the care of his heavenly Father. I read to him the 5th chapter of the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians. He then sighed, and prayed, "O Lord, when my 'earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved,' receive me into that 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!'"

One day, when suffering exceedingly, he lifted up his hand. We understood that it was a sign for prayer, and I prayed immediately. A few minutes after, he stretched out his hands, and his happy spirit took its flight to the realms of glory. In the evening his burial service was performed by me. It was attended by all his numerous family, and a great number of Christians, heathen, and Mahomedans. He was loved and respected by all around him, and was always called Peria, or great, Nadan.

#### ~~~~~ BUDDHIST PRIESTS IN CHINA.

BUDDHISM is the most widely-extended of all false religions. It prevails over Ceylon, Thibet, Siam, and Birmah. In Cochin-China, China, Japan, and Luchu, it possesses much influence, although not to the same extent as in the four countries first mentioned. In the three latter it has no support from government; and in China, except the priests and nuns, no one is *called* a Buddhist.

Buddhism has excellent moral precepts, but they are a dead

\* The Bible, the Christian vedam. Some of the sacred books of the heathen are called the vedas.

letter, as there is no principle to enforce them. It ignores the existence of an eternal God, and substitutes the worship of a dead man—Gaudama Buddhu—who died about five centuries and a half before the Christian era. Besides this, it with facility admits into union with its own peculiar tenets every other species of idolatry and superstition; and in this way the Buddhist priests came gradually to be regarded in China as the priests and ministers of the popular idolatry. They live in monasteries, where they profess to renounce the world and live in celibacy. As a token of purity, they shave the entire head. They get their livelihood by begging, by the alms of worshippers, by cultivating the grounds of the temples, and by the sale of incense-sticks, gilt paper, candles, charms, and fees for services at funerals, and on the Chinese All-souls' day, when hungry ghosts are fed. Some, going about the streets, collect, in baskets, the scraps of printed or written paper, and carefully burn them, lest the sacred names of Confucius or Buddhu should be defiled; others earn a penny or two by writing inscriptions or charms on doors; and not a few are thieves. Some of these employments are represented in the engraving.



The Chinese are without any distinct idea of a self-existent God ; and, as the consequence of this, they live under the superstitious dread of finite spirits, or demons of various kinds, whose name may be called Legion, for they are innumerable. Just in proportion as man departs from God, he comes under the direful bondage of superstition and of sin. Hence the various means adopted, as in China, to secure the good offices of these unseen agents, in which the Buddhist priests are continually employed. They issue small books called "Girdle Classics," containing prayers addressed to the particular god under whose protection the individual has placed himself, like the prayers in Roman missals to guardian angels or patron saints. Spells are made in great variety ; some, like the scapulars of the Romanists, to be worn on the person ; others, to be pasted up in the house, or to be burnt, and the ashes to be thrown into a liquid for sick persons to drink. In shops, the word "shin," under which term all objects of fear and worship are included, is set in a shrine, and incense placed before it. The points of resemblance between this system and Romanism are singular. Monasteries and nunneries are common to both. The Chinese nun, her head being shaved, must seclude herself from the world, and, occupying herself in mortification and devotion, look forward, as her final destination, to being swallowed up in nihility. We shall take occasion, from time to time, to show some of the features of resemblance between Buddhism and Romanism.

#### A STRAY SHEEP BROUGHT TO THE FOLD OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

It were a great mistake to suppose that the duty of making known the gospel belonged to ministers alone, and that Christian laymen had nothing to do with the souls of others. The truth is far otherwise. Every one who names the name of Christ ought to be a burning and shining light, enlightened himself, and giving light to others : and he who, because uninfluenced himself, is without the power of exercising Christian influence on others, is guilty in a two-fold sense—as regards his own soul, which he is seeking to destroy, and the souls of others, to whom he might have been a blessing. "Ye are the salt of the earth : but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted ? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

We do not mean that every man is to become a preacher, leaving his proper calling ; but we do mean that every one should be careful to have his "speech alway with grace, seasoned with salt," and wise to improve those opportunities of doing good to others which in the way of daily intercourse are presented to him. There are times and occasions, moreover, when the Christian layman, if God has given him the power so to do, may, with all propriety, preach the gospel. When, for instance, he is in the midst of a heathen land, surrounded by multitudes of poor sinners, perishing "for lack of knowledge," and to speak of Christ to whom there are none, or very few—and, indeed, at all times, and in all places, where

the gospel might be preached, and there are those who are willing to hear, and yet, unless a layman does it, it cannot be done at all—it is his duty and privilege to make it known. The gospel is what man needs. All else can be done without, but this is indispensable.

And it is remarkable how God blesses faithful efforts of this kind, done in simplicity of spirit, and to the glory of His name. Of this we are enabled to present the following interesting proof.

A Mahommedan, belonging to one of the mountain tribes on the borders of the valley of Kashmir, set out on his pilgrimage to Mecca. All false religions have their holy places, whether Romanism, or Mahommedanism, or the various shades of heathenism; and pilgrimages to these places are supposed to be specially meritorious, and available to the forgiveness of sins. The gracious Saviour has pointed out a different mode of worship—"God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The Mahommedan looks to Mecca when he prays. The Christian looks to Christ, by whom alone there is "access to the Father." The deluded follower of some false faith journeys to a distant shrine, and when he has reached it, after much painfulness and weariness, he is as far from God as he was before. The enlightened believer, remaining in his sphere of duty, weans his affections from earthly things, and, seeking those which are above, confesses himself, in this sense, "a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth."

Happily for this poor wanderer, he was arrested on his way. He had reached as far as Peshawur, when, in the bazaar of that town, he heard an European preaching to the people. He drew near and listened: his attention was gained. The European was speaking of Christ, the only Saviour, and inviting sinners to come to Him that they might be saved. The same Spirit who opened the heart of Lydia, "that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul," brought the word home to the heart of this man. He did not pursue his journey to Mecca: there was something else which now occupied his mind. He followed the European, an English officer, Col. W——, to his quarters. There he remained twenty days, inquiring and seeking. There was one thing, and one thing only, which could now satisfy him—to know more of Jesus. At the end of that time he desired to be baptized, and Col. W—— recommended him to go in search of a Missionary. Alas! Missionaries in that country are as few and far between as wells in a desert. He travelled the long journey from Peshawur, northward of the Punjab, along the course of the Indus, until at length he reached Karachí, near the mouth of that river. Six months he had been on his way. He had fallen sick, and had been robbed. But he found what he wanted, for at Karachí we have two Missionaries, and from them we have received the account of him which has been given. They say of him—"He is such a simple, prayerful, zealous person—he loves and reads his Bible so much—and indeed so approves himself in every Christian virtue—that he is a bright specimen of what the grace of God can effect. He has been so anxious to spread the truth, that he has actually shamed us to go out into the bazaar and other places of Karachí. We had been waiting, in our worldly wisdom, until we should be *perfect* in the Hindustani and Sindhi; but he, by his ardent entreaties, and by his example—for he went out himself—so stirred up our consciences that we durst remain

quiet no longer." Truly "he that winneth souls is wise." Cannot you, reader, do something to commend Christ and His great salvation to those around you?

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"WITHHOLD NOT GOOD FROM THEM TO WHOM IT IS DUE, WHEN IT IS IN THE POWER OF THINE HAND TO DO IT. SAY NOT UNTO THY NEIGHBOUR, GO, AND COME AGAIN, AND TO-MORROW I WILL GIVE; WHEN THOU HAST IT BY THEE."

PROV. iii. 27, 28.

In the "Church Missionary Record" for the present month, amongst the list of benefactions will be found this acknowledgment—"Friend, 100*l*." The circumstances under which this donation was bestowed on the great work of Christian Missions to the heathen, as related in the following letter from a clerical member of the Society in Norfolk, present an apposite illustration of the above text—

I have this day ordered my bankers to pay to you, as one of the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society, the sum of 100*l*. As the way in which this sum for our Society came into my hands is somewhat curious, I will mention it, as it may be of use. I was calling upon an aged yeoman farmer of my neighbourhood, and, the conversation turning on Missionary work, he stated to me that he had never heard or read much of the subject until a day or two before, when, in opening a packet of children's books which he had received from the Tract Society, he had found one on Missionary stories. He had been much struck with them, and said he was sorry he had not done something during his long life—eighty-three years—for so great and glorious a work; and he then said, "You are much occupied in furthering this cause, and if you will kindly take charge of 100*l*. I will give it to you to bestow where you think it will be most useful; but I do not wish my name to transpire, only to be entered as 'A friend to the cause.'" He said, "Will you take it *now*?" I answered, "There is a good text for us all to bear in mind—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' &c." He sat down, drew a cheque on his bankers for the amount, and said I was right. A week afterwards the old gentleman was called to his account. I thought how good a lesson it teaches to the youngest and the strongest among us.

Truly it does convey a lesson, and an important one. Is there good which you might do to your neighbour, if you were so disposed? Oh! undoubtedly. The word "neighbour" is of comprehensive signification. Not only those who are near us, but those who are far from us; not only our relatives, our friends, our countrymen, those of the same colour and complexion with ourselves, but man, wherever or under whatever aspect he is to be found. Can you not help in some way? for there are multitudes at home and abroad who stand in need of help, and who are craving it at our hands. The rich could help. Dr. Duff, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in May last, brought this duty forward in a very striking way. He had been speaking of the Himalaya mountains, and the manner in which a Christian's enjoy-



ment of the magnificent scenes they present is interfered with by the recollection that no less than seventy millions of India's population regard these mountains as the palaces of their chief gods, and look up to them with idolatrous and superstitious awe. He then proceeded in the following forcible language—

Let me say, that, unless we go to their rescue, and that speedily, the time will come when those myriads of people, instead of looking up to these everlasting hills for their help, as they do now, will be mournfully constrained to cry to these rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and hide them from the face of the Lamb. Surely, then, it becomes the imperative duty of all Christian people to come up at once "to the help of the Lord against the mighty" in this land.

But I have been requested to speak chiefly about money. Of all the cities on the face of the earth, London is the chief for money-making; and if so, ought we not to expect the streams to flow most copiously out of it? Let the great merchant princes of London look up yonder to those Himalayan mountains, and therefrom learn a lesson. During half the year those Himalayan ranges gather all to themselves, and part with none: they accumulate around and upon their broad sides and illimitable summits huge masses of ice and snow, and seem to look down upon the plain below with an air and aspect of stern selfish grandeur. But when the glorious summer sun breaks forth, and throws its powerful beams upon these mountains, the frozen masses begin to melt, and down the waters come in many streams, the confluence of which swells the waters of the Ganges, and spreads fertility and verdure through a vastly-extended region of country some fifteen hundred miles, supporting the bodies and gladdening the hearts of seventy millions of human beings. Merchant princes of London, take a lesson from the Himalayan mountains! You see these men frequently gathering up masses of money, mountains of treasure, and keeping it all to themselves like misers. Not like the miser we read of in the newspapers the other day, who had lived in the most abject state of filth and wretchedness, and, when dying, requested his friends to bury him in the clothes and hat that he had worn through life. But when his life was gone, they bethought he might have had some reason for his request, and therefore resolved to make diligent search; and, upon doing so, they found his wretched garments and old hat lined with bank notes, in all amounting to nearly a thousand pounds. He loved money so well that he wanted to take it into the grave with him. This is not the spirit of our merchant princes; but they gather up money—there are some glorious exceptions, and I thank God for it—merely to expend it selfishly upon themselves or their families, and do not give that which they ought to the cause of the gospel.

And can the poor do nothing? Oh, much, very much, even in the way of pecuniary contribution. One poor man cannot give as much as one rich man; but there are a great many more poor than there are rich. The many pennies of the rich man's pounds do not so much exceed the few which the poor man is able to bestow, as the poor exceed in number the wealthier portion of their brethren. Thus, the smallness of the individual contribution may be made up

by the greater number of contributors, and the weekly pence of the many would equal, if not exceed, the larger gifts and donations of the rich. What will our friends say when we tell them, that, on the four articles of spirits, beer, tobacco, and snuff, the working-classes of the United Kingdom expend no less than fifty-seven millions and upwards? What might not be done if we were indeed a nation fearing God and working righteousness? At the present moment the united annual income of twelve of our largest Societies for the promotion of the gospel of Christ at home and abroad is less than one million. How many the working man who spends on noxious and useless things—spirits and tobacco—what, if given to the advancement of God's truth, would help others and himself too!

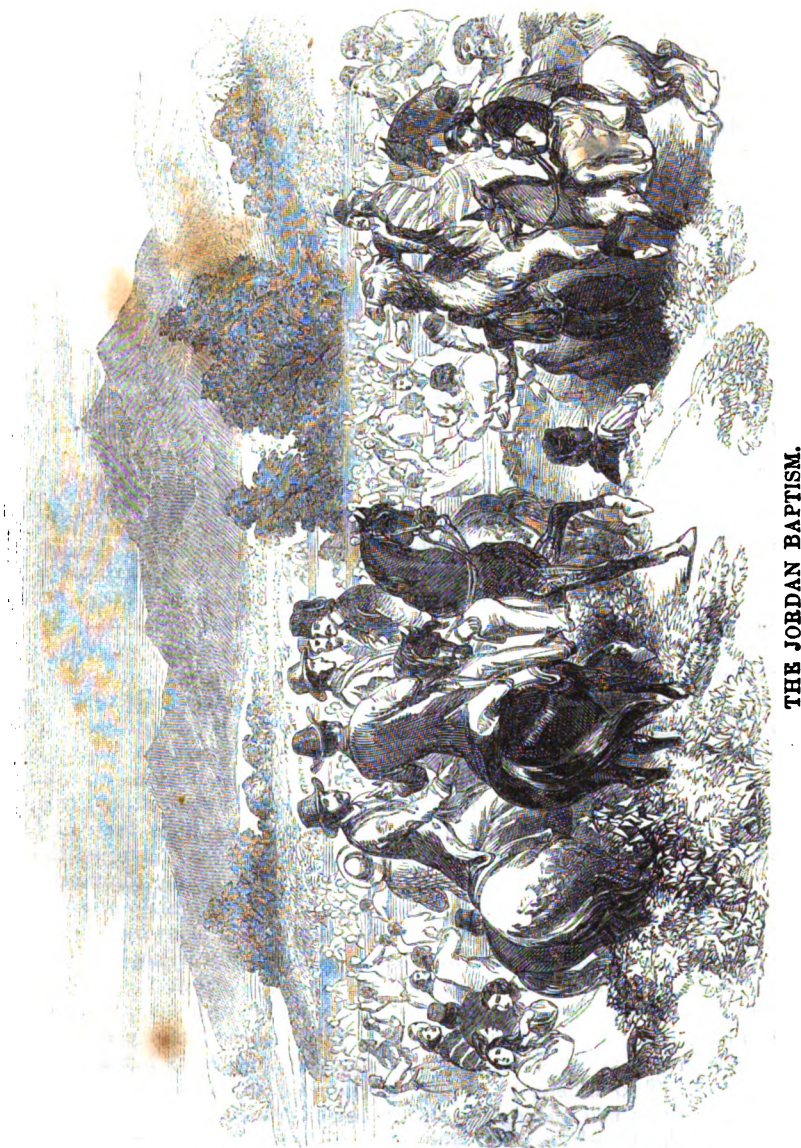
The following notice, from a Westmoreland paper of February last, of an earnest friend of the cause of Christ and of her fellow sinners, in the humbler walks of life, comes in appropriately—

On the 29th inst. died Agnes Mitchell, aged 73. She was the daughter of the late John Mitchell, a cabinet-maker, and lived for the last forty-one years in the family of Isaac Braithwaite, Esq., as cook and housekeeper. Although treated with confidence, and almost intimacy, she was uniformly respectful, keeping her place with propriety. She was as careful of her master's interest as though the house had been her own, and never thought it a trouble to visit the poor, and to prepare things for their comfort. She was much attached to the ministry of the Rev. W. Whitelock during his residence at Kendal; and, as long as she was able, she was never absent from church: no weather kept her at home; and she fully carried out the views of her master and mistress in preparing every thing beforehand, to set herself at liberty for the duties of the Sabbath-day. She was a person of few words, and always approached religious subjects with reverence. She loved her Bible, and read it daily; and during her last illness she imparted, with much feeling, the consolation she derived from its contents. She showed that she was deeply versed in them, that, through the Holy Spirit, they had been indeed food to her soul; and she dwelt with peculiar comfort on the hopes of a glorious resurrection through her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She was respectable, yet frugal, in her dress; and her personal economy enabled her to be liberal to the poor during her life, and to save out of her wages, which were always moderate, a considerable sum of money; and with the hope that it may encourage others to put by part of their earnings, and to prove how much good such humble individuals may do with their means, we subjoin a list of the legacies bequeathed by Agnes Mitchell, in addition to those left to her relatives and friends—"British and Foreign Bible Society, 19*l.* 19*s.*; Church Missionary Society, 19*l.* 19*s.*; Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, 19*l.* 19*s.*; the Sunday-schools in Kendal, established 1785, 19*l.* 19*s.*; Religious-Tract Society, 10*l.*; Church Pastoral-Aid Society, 10*l.*; Irish Society of London, 10*l.*; London Missionary Society, 5*l.*" Besides the above, a sum of 60*l.*, left in trust, the interest of which is to be divided annually amongst eight poor women, residents in Kendal.

No. 8.]

[AUGUST, 1853.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

I

## THE JORDAN BAPTISM.

MUCH there is in the aspect of Jerusalem to pain the scripturally-instructed Christian, who, acquainted with its history, contrasts its present degraded condition with the magnificence and prosperity that once belonged to it. Like a mourning captive, she sits in the dust, forsaken and desolate. Jerusalem is still "beautiful for situation," but the distant view is all. Within the gates, meanness, and filth, and misery abound, and the whole aspect of the streets, with the blank walls and heavy arches, is full of melancholy. But the corruptions of Christianity which abound, and the superstitious practices of the various oriental Christians who resort hither, are of all spectacles the most painful. Pilgrims assemble at Jerusalem for the celebration of the Easter season. They come from great distances, and are of various churches and nations. Amongst them are to be found Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, &c.; and the church of the Holy Sepulchre is crowded with an excited multitude, anxious to witness the pretended miracle of the holy fire, which is supposed to come down from heaven, like that which consumed Elijah's sacrifice. There, Turkish soldiers are present to preserve order amidst the wild fanaticism of the devotees, while Turkish governors laugh with open contempt at the unutterable folly of these so-called Christians.

Another scene of superstitious excitement in which the pilgrims engage—the Jordan baptism—is thus described by our Missionary at Jerusalem, Mr. C. Sandreczki—

*April 25, 1853*—About seven A.M. I left Jerusalem, with Dr. Roth, Mr. E. R. Hodges of the Jewish Mission, and my son Max, in order to go to the Jordan with the caravan of the Greek pilgrims. Most of them had left as soon as the gates were opened; yet still, all the way presented but one file of pilgrims, men, women, and children, on camels, mules, horses, donkeys, and on foot; Greeks, Russians, Bulgarians, Wallachians, &c., and a number of Copts too. The motley crowd moved on with alacrity, escorted by horsemen in the van and rear; and the dreary wilderness of chalky hills and dales, whose scanty verdure was already nearly entirely parched, appeared, as through a spell, teeming with unusual life. The view would have been highly interesting, had it not been associated with the idea that all these thousands were really rushing on certain spiritual death, under the powerful spell of cruel sorcerers, of false prophets, of soul-trepanning priestcraft. I endeavoured to engage some of the pilgrims in conversation; and although the sounds of their own language were gratifying to them in the person of the stranger who addressed them, it was at the same time unmistakeably evident that they looked upon him with suspicion. One of them, a priest of Salonichi, seemed rather shocked at the sight of a heretic in the midst of so holy a caravan, and returned but a few dry answers. Two others, to whom I expressed my astonishment at the hardships they had undergone during their pilgrimage, and whom I asked whether the Greek convent did not provide the poor with donkeys at least—they were trudging it on foot—replied, "Why should the con-

vent spend money for us? It is our duty to give to the convent, and not to take from it, if we want to obtain a merit from our pilgrimage." I saw it was useless to urge the point in the season of fanatical excitement, and was not more successful in my attempts with several others.

When we reached the brow of the last hill, the immense plains of Jericho and Moab opened to our view all at once, with Mount Nebo over against. It was a truly grand sight. The descent was pretty long and steep, and the throng was considerable in the narrow path; yet I heard of no accident. Horses, and all beasts of burden, are wonderfully sure-footed in the East, and remarkably quiet in the midst of the greatest throng, and rarely frightened by the discharge of firearms. From the foot of the hills we had but half-an-hour's ride over the plain to the camp of the caravan. The place was full of thorny nub'k-trees, instead of palm-trees and balm, and jungly all along the banks of the little brook, which is called Elisha's brook.

In the evening we went to Aïn el Sultán, the source of Elisha's brook, where the Prussian consul and pastor Valentiner had pitched their tents. The way led through a grove of nub'k-trees. The source is rich, and the water very good. The blaze of the camp fires reddened the sky when we returned, and the watch-cry of the sentries round about the camp gave the whole scene a warlike character. I found two Greeks, near our tent, ready to commit themselves to slumber on a rug. I addressed them as neighbours, and asked them whether they believed the Jordan's water to be able to wash away their sins. One of them gave no answer: the other said, "We have been to Mar Saba, and the monks there told us we must go to the Jordan to be cleansed from our sins. We are ignorant people, and must believe what we are told to believe." I said, we Protestants knew of but one thing able to cleanse us from the guilt of sin, and that was the blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, if we truly believed in His atoning sacrifice, and entirely turned away from wickedness with a contrite and penitent heart: this was the gospel preached by the apostles, and cursed was he whosoever preached another gospel. If monks or priests commanded them to do or believe things which are not written in, or which are manifestly opposed to, the word of God, they were not obliged to obey. I asked whether they would steal or kill if a priest wanted them so to do? The speaker again pleaded his ignorance, and said he had often seen priests doing the very things which they forbade other people to do; but he was bound to obey them, as all did, according to the religion of their fathers.

*April 26*—About one o'clock, after midnight, we got up, and the tents were struck. About three o'clock we heard the beating of the small kettle-drums of the troopers, the signal for mounting. The weather was very close. We kept back as much as possible, to avoid the throng and crush. The plain presented an undulating waste of clayey soil impregnated with salt, and here and there spotted with dwarf shrubs, acacia, many of which were set on fire. The whole horizon before us was involved in flames and smoke from these fires and torches, and the whole scene exhibited a magic and ghostly sight, especially when the forms of the crowded multitude emerged from time to time more distinctly, like a host of spirits in the midst of the flames. My heart was

saddened : I could no longer keep up the thought that we were surrounded by followers of Him who is the true Light, and the Sun of righteousness. It occurred to me that we were fast nearing the banks of the Ganges, and not of the Jordan. About day-break we were wedged in on all sides, as the pilgrims who had gathered behind us now pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity. However, we succeeded in extricating ourselves from the throng, and remained for a while on the verge of one of the clayey eminences, which form the last terrace above the lowest tract next to the banks of the river. I found a young man there, who was waiting like ourselves, and addressed him. He told me he was of Athens. I asked him whether he believed in the purgatorial efficacy of the waters of the Jordan. He smiled, and said he had never believed in such nonsense, and came hither from curiosity rather. In the course of our conversation on faith and the word of God, I saw that he was not insensible to the dictates of gospel truth, and gave him two copies of the first four homilies in Greek, one for himself, and the other for a companion of his, and invited him to call on me at Jerusalem. I asked him whether there were other Athenians among the pilgrims ; but he said he was the only one, and his companion a Peloponnesian.

When we arrived at the west bank of the river, the bathing, or rather the Jordan baptism, as it is considered an ablution from sin, had already commenced. The ghostly night scene was now changed into an entirely substantial, noisy, and gay bathing scene, on the largest scale I had ever witnessed. Men, women, and children pressed forward to get into the river, where they dipped, or were dipped, three times. None were without the shirt prepared for the occasion, and which is afterwards laid aside until the death-bed requires once more the miraculous, sanctifying power which it has soaked in from the baptismal river. A few priests were among the crowd. What would John the Baptist tell them if he were to appear on such an occasion ? But the Pharisees and Sadducees, the chief cheats, keep back : the dippers are certainly laughed at by them. The banks of the river, and the level tract lying next to them, on both sides, between the terrace-like declivities of the two plains of Jericho and Moab, is luxuriantly rich in trees and jungle. The tamarisk and willow are very frequent, and creepers entangled the branches of the trees and shrubs. The birds which must inhabit these never-fading groves were probably frightened back into the deeper recesses by the unusual sight and noise : I neither saw nor heard any. The river is not broad at all, but its current exceedingly rapid, even here so near its mouth. The depth scarcely exceeds five feet in this season of the year. I saw a man crossing it by means of a long stick or pole : he was carried down a little, but not taken off his feet. Some of the stronger men, Copts of Egypt, crossed it swimming, but they were carried down a considerable distance. On the dwarf acacia I saw the fruit, which by some is called the Sodom apple ; but the description generally given of this emblem of corruption, under the disguise of a fine exterior, does not correspond with the black, hard, and knotty appearance of this acacia fruit or excrescence.

Mr. Sandreczki continued his journey to the Dead Sea, his description of which, with an Engraving, we hope to present in a future Number.

## MANIHERA, AND HIS MURDERER, HUIATAHI.

IN our June Number we introduced an engraving of the Cave of Okura, New Zealand, in which the Rev. R. Taylor and Mr. Telford found shelter when on their way to visit the central district of the island. The extracts we then published were from a letter of Mr. Telford's. We have since received Mr. Taylor's journal; and, as it contains many interesting points, we shall venture to bring our readers back to the cave, and from thence to accompany Mr. Taylor part of his way to Auckland. We feel the less disinclined to do so, as they may have the incidents without the fatigues of the journey.

*Jan. 22, 1852*—In the evening we reached my old sleeping-place, the cave Okura. It was a perfect luxury to step from pouring rain, in a dense and dismal forest, to the dry and dusty floor of this vast cave. It is, in fact, an immense overhanging rock, forming part of the cone of the mountain. Here we soon had a cheerful fire, and our tents pitched. Mine I carpeted with a beautiful adiantum,\* which luxuriantly flourishes on the sides of the cave, and thus furnished me with dry bedding. The natives amused themselves with talking over the dark deeds which were, in former days, perpetrated in this lonely spot. We concluded the evening with a hymn of praise and prayer. I called upon one of our party, and, in a beautiful prayer, he supplicated God to have mercy upon us, and to be our defence against the power of the storm and tempest, the flood and falling trees, the mountain and precipice, and to let His good Spirit be our constant guide in all our journeyings and wanderings.

*Jan. 23*—A rainy morning. We ascended from the river by a chasm in the mountain, part of which we climbed by means of a ladder, whilst a plentiful cascade discharged itself upon us from above. We reached the summit of Ruapekapeka, an extremely elevated mountain-plain, which was nearly sixteen miles over, and thence descended to the Huihuinga—or union of the Manganui-a-te-ao and two other streams—whence we ascended to the elevated plains of Tongariro, and reached the entrance of the Mania (plains) to sleep. The wind was bitterly cold, and we had showers of sleet.

The next morning we left by seven. Our road lay over these noble plains, covered with fine grass, but without a hoof to run over them. We passed innumerable streams, all rushing from the snowy mountains to swell the waters of the Wanganui. We had a rainy walk to that river, which could not be less than thirty miles from our starting-place; and here, thoroughly fatigued and drenched, we have encamped for the Sabbath, not being able to reach the Rotoaira lake.

*Jan. 26*—We left this morning by seven, and reached a small village—Keretoa—where we dined. The chief procured us a canoe to cross over to Motuapuhi. The scenery between Parataitonga and the lake is very beautiful: I do not know a more lovely part of New Zealand; and its abounding in hot springs may before long render it the Bath of this country. We passed several streams flowing through chasms, which were evi-

\* A kind of fern that cannot easily be made wet. From the Greek *a*, without, and *diaino*, to moisten.

dently fissures. When nature wants a water-course, an earthquake at once rends the earth, and it is made. Man tediously digs his canals foot after foot, year after year, whilst a single minute is sufficient for the purpose of the Almighty. We walked to Poutu, where I met Hemapo, Nini, and Te Huiatahi. They pointed out the future residence of their minister. The spot selected is a beautiful grassy plot. Huiatahi was the chief who killed Manihera, and he is now anxious for a minister to reside amongst them. It is remarkable that he should thus come forward. Surely this is some of the fruit of the blood of Manihera, which has brought down a blessing.

Manihera was a Christian native of Wanganui, who, with another, Kereopa, and a few companions, proceeded in February 1847 to these central districts to make known the gospel. Amongst others, they visited a chief called Herekieke, whose father had been killed in battle by Manihera's tribe. The old widow was still living, and thirsted for revenge; and some of her people, concealing themselves in the bush, fired on the two Christians as they approached. Kereopa was shot dead. Manihera was wounded, when the murderers rushed upon him, striking him with their hatchets on the head. "He was found," says our Missionary, the Rev. T. Chapman, "tying his head, which was dreadfully cut, with his handkerchief. He gave one of his companions, whose face had been grazed by a ball, his Testament, telling him that it was great riches; and, shaking hands with them as a mutual token of love one toward another as Christian brethren, he leaned his head aside and died." That Huiatahi, his murderer, should now be found amongst the number of those who desire the presence of a Christian Missionary, is remarkable. But many wonderful changes of the same kind are to be found recorded in the history of the New-Zealand Mission.

#### WHERE "EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES, AND ONLY MAN IS VILE."

THE change of scenery which presents itself as you ascend from the seashore districts of Ceylon to the central and mountainous parts is very delightful. Various kinds of trees, covered with scarlet and pink flowers, or crowned with white blossoms, catch the eye; and near the villages the cocoa-nut tree is seen, with its plume-like tufts. Instead of rivers creeping sluggishly along the level districts, there is the clear mountain stream descending from the hills above, whose steep sides are often terraced and under cultivation; while perched on some overhanging crag, or amongst the branches of some huge forest-tree, the watch-hut of the native is placed, from whence he can see the wild elephant as he approaches, and to which he can retreat if the animal, despite of his yells and brands, continue to advance. Sometimes across a deep ravine a single slight elastic tree, or bambu, is thrown, which serves as a bridge, over which the traveller has to pass, but on which the bearers keep their feet with singular firmness.



The native suspension-bridge presented in our engraving is of some-



what superior construction. It is formed of cane—the cable-rattan—which is occasionally found three hundred feet in length, and with little difference in thickness in any part. It is very light and tough. A sufficient number of canes are fixed round two large trees growing on opposite sides of the river, the diameter of the stems determining the breadth of the bridge. Small slips are placed across to complete the roadway. Another cane, tied at a proper height, forms the hand-rail, and the work is then completed by fastenings let down from all the branches, projecting in the direction of the bridge as it crosses the river. The approach to it is by ladders, tied together by jungle creeping plants.

But the beautiful scenery of this island has its drawbacks. Land leeches fasten on the feet, hands, and neck. These are sufficiently small to introduce themselves through the stitches of a stocking. If you attempt to pull them from your legs they fasten on your hands and draw blood immediately. Besides these, large snakes glide across the path and hide themselves in the decayed leaves and branches. The venomous snakes in Ceylon are very numerous, and the only wonder is that there are so few deaths from the snake bites. But they have a dread of man, and shun his path as much as possible. Leopards also abound in the

Kandian country, sometimes growing to eight feet in length; and sometimes a rogue-elephant—a turbulent member, expelled from the herd—besets the path, and waylays the unwary traveller, attacking him and trampling him to death.

But that which most spoils the beauty of Ceylon is the devil-worship of the people. Here, amongst one of the most glorious scenes which His hands have fashioned in our world—an earthly paradise—the God who made all and gave all is unknown. Malignant spirits are worshipped in His place! They have the red-eyed demon—pestilence; demons of the forest, flood, the tempest, and sickness; demons who dwell in tombs and rove through burying-grounds. To these they make propitiatory sacrifices. When a village or district is supposed to be under the influence of a demon, the devil-priest makes offerings of money, fruit, and flowers, to the demon, in the name of the whole village; and tom-toms beat and devil-dancers dance in his honour. These dances are generally by torchlight. They are alike hideous and disgusting, and are the prelude to wicked rites and vicious orgies, in which all unite. Can we wonder if in a land where He is thus dishonoured and insulted God permits various plagues, such as those we have enumerated, and many more besides, to have their place, as tokens of His displeasure against ungrateful man?

Let us pray for the spread of gospel light and truth in Ceylon, that this beautiful island may be rescued from the power of Satan, and transferred to Him who is its rightful Lord.

#### TRIALS OF CONVERTS FROM HINDUISM.

THESE are of no ordinary description. There is nothing that Hindu relatives and friends dread so much as an open profession of Christianity by one from amongst them. It necessitates the loss of caste, with the preservation of which are connected all their ideas of influence and respectability. They regard but little what opinions an individual holds as to the absurdity and folly of idol-worship, provided he be satisfied to conform outwardly to the usual customs; but the open confession of Christ before men fills them with dread and anger. It is in this respect the Hindu convert has so much to endure. When, perhaps after a lengthened conflict in his own mind, he becomes convinced, not only that Jesus is the only Saviour, but that he must not be ashamed to avow his belief, at whatever cost, he has then to meet, in the first place, the tears and entreaties of those whom he has known and loved from childhood, and then, when these fail, their anger. That anger is precisely proportionate to the strength of the affection they had previously entertained for him. The more they had loved him, the more hot their indignation waxes; and they to whom his life had once been dear as their own, in the strong excitement of such a season often attempt his life. Many instances present themselves of the difficulties and trials which beset the path of converts from Hinduism. The following is from our Missionary at Burdwan, in Bengal, the Rev. B. Geidt—

The young Brahmin who embraced Christianity is called Horinarayan. He is seventeen years of age, and was born at Rameshorgurta, a village about twenty-eight miles from Burdwan. He came to this place to attend our English School at the commencement of May 1852. I met him the day after his arrival, and was pleased with his manners and cheerful look. A week after this interview, I went again to the English School, and entered into a conversation on Christianity and Hinduism with his class. On the afternoon of that day the young man came to my house, informing me of his wish to become a Christian. I represented to him the seriousness of this step, and desired him to count the cost well before he embraced Christianity. He replied he had made up his mind to forsake his religion, because it was false, and embrace the Christian religion, by which he could be saved. I allowed him then to come to my house for private instruction. He asked me afterwards, several times, "When will you baptize me? May I not get more instruction after baptism? Why should I wait longer?" Thus he was added to the church of Christ, with several others, on the 25th of July. He had never before this had instruction given him by a Christian, but he received his first impressions from a native teacher at Chybosta. This man, who has betaken himself to Deism, told the Brahmin confidentially that Hinduism was false, the idols were useless, and that men must worship one God, who has created all things by His power.

The day after his baptism three persons came to entice him away, whom I happily met near the young man's dwelling. These attacks on him have hitherto often been repeated in various ways, both by old and young men, yet Narayan Paul—this is his Christian name—has, by the mercy of God, remained faithful, and given much satisfaction. The severest trial he had to endure was from a visit paid by his father and brother, who came the distance of twenty-eight miles to take him back to Hinduism. The interview of these three persons was really touching. I was by chance delayed from going out early on the 19th of August, and heard, to my surprise, that Paul's father and brother had come to take him away. I conducted both father and brother into my house. The father began to weep, and said, "My caste is gone, and 1000 rupees are required to purchase it again. My wife is dying, and my son's wife weeping and despairing. Pray allow him to accompany me home, and he may return after three months." Upon this I went to Paul's dwelling, and prayed with him for strength from above, and then took him to his father. "Why, dear son," said the old man, "you have become a Christian, and ruined us: our caste is gone; your mother will not live much longer; your wife is in despair; and all your brothers and sisters sit weeping at home, like this your brother before you." Here father and son wept afresh. "Will you not have mercy on us, and return home with me only for three months, and comfort your family once more by your presence?" "Nay, my father," answered the son, "I cannot now: I must first advance a little more in Christianity." "Well, dear boy, go then with me only for three weeks; and if this is too long, accompany me but three days, and see your mother, brothers, and wife." "My father, I cannot now." Here the father and brother were much affected, and I tried to speak words of consolation and com-

fort to these poor Hindus. Paul had tears in his eyes too, for he loves his father. "My son," the father continued, "I thought you would become a support in my old age, but, alas! you have repaid my pains and labour in this way—given me sorrow and grief." "I shall assuredly," said the son, "support you as much as I can, for this the Christian religion teaches me; and I love you very much, even more than when I was a Hindu." The father made signs to the other son to sit near Paul, and to coax him. He fell on his neck and wept. "Ah!" said his father, "can you resist this? Where is your poita?"—brahminical string. "Christians have no distinctions: I have no poita." "What!" said his father, "no poita! Oh, give him half of yours, that he may go with us and eat with us; for without a poita you cannot come into the village." The brother had, in a moment, separated his string, and offered it to Paul; but as the latter refused wearing it, he was obliged to take it back. The father desired me now to command his son to go with him. Paul said to his father, "Why will you not leave me here? See, I have not died of hunger. I look not worn out, and I am not without clothes."

I took them all now to our new church, which the old man admired much, and then went over to his son's lodging. I left them to have a little private talk, and Paul gave his younger brother some tracts. After this, the father took his son's hand, put it into mine, and said, "Sir, my son is now yours: take care of him, and instruct him well. I am much pleased to see you are so kind to him: I will send two more sons for instruction; but do not make them Christians." Thus we parted as friends.

Two months after this, there came again his younger brother, with an elder one, to take Paul away. They were very close with him, but he stood his ground. None of them would accept, at this time, any book, for fear they should become Christians. I succeeded, however, in furnishing them with a New Testament, and I pray God that it may prove a blessing to their souls. They spoke again of the dying mother, Paul's weeping wife, &c., but he would not listen any more to such stories.

Let this young man have a share in our sympathy and prayers.

#### THE REFORMATION AMONGST THE ARMENIANS.

THE Armenians, like the Jews, are a scattered people. Their ancient kingdom, having been wasted by lengthened wars, is broken up, and divided between Turkey, Persia, and Russia, of which three empires the great mountain Ararat forms now the boundary stone. The native race has been dispersed from various causes. Many have been carried away captive; others have emigrated to other lands, either to escape the yoke of the oppressor, or in search of gain; and they are now to be found in India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago, in Persia and Turkey, in Judæa, Russia, Poland, Austria, and a few in Africa and America. Wherever they have located themselves they have been known as a shrewd and clever people, engaged in commercial transactions, and generally the leading bankers and merchants.

Since the fourth century they have been professing Christians, but their Christianity has been excessively corrupt, differing little in that respect from the Church of Rome. But a blessed work of reformation has been going forward among them for the last twenty-five years, through the instrumentality of American Missionaries; and there are now no fewer than 2000 Armenians enrolled as Protestants, while the spirit of inquiry is to be found in more than 100 towns and villages, from the borders of Persia across Asia Minor, and within the limits of European Turkey, as at Constantinople, Adrianople, and other places. By the provisions of the imperial charter, published by the Turkish Government in 1850, toleration is secured for all who, under the convictions of an awakened conscience, desire to renounce the corrupt practices of their ancient churches, whether Armenian or Greek, and embrace instead the pure gospel.

This great work has not been carried on without much suffering on the part of the Armenian professors, to which they have been subjected at the hands of their own countrymen; nor even yet have the provisions of the "Tanzimati hairiyeh" been so fully carried out, throughout the wide extent of the Turkish empire, as to secure in all cases to the Armenian Protestant freedom from molestation. But one instance, to which we now refer, will show that he is more free within the limits of Turkey than of Russia.

The Rev. J. Peabody, of the American Mission, writes, under date of Feb. 16, 1853—

Eighteen months since, there was in Nakchivan, Georgia, in his wealthy father's house, an Armenian young man, Abraham Khadabashean by name. He was surrounded by every thing supposed in this country to be necessary to impart comfort and happiness. He was an only child, much beloved by his father, who was very anxious that he should remain with him; but no persuasion could induce him to do so. The riches, honours, and pleasures of this world had lost their charms. He felt an awful vacuity, which no earthly objects could fill. He knew not what was necessary for him; but there was something that he must have, or be miserable for ever. It was a spiritual necessity, which, as he supposed, could not be supplied at home: he must therefore go abroad in quest of the "one thing needful."

But whither should he go? He left his paternal abode, not knowing the answer to this question, with the prevailing feeling, however, that the object of his desire could not be obtained unless he should go to a monastery, or a wilderness, to become a hermit. On arriving at Tauriz, he met with an Armenian acquainted with us, who advised him to set his face towards Erzerúm. Having reached our city, without delay he made known to us the state of his mind. Appearing to be a promising young man, we consented to take him as a scholar or probationer, furnishing him with nothing except a small room where he could study. He worked at his trade enough to supply his temporal wants.

We found it not difficult to convince him that the object of his pursuit

could not be obtained in a monastery or a wilderness; that the thing necessary for him was "the righteousness which is of faith," and is not to be found in such places, but "speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven?" &c. "But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach." This word of faith he appeared to receive with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily to see if the things preached were indeed so. He habitually manifested much joy that, though the Lord had led him in a way he knew not, yet He had led him into the light of truth. He applied himself with commendable diligence, not only to the acquisition of divine knowledge, but also to obtain an acquaintance with some of the sciences.

After remaining with us about six months, he received intelligence of the death of his father. Having obtained a taste for knowledge, and become acquainted with the way of salvation, he felt that he could turn his patrimony to good account by expending a part of it in gaining an education to prepare himself for greater usefulness. With this object in view, he determined to return to Nakchivan, with the expectation of securing it. Although aware of his danger from going into a country where nothing like toleration is known, and where his own countrymen are most ignorant and bigoted, yet, having a Persian passport and the regular papers of the Russian consul of this place, he was confident that he should be protected, and succeed in his business. I have said he had a Persian passport. The reason of this was, that the place of his birth is near Ispahan, where many Armenians reside; and it is only a few years since his father removed from that place to Nakchivan. He left us February 3, 1852, going by way of Kars.

Several months passed, and nothing was heard of him. We began to be alarmed for his safety; and, on inquiry, we learned, upon good authority, that when he arrived at Gamri, in Russia, it was at once noised abroad that he was a Protestant; and, at the instigation of the Armenian Bishop of that town, the authorities seized and imprisoned him; and there is good reason to believe that the plan was matured in this place, as soon as his intention to leave for Georgia was known. After remaining in prison ten days, he disappeared, leaving us in most painful suspense in respect to his situation—if, indeed, he is still in the land of the living. In order to compel him to renounce his faith, there is every reason to believe that his tormentors will seek to render his life miserable. If he is only imprisoned, he is in some loathsome dungeon, devoured by vermin, his constitution ruined by pestilential air and wretched food. But his fate may be even more terrible than this. No individual is visited with such implacable revenge, in this dark region, as that one who is suspected of the crime of seeking salvation through faith in the Lamb of God.

I have twice written to the British Consul at Tabriz, begging that he would lay the case of this young man before the proper Persian authorities, with a view to their making an investigation of the matter, provided they can get any clue, and demanding him as one of their subjects; but I have not yet heard that he has been able to effect any thing.



No. 9.]

[SEPTEMBER, 1853.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE DEAD SEA.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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### THE DEAD SEA.

THE Dead Sea occupies the site of that fertile region which of old attracted the attention of Lot, when, on his separation from Abraham, he "lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord." The Dead Sea, about forty-five miles long by ten broad, now occupies that ruined region. The level of the lake is between 1300 and 1400 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Indeed, the whole course of the Jordan, from the lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea, is a depressed region, lying from one foot to 1300 feet below the sea-level, the Dead Sea being the lowest point. It is precisely as if the whole of this region had given way and fallen in. In Lot's time it was a plain. In the depth of the sea there is also a remarkable difference, the southern portion of it being about two fathoms deep, in the northern parts 100 and 200 fathoms deep, and at one point in particular from 200 to 225 fathoms deep; so that the point of extreme depth is 2750 feet below the sea-level. The waters are very peculiar. They are far more salt than the Mediterranean, although the Mediterranean is the saltiest inlet of the Atlantic, and the Atlantic is saltier than the Pacific. A fourth part of their weight is of saline matter, peculiarly bitter, pungent, and nauseous to the taste. Very little more than four per cent. of solid matter has been found in oceanic water: that of the Dead Sea contains twenty-six per cent. There appears to be no animal or vegetable life in this supersalt sea. No fish live in it, nor is there any living thing to be found in it: such as are occasionally swept into it by the waters of the Jordan soon die, and are cast up as dead fish upon its shores. Surrounded by dreary, desolate shores, it lies like a sea of molten lead, except when acted upon by the furious hurricane, when, for a brief period, its heavy waves are unnaturally agitated.

This singular receptacle of the Jordan, in which that river loses itself, and reappears not, and whose acrid saltishness is not lessened by the fresh waters continually flowing into it, was visited by Mr. Sandreczki after he had witnessed the bathing of the pilgrims in the Jordan, related in our last Number. We introduce his description of it—

To the east extended the long range of the steep and rugged mountains of Moab, with Mount Nebo, from whose lofty summit Moses took his first and last survey of the promised land (Deut. xxxiv.), which he was not permitted to enter until he was called, with Elias, to appear on the mount of the transfiguration of Him whose coming he had predicted (Deut. xviii. 15—20). Westward the lake was bordered by the hilly wilderness of the Kidron and Engaddi. But on both sides the mountains were soon lost to view in the haze produced by evaporation. The lake was of the colour of the sky, and the surface was unruffled by the slight breeze which came from the western mountains. The strand was full of the trunks of trees which had been brought down by the



Jordan, and lay bleaching under the tropical heat. We were now more than 1200 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; which extraordinary fact was first discovered, but not to its full extent, sixteen years ago, by my friends Dr. Schubert and Dr. Roth, the latter of whom was one of our present party. Just as we arrived, a flight of storks crossed the lake, which certainly exerted no deadly influence on them. We saw no other living creatures, either on the shore or in the water, except a single ant on the clayey beach. The Bedouins brought us a few shells, but they were fresh-water shells, from the Jordan.

We could not withstand the attraction of a bathe, and none of us had reason to regret it. It was most refreshing, and only one or two felt a slight pricking of the skin afterwards. As to myself, I had rather an oily feeling all over the body. The water only caused pain when it came in contact with the eyes, which might be avoided. We could float on the water as easily as if we had been logs of wood."

In the Dead Sea we behold a striking emblem of the curse that sin brings with it: "a fruitful land maketh He barren, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." It reminds us of the fearful alteration which sin has made in the heart of man. In its original state it was "as the garden of the Lord." But sin has broken it down into a dead sea. It is deep: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it? I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins." Its waters are acrid and pungent: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders," &c. There is in the heart of man, by nature, an utter extinction of all spiritual life. Providential mercies, like the fresh waters of the Jordan, flow into it, but change it not. "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust;" and the evil remain evil, and the unjust, unjust still.

The Dead Sea is a striking emblem of the heathen world—of the millions of mankind to whom the gospel has not yet been made known. The waters of the natural ocean are acted upon by a variety of influences—there is a healthful movement, a continuous ebb and flow; but, except when the storm comes, the Dead Sea is heavy and sluggish. In Christian lands there are healthful influences, which purify and raise the minds of men, and keep them in healthful action. But amidst the heathen there is nothing of the kind. They are sunk in the sluggish monotony of a state without God, and without hope—idolatrous, sensual, selfish; full of vicious practices, such as those mentioned by Paul in Rom. i. 29—32; except at times when furious passions, like the stormy winds, burst forth, and then there is agitation and disturbance.

In Ezek. xlvii. 8 our readers will find the Dead Sea used in such a sense. But in the same chapter there is another figure. Waters are described as flowing from under the threshold of the house—at first a tiny and contracted stream, but gradually increasing in depth and power, reaching first to the ankles, then to the knees, then

to the loins, until "the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over;" and these "being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed."

We have here a beautiful figure of the gospel preached, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; its source, the throne of God; its destination, the heathen wastes around; small in its commencement, yet gradually increasing; and, in the effects which it is producing in many a distant Mission-field, pointing forward to its predicted consummation, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" when "all kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him;" and "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ."

Have these waters reached the dead sea of our own natural hearts, and have we experienced the renewing and converting power of the Gospel?

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#### THE KINGSMILL ISLANDS.

IN our Number for January last we mentioned that a new Mission was about to be commenced, by the American Board of Missions, to the Micronesian group. The Missionaries sailed from the Sandwich Islands in July of last year, and reached Taritari, an island of the Kingsmill group, a distance of about two thousand miles to the south-west, in the beginning of August.

The Kingsmill Islands are all coral. Our readers will perhaps bear with us while we pause a moment to explain the peculiar formation of coral islands. The coral is the production of a living animal called the coral insect. These living agents are furnished with minute glands, secreting gluten, which, as it oozes forth, converts the carbonate of lime in the ocean, and other earthy matters, into a fixed and concrete substance, twisted and fashioned in every variety of shape. This is the coral, which bears somewhat the same relation to the insect which the shell does to the snail or the oyster. These little insects are wonderfully employed, in the providence of God, in building up from the depths of the ocean the foundations of island homes for man. When the first labourers at the bottom of the sea die, the corals which they formed adhere to each other, and the various openings being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed in by the sea, a mass of rock is at length formed. On this foundation other generations of animalculæ erect their structures, until at length, in process of time, a coral reef is raised. Some of these formations are called lagoons: they consist of a ring of coral, enclosing a lagoon or portion of the sea, the encircling ring seldom rising higher than from six to twelve feet above the waves. On the outer side this ring plunges down perpendicularly into the depths of the sea; but in the interior, where the water is calm, the ring shelves by a succession of ledges. In some instances, by the

continual working of the zoophytes, the enclosed area is gradually raised above the water, and an island is formed, sometimes thirty miles in diameter, and sometimes less than a mile. In many of these islands the whole mass, at a certain depth below the water, is composed of living coral, the insect, it appears, never working above low-water mark: the upper portion consists of fragments thrown there by the sea, and which have adhered to the original rock. Sometimes, where the encircling ring is of great compass, a large lagoon occupies the centre, to which openings through the reef give access, while inhabited isles occupy the chaplet or ring. There are other descriptions of coral formations, to which we shall refer as opportunity presents itself; but of this which we have endeavoured to present to our readers, the Caroline Archipelago presents one of the largest specimens, extending as it does its atolls, in sixty groups, over a thousand miles.

The Kingmill group, the first portion of it which the Missionary ship reached, consists of fifteen principal islands, with a population of some 47,000. Not rising anywhere more than twenty feet above the sea level, when first seen they appear as a long low line of cocoa-nut trees. Of Pitt's island, which was first reached, the entire productions are, the cocoa-nut tree, the pandanus, a coarse kind of taro, and a species of bread-fruit. The first of these, however, supplies, nearly by itself, all the wants of the islanders. It yields food, drink, clothing: it furnishes materials for building houses, making boats, ropes, and sails, implements for war, husbandry, and household utensils. Leaf, fruit, fibre, wood, all are of value.

Of the natives themselves, the following account is given in the Boston "Journal of Missions"—

The population is divided into three classes—chiefs, landholders, and slaves. They live in small communities, and regard the oldest of their number as a kind of patriarch. The office of king seems to be hereditary. Polygamy prevails. They are inquisitive, and manifest considerable skill in the construction of their houses, and especially of their boats, which are sometimes sixty feet in length. Their common houses consist simply of a roof supported by posts four or five feet high, and, save that they serve to protect them from the sun and rain, "are about as much out doors as in." Those of the superior rank have sometimes a sleeping-place, or store-house, or both, in the upper part of the roof. In each village is a "stranger's house," where those who are travelling from one part of the island to another, and have no one in particular to call on, may pass the night; where families may live for days, or even weeks, in case their own house is in any way destroyed; where their councils are held; and where they assemble for feasts, dances, and singing, amusements of which they are so passionately fond, that they come together to them, not only from different towns, but from different islands; such a building answering for a town-house, tavern, poor-house, council-house, and theatre. Some of them are immensely large: the one at the village where the king resides is 117 feet long, 66 wide, and about 50 high. The Missionaries could not help remarking to each other, "Here are

houses for public Christian worship already erected, waiting for those who shall proclaim the word of life."

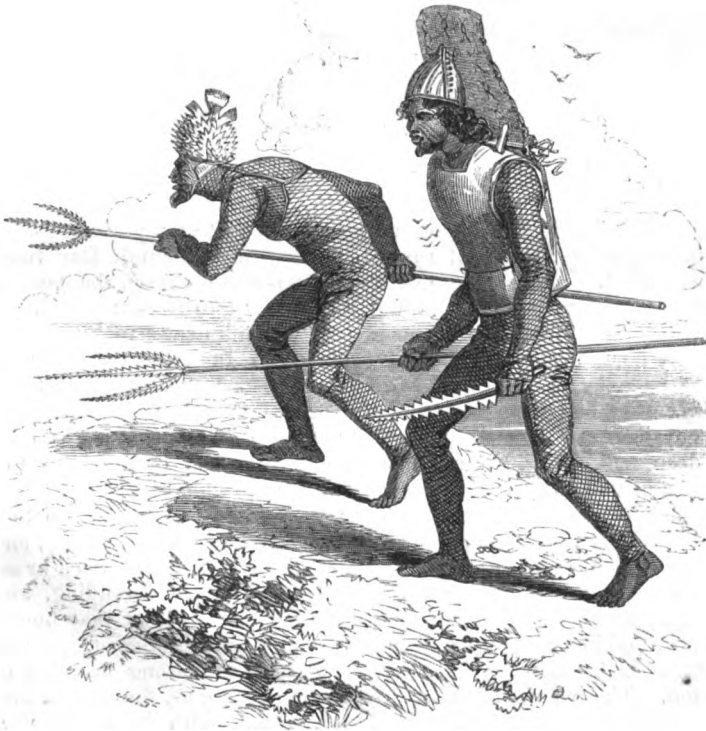
The circumstances of the Missionary party's first landing, and interview with the natives, as thus related, are very interesting—

It was a joyful sound when land was first announced from the mast-head of the "Caroline." As they drew nearer, and the long line of cocoa-nut trees became visible, they gazed at the sight with intense interest. What reception would they meet with? Would savage violence attempt to surprise them before the morrow; or, if the natives should be found "mild," as Capt. Wilkes represented them, would there be any means of letting them know that it was not for purposes of trade, but in reference to the "glad tidings" of salvation that they had come? They lay to till morning; but before committing themselves to sleep they committed themselves in special prayer to Almighty God. "It was a meeting of no ordinary interest." That an interpreter might be found, that the natives might be inclined to receive them kindly, and that in all their intercourse with them they might be guided by wisdom from above, were their chief requests. They had occasion to remember these prayers, for they were poured into His ear who has said, "Ye shall not seek me in vain."

On the morrow, as they rounded the southern point of the island, what was their surprise to see a long thatched building, with the English flag flying from the centre! It belonged to Randall & Durant, who have been established there six years, trading in cocoa-nut oil. These men gave them a cordial reception, and favoured their object throughout, one of them acting as their interpreter. The natives met them with a "bashful deference," evidently making an "extra effort" for the occasion, by putting new palm-leaf mats, their only dress, about their waists. Wherever they went, they were struck with the large number of children compared with the adults, and with their superior healthiness and beauty. On entering their houses, some of the women were found boiling down the sap of the cocoa-nut tree, to make molasses; others scraping the nut for oil; but most of them sitting idly about. Their hospitality was invariably shown by setting cocoa-nuts and "toddy" before their visitors; and they seemed sorry that they could not eat and drink more. The landing of the wives of the Missionaries produced quite a sensation, as only one white woman had ever before been on the island. The demeanour of the natives towards them was "very respectful," except that, when they approached the village of the king, there was a perfect "rush" to see them, and some of the women ran right "across their track, to get a fair look in the faces" of the ladies of the party, when they would "fly off again in a sort of rapture." This village is about three miles from where they landed, on the shore of the lagoon, the way to it, except for about a mile over a sandy beach, being through cocoa-nut groves. Taro patches were interspersed among the houses. The house of the king scarcely differed from the rest. As the meeting had been appointed to consider the matter of having Missionaries come and teach them the worship of the true God, a large number had assembled—not less, in the opinion of Mr Clark, than 500. The king, a lad of about fourteen, having on a dirty shirt, trousers, and hat, was seated on a small platform raised by logs about a foot from the ground; before him lay his four

uncles, "great, fat, lubberly-looking fellows;" around was a "mass of men, women, and children, walking, standing, sitting, lying, jabbering, with their eyes all directed to the new comers." After being introduced, the women, at the instance of Mr. Randall, took a seat on the throne. Mr. Clark now stated to the king and chiefs their object in coming; the letter of the king of the Hawaiian Islands was read, and some presents were made to the king, among which was the Bible, both in Hawaiian and English; and then they feasted on a generous pile of cocoa-nuts which had been brought in. The interview was closed by singing the Missionary Hymn—"the first time, probably, that these islanders had heard a Christian song of praise."

The Engraving given below represents warriors of Drummond's Island, the southernmost of the Kingsmill group. They are encased



in a kind of armour made of the cocoa-nut husk fibre. Each has a spear, and one has a sharks'-teeth sword also. The prongs of the spears are likewise armed with sharks' teeth. The head-dress of one is very curious—the skin of the porcupine-fish, cut open at the head, and stretched sufficiently large to admit the head of a man. The other warrior has a sort of cuirass, made of plaited cocoa-nut husk fibre, woven into as solid and compact a mass as if it had been made of half-inch board, and as stiff as a coat of mail.

### CONFIRMATION AT REGENT TOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

THE confirmation of some thousands of native candidates has been the first work to which the Bishop of Sierra Leone addressed himself on his arrival in the colony. He decided to confine the first circle of confirmations to the communicants in the different congregations, and in that he has been much occupied. The following extracts which have reached us, containing the bishop's account of his journey to Regent Town, accompanied by Mrs. Vidal, and proceedings there, will be read with much interest—

We sent overnight to Mrs. Denton, of Regent, for her palankin and bearers, four of whom came over on Wednesday morning with the conveyance. The palankin is a wooden box, with a somewhat arched roof, immediately under which runs the pole by which it is carried. Above a certain height it is open all round, being separated into compartments by uprights, and having curtains which may be drawn at pleasure: you enter it by a door on one side, and, having laid yourself down in a reclining posture, are raised by the bearers, who place the ends of the pole on the top of their heads, sometimes, but only occasionally, shifting it to their shoulders for ease. Our luggage was carried by one of the attendant bearers on his head. I mounted my horse, and, my horseman following, we started about four, having quite the appearance of a little caravan.

Our road led us in the opposite direction to that of my river-district tour, in fact, along our usual route to Freetown by Fourah Bay road, as it is called. When we got to Kissey-Road church the bearers turned up a path to the left, and took a short cut into Regent Road, but I knew that in that path there was a wooden plank over a rocky stream, which my horse would be unable to pass, and I therefore rode on at a quicker pace, by Kissey Street and Circular Road, and overtook them just after they had emerged from the path into Regent Road. This road now became very steep, winding up the hill. The soil is of a very deep red colour. Soon after passing the last of the houses of Freetown in this direction, we came upon the opening of a remarkably steep pathway, completely arched over with trees, which leads up to a small farm-house, belonging to one of the merchants of Freetown, and now unoccupied, except as parties occasionally go there for a week or so, for the sake of the mountain air. We still continued ascending, and winding around the hill, till we even exceeded the level of that house. The view, looking back upon Freetown, was very magnificent. Tower Hill, with the barracks on its summit, appeared as nothing in point of elevation. The whole town lay like a map before us, the nearest and most conspicuous part being Pademba Road, with its large, neat church, built by Mr. Beale. Beyond this we could see the whole of King Tom's Point, Whiteman's Bay, Murray Point, Aberdeen, and the distant cape, looking almost like an island, in the far west. Wilberforce, also, with the signal hill, was plainly visible.

As we advanced, however, and lost sight of the western prospect, the mountain scenery itself began to attract our notice, some of the peaks being very high, and especially Leicester Mountain, which towered

before us somewhat on our right. As we approached it, we could distinctly see, on the ridge leading up to it, the huts of the little hamlet of Leicester, but they were at some distance from our road, to the right. We passed the opening of the road that would have taken us to them, but of course had no time to visit the place. All this portion of the mountain-track is lacking in trees, bare and wild, but subsequently it becomes more fertile. We passed on till we came to the edge of a steep descent, from whence, looking across the valley, we clearly saw the white church, the mango trees and huts, of the village of Gloucester, with its Mission house and government-school, presenting a very imposing appearance on the slope of the opposite hill. We descended warily, but did not enter Gloucester, turning rather abruptly round the base of the hill, and still going down. Thus, leaving Gloucester to the left, we passed on, till, ascending again, we gained another summit, from which the view would have been very beautiful, had there been sufficient light left to permit us to admire it. Regent church and Mission house are seen from that point far below, and the mountains rising behind them, with the sugar-loaf overtopping all. We had enough to do, however, to make out our way. From that point a long and difficult descent led into the village of Regent, and, after crossing Hog Brook, in the bottom of the valley, by a bridge leading into the garden of the Mission-house, a short, sharp ascent brought us to the door, where we were most kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Denton.

The church at Regent is one of the neatest in the colony, a white stone building, with a small belfry, six windows in the side, a large entrance-porch at the west, and two small ones at the east. It has a gallery over the west door, which is entered from without by steps up the south side. The interior surpasses any other church hereabouts in its appointments.

The Mission house stands very near the church, but rather lower down, and is a comfortable residence, surrounded by a neat, pretty garden, raised on one or two terraces over the steep bank of Hog Brook, which runs immediately below.

From the piazza of the Mission house there is a splendid home view, embracing an amphitheatre of hills which can hardly be excelled. The gigantic sugar-loaf is visible behind, over the rest. The western view is lower, presenting two of the streets of Regent, one of which leads down a deep valley to the sea, at Sandbeach and Lumley. The sea-breeze comes constantly up that pleasant valley. Still to the right the mountains increase, till we come to the huge isolated mass of Leicester Mountain, beyond which the view becomes more limited for a little, as Regent Hill rises immediately in front, covered with the houses and streets of the village on the other side of Hog Brook. As we turn to the eastward, the view opens again, and we see the road towards Bathurst winding for some distance, and below, in the valley, the white tombstones of the little burial-ground of Regent.

The confirmation at Regent was to take place the morning after our arrival. Mr. Rhodes came over from Wilberforce in order to be present. We had 520 candidates from the villages of Regent and Gloucester. It was a very beautiful sight, to see the long procession winding down the hill from Gloucester, all in white, led by their catechist, Mr. Taylor; and there was something solemn in the thought, on entering the church,

that I saw before me many of those who had witnessed and shared in that season of spiritual blessings, when Johnson and Düring were labouring in those two villages. I made allusion to those events in my charge on the occasion. I look upon this as the most interesting of all my confirmations.

### TRIALS OF CONVERTS IN INDIA.

IN our last Number we adverted to the trials and bitter persecutions which converts from Hinduisin have to endure at the hands of their own friends and relatives; and we introduced the Rev. B. Geidt's account of a young Brahmin convert at Burdwan as illustrative of this. We now add another case, that of Shrinath Ghose. The account is contained in a letter from the Rev. Jagadishwar Bhattachargya, of the Free Church of Scotland, Calcutta, to a lady in Edinburgh.

In my last letter I mentioned to you that there was a very hopeful inquirer with me, who would soon come forward to enter into the church of Christ by baptism. He did come, and was received into the church on the first Sabbath of the year. But what has happened to him since will extremely grieve you to hear, as it did me and all my friends.

Shortly after his baptism, Shrinath—for that is the young man's name—was sent up to Bansbaria, that he might remain with me during our vacation, or accompany me to a preaching tour if I went into the interior. The day after his arrival his mother came to see him, and oh, what a scene took place that morning—a scene one does not like to witness if he can help it! With slow and trembling steps the mother entered our Mission compound, and the moment she saw her son she flung herself upon his neck, and set up a most terrible howling. Her cries, her shrieks, the beating of her breast, and tearing her hair, drew floods of tears from the spectators who stood around the afflicted parent and her son.

After her feelings had a little subsided, she urged every argument and entreaty in her power to persuade her son to go back to heathenism; but finding they were ineffectual, she stretched herself on the bare ground, and raised another most piteous howling; at which the friends who accompanied her from her village conveyed her to a quiet place, and endeavoured to comfort her.

It appears, next day she went to her village, with a view evidently to consult with her friends and relatives how she might best take away Shrinath from us. After a week, she returned with some men, and made an attempt to carry him away by force. The second day she repeated almost the very same things she did in her first interview—the same sort of howling, the same arguments and entreaties as before, and with the same success, for she was unable to shake the resolution of her son. Her design was to decoy him into the public street, that she might have an opportunity to carry him away into her village; but in this she was also disappointed.

Perceiving her wicked intentions, I thought it prudent to remove Shrinath from this place, and accordingly the next morning I took him down to Calcutta, and put him in the Mission-house with our native brethren. Scarcely three days have elapsed. Behold, the mother maketh



her appearance thither, and, by her fair but false professions, completely disarmed all suspicions from the mind of her son regarding her designs. Her proceedings there were managed with such deep and consummate subtlety as to deceive the most wary and experienced. No wonder, then, that Shrinath, a youth of twenty, should fall into her snare. She first took a lodging near the Mission premises, and frequently came to see her son, and allowed him to do the same without molestation. Shrinath, at first, never went to see her without being accompanied by one or two of the brethren. After a week, she removed her lodging to a place about a mile distant from the convert's premises, and desired her son to visit her there as often as he liked. Shrinath visited her once or twice in her new abode, accompanied by a Mission servant, and came back without suspecting any bad motive in her. The last time he went to see her he was seized, and forcibly carried away to his native village, and is to this moment detained in her custody. It appears she collected some of her friends that are in Calcutta, and, by their assistance, effected her purpose. Shrinath is now a close prisoner, though no chains are put on him. He is not allowed the liberty to come out of the house, but must remain confined in the zenana, or inner department. No person can have access to him without a special permission from the mother: no message can reach him without it being first made known to her. Day and night he is closely watched.

You can easily conceive what must have been my feelings when I heard of this transaction. Immediately I went down to Calcutta to consult with Mr. Mackay, and other European friends, what steps should be adopted for the rescue of the new convert. Many of them advised me not to take any legal measures, but to leave the whole case in the hands of Providence, trusting that the Lord will deliver him in His own time.

After my return from Calcutta, I sent a private message to Shrinath, but unfortunately it could not be delivered. At present I see no means of his immediate deliverance, unless the Lord, in His infinite mercy, interpose on behalf of His servants.

By all the reports hitherto reached me, I exceedingly rejoice to learn that Shrinath is continuing firm in faith, and bearing testimony to "the truth as it is in Jesus" in the midst of all his trials.

Hindu converts sacrifice much that they may be wholly for Christ. What sacrifices do we make as evidences of our thankfulness that, in following out the convictions of our conscience, we have no such difficulties and hinderances to contend against? Is the knowledge of salvation through a Saviour's blood a treasure which we prize? and are we proving the value we set upon it by the diligent efforts we are making to bring that treasure within the reach of others?

Sometimes the wives of the converts leave them; sometimes they are taken from them; and the difficulty in the latter case consists in this, that, although the wife desire to return to her husband, yet, when brought before the magistrate, such is her dread of the anger of her relatives that she is afraid to say so. Hence the case assumes a new complexion, and the husband is constrained to such a mode of recovering his wife as is mentioned in the following extract from the journal of Dr. Scudder, American Missionary at Madras. We take it from the Boston "Missionary Herald" for March 1853—

October 7, 1852—It is indisputable, both in law and morality, says the "Delhi Gazette," that a man may harmlessly abduct his own wife, she consenting to the act; and we are delighted to learn that the putting in force of this maxim has given *denouement* to an exciting domestic drama, which has long been enacting in Benares. Five or six years ago, a young Brahmin of high caste, a pundit deeply learned in Sanscrit, and bearing a character which secured him universal respect, undertook to refute a Christian tract, published in Sanscrit by Mr. John Muir, of the civil service. He performed his task to the great satisfaction of all orthodox Hindus, but to the utter discomfiture of his own religious convictions; for, with more honesty than polemical tact, he had read the Bible diligently in order to refute it; and the result was, his conversion to Christianity. The same honesty led him to avow his new belief fearlessly, and to make all the sacrifices that the avowal was sure to compel. Despite the entreaties of his friends, the promptings of an affectionate heart, and the denunciations of the Gamaliels who had brought him up, he openly renounced Hinduism, and was publicly baptized by the Missionaries at Sagra.

The Benares Recorder shall give the remainder of the narration in his own words. "The mother of the pundit died when he was a child. On his turning Christian, at which time he was about twenty years of age, and his wife thirteen, it was found impossible for her to accompany him in his new career. Time rolled on; and about two years ago an attempt was made to restore him to his better half, through the intervention of the civil court. She was confronted with her husband in the presence of our magistrate, Mr. Frederic Gubbins, and was asked whether she would consent to run the risk of sharing his fortunes. Influenced by intimidation, as it now seems, her reply was in the negative; and it was feared that all prospects of success were at an end. Not long ago the wife's father died; and it appears that since that event the family have been reduced to a condition bordering on destitution. The way was now evidently a little clearer, and hopes began to brighten. Moreover, the pundit had received intimations, through several channels, that his wife still regarded him with affection, and was ready to second him in any attempt to effect her release from the ignominious captivity of a nominal widow. The pundit at last resolved to act with vigour. Taking with him a number of his native Christian friends, and several other persons well affected towards him, the whole being marshalled by Mr. Broadway of Sagra, the pundit marched into the city, walked into his mother-in-law's house, led out his not unwilling spouse, lifted her into a palankin which he had brought with him, and deposited her under his own roof at Sagra. On Thursday morning, in consequence of a complaint that had been made by the mother, the parties met at the house of Mr. Gubbins, in order to ascertain the wife's definite choice. The presence and mute agonies of the mother, however distressing to filial affection, were ineffectual to shake her preference for her husband, to whom she was at once made over."

The young Brahmin convert mentioned in the above is our native Catechist, Nilkanth. His wife, Lacshmi, is now a most interesting character, drinking in scriptural instruction with the eagerness of an awakened soul.

No. 10.]

[OCTOBER, 1853.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



A STREET IN CHINA.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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### THE MOVEMENT IN CHINA.

WE consider London a densely populated city, and the individual who visits it from the country districts wonders at its crowded streets and the busy multitudes which hurry to and fro. Yet London is not crowded when compared with many a Chinese city, where a population of half a million, perhaps a million, are found huddled together in lanes from five to nine feet wide, where an European could not freely breathe. If the houses on one side of a London street were moved forward so as to touch with their frontage the edge of the foot-pavement on the opposite side, you would then have the breadth of a Chinese street. Here busy traders, barbers, vendors, porters, make their way, while on either side are the shops, decked out with native ware of various kinds, and adorned with sign boards, inscribed from top to bottom with the names of the various articles to be had within.

The immensity of China's population is indeed marvellous, and yet we have hitherto seen but little of it. Europeans have been confined to the sea board, and the consular regulations of the various free ports have precluded Missionaries from penetrating beyond a certain distance into the interior. Tartar policy would have continued to exclude the foreigner even from the coast. It has been from no friendly feeling that his residence in the free ports has been permitted. It has been wrested from the authorities by force of circumstances. But when forced to yield something, they yielded as little as they could; and the barrier of exclusiveness, when compelled to afford some room, was moved back as little as might be. Thus China has remained shut up; and in the vast interior of that empire millions on millions of human beings have been cut off from all communication with European Missionaries. Often have we thought over that wondrous fact, the inaccessibility of China, and wondered when and how it should be removed; whether slowly, inch by inch as it were, or suddenly and forcibly, by some tremendous convulsion. That something would occur to open a way for the gospel we felt to be undoubted, for the Lord has declared that it shall be preached for a testimony to all people; but the mode by which so great impossibilities should be removed, and the mountain become a plain, we knew not.

The force by which the hindrances shall be thrown down appears now to be working from within. A mighty movement has taken place amongst the Chinese themselves. That there should be a rebellion in China is nothing wonderful. Rebellions in China, sometimes confined to particular districts, and at other times of a more extended character, have been ordinary occurrences. They seemed to be short-lived disturbances of the inert mass, which soon subsided, and all became stagnant and monotonous as before. They involved no essential change in Chinese character and habits. The Chinese were not the less idolatrous because they rose up against the local authorities, nor were there increased facilities afforded to the Missionary. But if we had been told a few years back that within a brief period war should be declared by a powerful body from amongst the native Chinese themselves, not only against Tartars, Tartar governors, and Tartar oppression, but against idols, idol temples, images, and priests; that this movement should assume a military organisation so complete as to bear down all opposition, so much so that at this moment Nanking, the old capital of the empire, is in the hands of the

insurgents, and their position such as to command the imperial canal, the great artery of internal commerce, and thus to separate Pekin and northern China from the more productive districts whence came the supplies of the necessities of life; nay more, had we been informed that these rebels, or patriots, by whichever name they may be called, amidst their sanguinary deeds, and fragments of broken idols trodden under foot, should profess the main truths of Protestant Christianity, and recognise not Romanists but Protestant Christians as those with whom they felt themselves in sympathy, and were willing to fraternize—had all this been foretold some few years back, who would have believed it? Yet such is the state of things in China at this moment. According to the last accounts, the insurgents were preparing to move forward on Pekin for the purpose of completing the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, now in a state of utter decrepitude; and they have announced their resolution, when the work which they have in hand shall have been completed, which they believe it will be, to hold free and unrestricted intercourse with foreigners, on one condition only—that opium ceases to be imported.

What a moment for us! What a summons to prepare ourselves to improve the grandest opportunity for good that has ever yet invited us to action! What need of a powerful body of Missionaries, collected at the free ports, versed in the native tongue, to be poured in the moment the barrier falls, and the signal, "Move onward," be given! What a wonderful thought that we shall have to deal with this new caste of Chinese, not as unbelievers, ignorant of the great doctrines of the gospel, who need to be convinced, but as with those who, admitting those truths, have gone astray in the application of them, and, misunderstanding their bearing—and not seeing how, as revelation rose to its maturity, the sterner features of character permitted under the Old Testament, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," were softened down into conformity with the example of Him who said, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword," and whose law to His people is, "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath"—have thought themselves justified in acting as the Israelites of old, when they went forth as the instruments of divine vengeance against impenitent nations, fitted for destruction. They need to be evangelized, these new Christians do—undoubtedly: yet what a wondrous fact is it, that we may commence to do so on the ground of their own admitted principles; and besides, they will probably be the means of giving us access to the many millions of their countrymen, who, without taking part in the movement, are spectators of it all, and cannot but learn to despise an idolatry, which they see broken in pieces and given like the chaff to the winds.

Our readers will not be surprised to hear that our Society is anxious to act with energy at this crisis, and is prepared to send out as many suitable persons for Missionary work in China as, in the providence of God, may be led to offer themselves. An appeal is in preparation. Let our readers accompany it with their prayers, that there may be many to offer themselves.

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KAITAIA, NEW ZEALAND.

IN the northern peninsula of the north island of New Zealand, some miles south of the isolated hill called Mount Carmel, a serpentine

river, called the Awaroa, pursues its course through an extensive alluvial district, until it enters the estuary of Rangaunu, a shallow arm of the sea on the east coast. The valley is very fertile, and capable of being made very productive; and fields of potatoes, kumeras, melons, and pumpkins, neatly fenced in, show the capability of the soil and the industry of the people. About eight miles from the western coast, on an hilly eminence, at the foot of which the Awaroa flows, is our Mission Station of Kaitaia, where our Missionaries, the Rev. J. Matthews and Mr. Puckey, have been many years prayerfully occupied in bringing the Rarawa tribe of New Zealanders to the knowledge of that godliness which has the "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

In their report for last year there is much of an interesting nature, and we shall refer to some points in it which are satisfactory in the evidence they afford that the natives are deriving spiritual and temporal benefit from the pains which have been taken with them.

Between one chief and his tribe serious differences arose, and efforts were made by some to embroil the natives generally. Sorely were they tempted, during the last six months of 1852, to resort to the old mode of settling disputes. But they decided not to do so. The chiefs said, "It is too late in the day for us to rake up old quarrels, which have been buried long ago, and avenge them: our policy is to live peaceably, and preserve our people." Many of the natives themselves were astonished at the abandonment of old national habits, and several of the teachers pointed it out as an encouraging evidence that the gospel had been truly received, and was gradually assuming a more marked character.

There are, indeed, many noble-minded men among them, who are really anxious to see their people advancing in civilization; "but," as Mr. Matthews observes, "the Lord has been merciful to them in not allowing them to prosper faster in temporal things than their souls prosper." One of the native teachers, a principal chief, and one of the magistrates appointed by the governor, remarked to our Missionary, "My cows do not thrive at all"—which was truly the case—"for the Lord knows well enough my foolish heart, how otherwise I should act, and I must be thankful for afflictions."

Every Saturday a meeting is held of the native teachers, at which seldom fewer than twelve, and often twenty, attend. Scripture is read and explained, and conversation held upon it. Mr. Matthews writes—

I was calling their attention to Christ's sceptre being a right sceptre, and said that all who did not lay hold of it would have the rod of iron instead; and I showed them that in the Psalms, and in almost all the places, such as St. John iii. 16—19, where mercy, &c., are spoken of, judgment on those who do not believe is threatened (Mark xvi. 16). On hearing this, Himeona, our oldest baptized native teacher, said, "I will repeat now what I once did before—an event which really took place up at the south, whence I came. A great battle

was fought between two large parties"—I think Ngapuhi of the Bay of Islands was one, and the aggressor—"and the pa was taken. Numbers of the people fled into the sea, and clung by scores to a large rock. Their enemies, with their spears, assembled on the top of the rock, and, anxious to procure captives as slaves, they reversed the spears, offering each captive the handle part," which is thicker, and has a shoulder well-adapted for holding fast. The teacher was animated in relating this. He said, "Every native who had confidence in the captor that he would treat his slave well, laid hold of the blunt end, and was immediately rescued from the sea, and saved; but those, and there were many, who did not believe in the kindness offered, and who would not lay hold of the merciful end—the blunt end—were at once speared, and perished." He said, "I have told this before: it is a true tale. All were much struck with it, and said that the metaphor in the 45th Psalm was "truly measured," i.e. the simile is a fair one.

During the year several Christian natives have died, many of them affording encouraging evidences of their faith in the Lord Jesus. We introduce one of these cases.

Hoani Whakapiko had been one of the students in the Waimate institution; but, after three years' residence there, became consumptive, and returned to the immediate neighbourhood of the Kaitaia Missionaries, by whom he was visited during a long sickness. The Scriptures were his constant companion. Under the instruction of the Rev. R. Burrows at the Waimate his mind had become much enlarged, and his conversation was such as to evince the value that he placed on regular instruction and preparation for the ministry. During his last hours most of his tribe gathered round him. He boldly declared to them his faith in Christ, and exhorted them to stedfastness in God's ways, telling them not to lament his death. "His manner," says our Missionary, "was so earnest, and his words so comfortable, that his mother, who had lost many children, and who would otherwise have bewailed the loss of this son, told me she could not mourn after such a happy death, and that she was *quite well*."

The following case is also mentioned in the report—"One of our school girls, the daughter of an old teacher, died in our settlement, of whom there was hope in her death. A little before, she sang the first verse of a very fine sacramental hymn, beginning

Who was it crucified? My Lord,
My Jesus, my great King.
A price indeed for all my sins,
His head, He gave.

Her father also said he could not mourn, because of his good hope of her being in heaven."

Portions of the natives who have hitherto held aloof from Christianity have, during the past year, willingly come under instruction. Amongst others, Te Morenga, the chief of Ahipara, and Te Kohanga, a man of much influence, and respected all over the northern

part of the island, from Auckland to the North Cape. This man would sometimes say to the Christian natives, "If you leave off praying you will begin fighting. Keep to your faith."

The daughter of this chief had been baptized by the Romanists; but she had learned to read and think for herself. A year before, she had lost her eldest son. He died a believer, having been baptized by our Missionaries, and receiving the name of Taylor. Subsequently the mother fell into decline, and greatly desired to be visited. This was done regularly and perseveringly. In many ways she evidenced her earnest desire for the things of God. Gladly would she have joined the confirmation at Kaitaia, and asked the Missionaries to send her a horse, but she was too weak to ride. The Lord's Supper was subsequently administered to her. After her death, the chiefs, who for many years had stood out against the gospel, met and spoke out their minds over her remains. They remarked, that neither the badness of the roads, nor the cold and rain, had prevented the Missionaries visiting the afflicted one, and that "from that time the road was open to them."

Two day-schools have been since opened, and every encouragement given to the Missionaries, the chiefs attending, and many of their people. May the Lord continue to bless His own word, that it may yield much fruit in the valley of the Awaroa!

SAVAGE ISLAND.

THIS island of the South Pacific lies direct east of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, being distant from them nearly 500 miles. It is long and low, not rising higher than 200 feet at any point; its shore apparently a steep coral wall; and its flat summit covered with scrub trees. This lone isle was visited by Capt. J. E. Erskine in H. M. S. "Havannah" in July 1849, at which time they were ignorant of the word Missionary; nor was there, as far as could be ascertained, a white man in the island. The number of islands so circumstanced in Eastern Polynesia, on whose behalf some effort for their evangelization has not been at least commenced, is, we rejoice to think, rapidly diminishing.

Several inhabitants, spoken of by Capt. Cook as more savage than any of the Pacific islanders, came off in their canoes to visit the ship. Their appearance is thus described by Capt. Erskine—

These first comers were soon succeeded by ten or a dozen more canoes, each containing four persons, and all of similar construction, from twenty to twenty-four feet long, made apparently of a single tree with raised washstreaks, the fore and after parts covered over and handsomely carved. An outrigger, composed of one long spar, floating in the water parallel to the canoe, and supported by three transverse ones, forming a platform, on which lay their spears and other implements, projected on one side, making it necessary for them, in this instance, to come on the weather side of the ship. . . . Their paddles were short, concave in the blade, and beautifully shaped like a plantain-leaf. The men were in general



perfectly naked, though a few wore a narrow waist-belt, and a square patch of some kind of cloth, their colour being a clear brown, with what appeared at first a scrofulous eruption on their backs, but which proved to be but the salt water showing on the cocoa-nut oil with which their bodies were rubbed, and immense quantities of flies, which indeed remained on board after they had left us. They were not in any instance tattooed, and I only remarked one or two who had daubed their faces with streaks of black paint. . . . The hair of some was crisp, but of others, particularly the few boys we saw, perfectly smooth, from which it is probable the former had curled theirs artificially; and several had the hair tied up into a large topknot, coloured yellow, as if with lime. Some of the elder men, one of whom generally sat in the bow of the canoe, had long beards, plaited and ornamented with pieces of oyster or clam shells, and a few wore moustaches. They were, as far as we could see, clean limbed and well made, but of small stature; and, with few exceptions, the expression of their countenances was intelligent and prepossessing. Their articles of traffic were almost entirely weapons, viz. spears, single and double headed, the latter like pitchforks, all very nicely made, and orna-

mented with a few feathers, the arrangement of which, we were told, represented the owner's name, and enabled him to claim the credit of a successful throw in battle. They had also rounded staves of seven or eight feet long, and, what they seemed to put the highest value on, weapons about the same length, but with a flat blade like that of a paddle, which were, in fact, double-handed sabres; and these were carefully wrapped up in plaintain-leaves, which they pulled off to display their goods in their full freshness. They had a few bananas and taro-roots, which they did not wish to sell, and pieces of sugar-cane, which they apparently had brought for their own refreshment. . . . They refused tobacco, which was offered to the first comers in the shape of cigars, lighted to show them the nature of it, saying it was "tabu;" nor would they touch it, putting our hands gently back. They asked for covering for the head, and were much pleased with red worsted comforters and pieces of red cotton, which they tied on immediately as turbans. White or coloured handkerchiefs they would not look at, saying they were fit only for "wahine" (women), as Mr. Williams mentions their doing when he offered them "tapa," or the cloth of Rarotonga, in 1830. But the articles most in request were knives and fish-hooks, especially the latter, and black bottles were also much esteemed.*

Many of their ordinary words were the same with the Maori language. The Missionary ship belonging to the London Missionary Society had visited the island some time previously; and two of its inhabitants, brought away on that occasion, were, at the time of Capt. Erskine's visit, in the Missionary Institution at Upolu, one of the Samoan Islands, under training with a view to their becoming teachers of their countrymen.

~~~~~ VISITATION OF THE SICK, MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY.

WE have on previous occasions† presented some details of Missionary labour among the Indians at Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay. We have within the last month received the journal of our Missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, to Feb. 10 of the present year. We introduce a portion of it, which teaches us never to despair, even of the most apparently hopeless case. Our part is to persevere; to use the means which the Lord has entrusted to our care; and still compassionately and affectionately to urge Christ on the sinner, if so be he may receive repentance unto life; and experience serves to show that humble efforts of this kind are often blessed of God to remarkable and encouraging results.

Jan. 9, 1853: Lord's-day—After evening service I bent my steps to the sick chamber of a young half-breed named Alexander M'Donald. A few days previously, while in a state of intoxication, he had fallen, and severely injured his head. This appears to have greatly aggravated a complaint of the lungs, from which he had been for some time suffering, although it did not prevent him from his daily labour, and he was now in a very weak state. His countenance was very different from what it was

* "Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific," &c., pp. 26—23.

† "Church Missionary Gleaner" for Jan. and Feb. 1852, and Feb. 1853.

when in health ; for he was then a fine, strong-looking young man, while now his face was thin and emaciated. He was one who had cared not to hear of the glorious things of the gospel ; neither attending church nor the adult class, where he most probably would have made great progress, as he speaks excellent English for a native. God is now speaking to him in a manner which, it is hoped, will bring him to see the danger of his situation, and cause him to cast aside the vain and perishable pleasures of the world, and seek that one thing needful, which is of everlasting importance. He received me with apparent pleasure, and I read to him from the first chapter of Isaiah. I pointed out to him the heinousness of sin, and in what light God must have looked upon it, having sent His only and well-beloved Son to be the ransom for it. I then earnestly requested him to call upon God, while time yet remained for him so to do, and fulfil the promise for him recorded in the chapter I had read. He was, however, unable to say any thing in answer, as he could not speak from excessive hoarseness. And while I was speaking I was frequently obliged to stop, on account of the harassing cough which troubled him. Lying in the same room was an old man named Charles Beads, who a few days previously had arrived from Abbittibe with a packet, and to him I likewise addressed words applicable to his case. We then had prayers, in which I besought God, of His infinite mercy, to look with pity on the sufferers.

Jan. 15—During the week I have paid several visits to the chamber of Alexander M'Donald, who is apparently becoming convinced of sin, acknowledging himself a sinner, and admitting his need of fleeing to Jesus. I have been unable to have much conversation with him, as he is still unable to utter a word without extreme pain, and is much weaker than he was last week. His manner and looks, as he listens to the word of truth, whether read by myself or by the inmates of the house in my absence, appear to indicate that something is at work within.

Jan. 21—I visited Alexander, in whom there appeared no difference since yesterday, he being still very weak and unable to speak ; and afterwards went to see Charles Beads. The poor old man was very weak, but expressed himself glad at seeing me. I asked him what he thought of his state, to which he replied, "Oh, Sir, I am very bad." "And supposing you were to die, what then, Charles?" I said. "Oh, I do not know, but I do not feel much afraid to die." "How so? are you not a sinner?" I again asked. He replied, "I do not think I have been very wicked: there's drink, I know I have had too great a share of that—ah! that dreadful drink!—but else I have been pretty right." I pointed out his error to him, and showed him that if he, as he supposed, were guilty of that sin of drunkenness only, that that was sufficient to exclude him from heaven. I read to him the the fifth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, and before parting with him requested him to consider well his past life, that he might see whether he was really so faultless as he supposed himself to be.

This man has for a number of years been stationed at Abbittibe, and consequently has had few opportunities of listening to the word of life. He is intelligent, but quite uneducated, and has been a notorious drunkard. God's ways are unsearchable; and perhaps his detention here may have been designed by God for the salvation of his soul. Before last summer Alexander was connected with Abbittibe.

Jan. 24—I received great encouragement in visiting Alexander and Charles Beads to-day. I first went to see Alexander, and after reading and talking to him for some time, I said to the woman under whose care he is placed, "Perhaps much talking to him weakens him." He heard me, and instantly replied, which was a great exertion to him, "O no, Sir! no, Sir! I can bear it." I have not the slightest doubt of the Spirit's being at work on the poor boy's heart, although the words which proceed from him are very few. On seeing Charles Beads, I asked him what he thought of his state now, and whether he now considered himself a sinner. "Yes, and that I do, Sir," was his reply. "I see more clearly my real state, and what a great sinner I am, and that I cannot expect to go to heaven in the state I am now. I feel truly sorry for my sins, and hope Christ will forgive me." Being convinced of sin, I trust that the conversion of his soul will be entirely effected by that good Spirit who has apparently begun the good work in him. I read to him the parable of the pharisee and the publican, and besought him to make the prayer of the publican his own, which he said he would do.

Jan. 29—During the week I have several times visited the poor sufferers, and have been gratified with their apparent growth in grace. Charles Beads is very communicative, and answers all my inquiries. Alexander is to all appearance sinking, being unable either to sit up or to turn himself in his bed.

Jan. 31—While with Alexander to-day, I expected that his hour was really come: he breathed very fast, and his cough was dreadful in the extreme. None of us thought he could survive. God, however, in mercy eased him, and granted him a further respite. I put questions to him, but so weak was his state that he was unable to answer a word. Poor boy, may God fill thy soul! Charles Beads just as usual, glad to see me and hear the word of salvation.

Feb. 5—I have daily visited the sick chamber, and found the poor occupant, Alexander, in a state of intense suffering. Poor Charles expresses deep sorrow for sin, but doubts his entering heaven, should God call him hence, on account of his many transgressions. O Lord, receive him as Thy child, and give him that assurance which follows a realisation of Thy love!

Feb. 10—Charles Beads in a very satisfactory state, although doubtful, as he says that, having lived so long away from God, he fancies that it is rather too late for him to expect mercy, and that, being on a bed of sickness, and having a great deal of time to think upon what he has done, he finds his mind very heavy. But, for all that, he does not give over hoping that God will have mercy on him, through Christ. Alexander is reduced to extreme weakness. For some time he appeared insensible; but after a while, on my asking him whether I should pray with him, he said, "O yes! pray, Sir." His lips moved, and he repeated two or three petitions of the Lord's Prayer. He afterwards held out his hand to receive mine, which he retained for some time, pressing it closely, as if he considered this to be the last opportunity he should have of doing so. Whether so or not I cannot tell; but if so, I trust that we shall meet again in the regions beyond the grave, where there are pleasures for evermore at God's right hand.

May all at home who are charged with the pastoral office be

found as diligent in their labours beside the sick bed—an opportunity in the right improvement of which they may prove the blessed instruments of turning sinners “from the error of their way, of saving a soul from death, and hiding a multitude of sins.”

MADAGASCAR.

MADAGASCAR, one of the largest islands in the world, is separated from the east coast of Africa by the channel of Mozambique. It is about 900 miles long, and 400 in its greatest breadth, but it narrows very much towards the north. Its surface is diversified. In some portions are immense plains, in others mountainous districts, while in the interior is a broad extent of table-land, considerably elevated. Immense forests traverse the island in all directions—vast, gloomy solitudes, almost impenetrable, from the abundance of climbing plants, which entangle the traveller in his way, and from the unhealthiness of the deep recesses, where no air circulates freely. In these forests are immense caverns, which in time of war are used as places of retreat.

The population numbers about four millions and a half. It consists of several distinct tribes, more or less numerous, evidently derived from more than one source, and in many respects differing from each other. Thus in colour there is a great diversity. Some are olive in complexion, others black. These are the two extremes, and between these are found all gradations of hues. Some have straight hair, others curly or frizzled.

The first and most important race is the Hovas, inhabiting the province of Ankova, in the centre of the island, in which is situated Tananarivo, the capital. The Hovas are an olive-coloured race, and are evidently not the aborigines of the country. They are generally below the middle stature, distinguished by their promptitude and activity, although inferior in strength to the other tribes.

The first Protestant Missionaries to Madagascar reached Tamatave, a sea-port on the eastern coast, in October 1818. They consisted of Messrs. Jones and Bevan, of the London Missionary Society. Radama was then king of the Hovas, and his rule was gradually extending itself over the island. By him the Missionaries were kindly received, and facilities were afforded for the prosecution of their labours. This king died in July 1828, and Ranavolana, one of his wives, by the aid of some of the principal officers, usurped the succession to the throne, putting to death, as her first act, the presumptive heir, the young prince Rakotobe, who had been under the instruction of the Missionaries, and who had afforded, for some time previously, encouraging evidences that those instructions had not been in vain. His father was also speared, and his mother, Radama's eldest sister, with his brother and sister, were starved to death. The new queen was bigoted in her attachment to the idols, and various obstructions were thrown in the way of Missionary labours. In 1831 the Missionaries were forbidden to administer, or the natives to receive, either baptism or the Lord's Supper. False accusations were secretly brought to the queen against the Christians, and her prejudices against them increased. At length, in the beginning of 1835, a decree was issued suppressing Christian worship, prohibiting any of her subjects from embracing Christianity, and denouncing death to all who, having been baptized, did not come forward within the space of one week and

make confession. Numbers complied: their lives were spared, but they suffered degradation. All books received from Europeans were next required to be given up. Great was the grief which this mandate caused, and few there were who did not venture to keep some small portion, a gospel, hymn-book, &c. Not far from the house of the first officer was found one morning the leaf of a New Testament, having Matt. xxiii. 13. scored with ink. It was understood as intended to convey a rebuke to the government. The offender was sought for, but in vain. The collected books were sent back to the Missionaries.

The Missionaries now proposed to withdraw. All opportunities of usefulness were closed, and the best and wisest of the converts thought they had better leave for a season. Some left in June 1835: others lingered on another year; but it was a year of suspense and pain. The servants of the Missionaries who had left were compelled to undergo the cruel ordeal of the tangēna.

The tangēna is a nut about the size of a horse-chestnut, which grows abundantly in the island. It sometimes acts as an emetic, sometimes as a poison. The difference of result is according to the mode of administration; and there is no doubt the administrators can sacrifice whom they please. The individual who is to be subjected to the ordeal, having first eaten as much rice as possible, is then constrained to swallow three pieces of the skin of a fowl killed for the purpose, each piece being about the size of a dollar, and swallowed whole. The cursers, as they are called, prepare the tangēna by scraping a small quantity of the nut into some juice of a banana, and this is administered to the accused, who is seated on the floor in the middle of the house, a hole being dug opposite to him, and a fish-basket placed in it. As soon as he has swallowed it, the curser, placing his hand on the crown of his head, utters an imprecation or prayer, at the conclusion of which rice-water is given in copious draughts, until the decision is arrived at for life or death, which depends on the individual rejecting the three pieces of skin, or being found unable to do so. In the latter case, he is struck and beaten with the rice-pestle until dead, unless this has been already accomplished by the action of the tangēna. Many of the sufferers are strangled or suffocated, and many buried alive.

Such was the process to which the servants of the Missionaries were subjected, and two of them died. The infant of another was suffocated, the day after its birth, by the queen's orders. The aspect of the authorities became more and more cruel. In vain the Missionaries endeavoured to obtain even the most limited permission to teach and print, until at length, in great grief of heart, they left, in July 1836.

After the long period of seventeen years an attempt is about to be made to re-enter this Mission-field, in which the Native Christians have had to endure cruel persecutions during the absence of the Missionaries, even unto death, but in which the fire of genuine Christianity still lives, nor has the malice of Satan, nor the wrath of man, sufficed to extinguish it. There is hope that Madagascar is about to resume that position of promise and successful effort which once distinguished it, and we wish our readers to be acquainted with the history of this Mission. We shall resume this subject, therefore, and endeavour to sketch some of the scenes of deep trial through which the Christians of Madagascar have had to pass under the dark rule of Ranavolana, until we bring it down to the present time, and the circumstances which have led to the re-opening of Madagascar.

No. 11.]

[NOVEMBER, 1853

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN TRAVELLING.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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THE RED-INDIAN WOMAN.

FEMALE influence is an element of great power. It is mighty for good, or mighty for evil, according to the way in which it is used; and therefore the condition of females is of first importance to society. Lying as they do in the very heart of society, influential as wives, mothers, sisters, it is greatly to be desired that they may be brought under the illumination and sanctifying power of the gospel, that they may be influential for good, and not for evil.

It is remarkable that in the unevangelized nations of the world, where Satan reigns, women are invariably found in depression and degradation. The god of this world is fully aware that they are not alone in their degradation, and that the whole nation of which they form so important a part must be degraded with them. In heathen and Mahomedan countries the woman is looked upon as, from her very nature, incapable of being raised to an equality with man. Instead of being a help-meet for him, as was originally intended, she is his inferior: she is his drudge and slave. Her circle of household duties, often of a very laborious character, is the only sphere for which she is considered as possessing any capacity; and as to conversing with her on terms of mental equality, this the husband never thinks of.

In our engraving for this month we have presented to us a trait of domestic life amongst the American Indians, which brings out in strong colours the inferior position which the woman has assigned to her.

It is not in the singular arrangement of the man riding in advance and the woman bringing up the rear, for in this there is much of Indian superstition. The Indian is a believer in all sorts of magical influences. He is continually in fear of being betrayed into some untoward act which might bring him under bad-spiritual influence. Woman in particular is supposed to be a great centre of such influences. The *wéwun*, or wife, the *equá*, or woman, the *guh*, or mother, the *equázas*, or girl, the *dánis*, or daughter, the *shéma*, or sister, are regarded by him as wielding over him such an influence: therefore the female is never allowed to walk in the path before him. Should she cross his path when he is setting forth on a hunting or war expedition, his luck is gone. The superstitious light in which women are viewed subjects them to many miseries, and often the wife is not permitted to stay in the same wigwam with her husband, and the cup or bowl which she uses is thought to be unfit for his use.

But let it be observed how heavily she is laden—more heavily, their comparative strength considered, than the horse the man is riding. The strap round the forehead is the badge of her servitude. The head, the seat of thought, bears the pressure of the load which is carried on her back. Her's is all the drudgery of life: all that has excitement and adventure connected with it is the province of the man. Yet she has her province, even amongst the Indians, and a little circle within which she presides. The lodge, or tent, is her place of rule. There she assigns to each member of the family the ordinary place in which they are to sleep and keep their effects. These places are fixed, and are only changeable at her will, when a guest happens to come in. With these minor matters the husband never interferes. The lodge is her precinct, the forest his.

On another occasion we shall enter more largely on the particular duties of husband and wife according to Indian arrangements.

At present we can only remind our readers how full of blessing is the influence which the gospel exercises on heathen tribes. What an emancipation to the woman! what an improvement to the man! for the amelioration of the woman is reflected on the man.

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ABDULLAH.

IN our July Number we gave some account of a Kashmírian borderer, by name Meer Khan, who, on a second pilgrimage to Mecca, reached the city of Peshawer, and there, as he strolled about the streets and bazaars, seeing the sights and making sijduh (worshipping), heard a British officer preaching, and was eventually led to acknowledge and believe in Jesus as the only Saviour. The same Missionary, the Rev. A. Matchett, from whom we received the account of Meer Khan, acquaints us in his journal with another convert, named Abdullah, whom he thus speaks of, Feb. 8, 1853—

He is a native of Ambala, belongs to a respectable family, and is now about twenty-six years of age. When he was a child he began to think about the laws of the Korán, and even then did not hesitate to condemn some points which seemed to him to be unjust. He grew up, came to Sindh, and eventually was appointed kardar (a kind of native magistrate) of Karachí. He was much superior in mental powers and in knowledge to most of the native magnates of Karachí; and he himself was not the last to discover this. He became puffed up with his superior abilities, and thought that, as he could outshine all his native friends, he must not merely be a star of the first magnitude, but superior to all stars. With these modest notions of himself, he commenced to write a book, in which he essayed to prove that Christianity was false, that the doctrine of the Trinity was absurd, and some other such points. Mr. Seal, our catechist, fell in with him, and suggested to him the importance of listening to what Christians had to say for themselves. Seal at the same time promised to lend him some books, which he did. One of these was by the Rev. Murray Mitchell, of the Scotch Mission, Bombay, proving that Mahommed disclaimed the power of working miracles, as Archdeacon Paley also proves: the other books were the Rev. C. G. Pfander's unanswerable works on the Divinity of Christ, &c. Abdullah appears to have become quite angry when he found that there were other people in the world, who, to say the least, could think as profoundly as himself. He flew to the Korán, not doubting that he should soon find proof enough to confute Mr. Mitchell's vile misrepresentation; but, to his sore amazement, he found that all Mr. Mitchell had said was only too true. He then turned to see what Mr. Pfander had to say, and this was the death-blow to his pride. He could not answer Mr. Pfander's arguments; and, as his only resource, wished that our good Missionary had never been born. He became for a time disgusted with himself, and tore the book which he had written against the Christian religion. But his pride soon began to revive, and his prejudices also were aroused; so that he was on the verge of infidelity. He *could not* believe Mahom-

medanism: he *would not* believe Christianity. God, however, at this awful crisis, had mercy on him, and, by a two days' illness, tore his beloved wife from his bosom. The bereavement had the desired effect. He felt wretched: he thought, "God has suddenly taken from me my dear wife: He may as suddenly summon me also. But what is my hope for eternity, since I cannot trust to Mahommed, and I am not sure that Christianity is right? I must decide this question without delay."

Such was the nature of his thoughts; and, agreeably with his resolve, he departed for Ambala, taking with him the remains of his wife. After three months' travelling, he arrived in his native city; and having interred his wife, he proceeded to settle his doubts. He proposed questions to the molwis—a kind of Mussulman D.D.—the purport of which was, 1. Prove your assertion that the present Christian Scriptures are interpolated; and, 2. Prove that Mahommed worked miracles. His wish even then was to find if there were proof that the Christian religion was false, and if he might safely cling to Mahomedanism. Yet he received no answer to his questions except this, "Come and put yourself under our instruction, and we will then convince you;" i. e., in plain English, we will employ the logic of the sword. Such proof, however, he was not anxious to obtain. He then wrote a number of questions, and sent them to the molwis far and wide. He also sent a copy of them to the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, requesting him to submit them to the molwis of Bombay. He adopted this course, thinking that the molwis, although they would not answer him, would yet reply to the *doctor*. But they did not: he received no solution of his difficulties. During all this time he was most unhappy in his mind: who can be happy who is limping between two opinions? He at length gave way to the Holy Spirit's influence, and to the force of truth. He called together the molwis of Ambala, and an assembly of his people; he again proposed his questions; and, on receiving no reply to them, he solemnly declared to them, that from that day he became a Christian. They threatened to kill him, but he was unmoved; and while, outwardly, all was wrath and tumult, the tempest which had raged within him then settled into a calm: he felt happy that he had made his choice. He shortly after left Ambala, and arrived in Karachí about a week ago.

At a later date, March 4, he adds this testimony—

I now feel convinced that Abdullah is truly a follower of Christ. After abundant opportunities of seeing and judging him, there is no doubt left in my mind concerning him. I believe his motives to be pure; which indeed he has proved by the sacrifices which he has actually made, rather than give up what he has found to be the truth. He gave up the lucrative and honourable office of kardar, that he might have leisure to inquire into what was the right way; he gladly bore the reproach of Christ, and, though the Mussulmans cast out his name as vile, he rejoiced; he incurred the wrath of his kinsmen, and put his life in jeopardy.

On the 28th of March Abdullah was baptized by Mr. Matchett in the camp church.

We had written thus far, and were about to conclude the notice of this convert to Christianity with a few remarks, when the follow-

ing extract from a letter written by one of our Missionaries at Amritsar, the Rev. W. Clark, was placed in our hands.

On Friday last, as I was coming in from the city, I met in the dark, at my door, a native, well dressed, who had a letter for us. It proved to be from Mr. Matchett, our Missionary at Karachi, introducing a Christian gentleman, by name Abdullah. He had been a native judge at Karachi, and had just been baptized by Mr. Matchett. He has been an inquirer for eight years, and lately published several questions about Mahomedanism, and sent them to all the principal molwís of Delhi, Agra, &c. No man has ever been able to answer them. We asked him to tea with us, and I gave him a room, and he was my visitor from Saturday morning until Monday morning. I happened, a few days before, to have given his printed questions to my múnshí, and on Saturday morning I asked him whether he liked them, and what he thought of them. He said, "Oh, there is nothing in them: they are easily answered." I asked him if he could answer them. He said, "Easily, and I would do so at once if I could but see the writer. I would answer them so that he could not say a word." He did not know that Abdullah was in the house, so I said, "Do you really mean to say that you would answer them if you saw the man?" He said, "Of course." I made him pronounce this half-a-dozen times, and then went out and told Abdullah, and brought him in and introduced him, and said, "Well, múnshí, here is Abdullah: now kindly answer his questions." "That Abdullah!" he cried; "that is not Abdullah! never, never! Abdullah is at Karachi;" at the same time looking horrified, and his lips quivering with emotion. "Yes, múnshí," I said, "that is Abdullah. Now for your answers, which you can give so easily." But he said it was all false; it was not Abdullah; and it was some time before he believed it. He then changed his tactics, and said, "Why, Sir, what is the use of arguing about religion, and what good ever comes of speaking about religion to persons of another religion?" So we could neither of us get a single word out of the old man.

Let us pray for this new convert, that he may prove humble and stedfast, and "be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, and whose leaf shall not wither."

### THE LAPLANDERS.

THE Laplanders occupy the extreme northern regions of Europe, which abut on the Icy Ocean. There are various classes of this singular people. In Swedish and Russian Lapland are found a numerous class of poor Laplanders, called Wood Laps, dwelling in forest districts: these are not entirely dependent on the reindeer, of which they have only a limited number, but subsist in a great measure on game and wild animals. In Norwegian Lapland there are no Laplanders of this description, there being but few forests. There they are divided into Fishing or Shore Laplanders, and the Reindeer or Mountain Laplanders.

Of these latter we shall speak more particularly. The summer and winter life of the Reindeer Laplanders are as diverse as possible. In summer he migrates to the coast by long journeys from the

interior, which is then so infested with gnats and other insects as excessively to persecute animals, especially the reindeer. He comes, moreover, to barter the skins, horns, and feathers, which he has amassed during the winter. But, above all, it is essential to the existence of the reindeer that once in the year they should drink the salt water. Amongst the numerous islands on the western coast the Laplander pitches his tent—a rag of coarse cloth, supported by branched poles of birch.

At the commencement of September, before the snow falls, he sets out on his return to the interior, and an interesting sight it is to behold a large herd of perhaps a thousand deer swimming across the sound or strait which divides them from the continent, accompanied by several boats containing the fawns, and having such deer as are weak tied behind them. In the beginning of October the snow descends, and covers the face of the country; the days get shorter and shorter; and towards the end of November the sun disappears altogether for two long months, until about January the 26th, when at noon it just peeps above this wintry land, as if to reconnoitre, before it returns to give it day. Yet, these seasons are not without their beauty. In November the horizon is tinted with varied colours, for the sun is moving not far below it. In another quarter of the firmament the moon shines with a clear light. A rich, luxuriant glow suffuses the heavens, and, when evening comes, the beautiful coruscations of the aurora play through the sky, now spanning the heavens with a splendid arch, now running along with inconceivable rapidity in a serpentine movement, and then dying away for a moment, only to burst out again in an overspreading sheet of fire. As winter deepens, candles, for the purpose of reading or writing, must be lighted at one o'clock in the day. The cold increases in intensity. Piercing winds raise thick clouds of snow-drift. Yet, in the midst of all this, the Mountain Laplander is satisfied with his rag of a tent, his only protection from the extreme cold. Its height is about six feet, and the whole circumference of the inside fifteen or eighteen feet. Into this are frequently crowded two families, besides dogs, the guardians of the herd, who, if they can find room, sometimes come in to the number of twenty. In the centre is the fire, a part of its smoke escaping by the aperture at the top of the tent, and the remainder filling all below with a dense cloud.

It is seldom that all the members of the family are present—one or more are without, tending the deer. Putting on their winter hoods, which completely cover head and shoulders, a hole being left for the face, they go forth with their snow-skates, at all hours, to guard the deer against wolves and other dangers. The women take their turn, and bear every hardship like the men.

Our engraving will give the best description of a Laplander's personal appearance and dress. The Mountain Lap in height is about five feet, or five feet two inches. He has small, elongated eyes, high cheek-bones, a wide mouth, and a pointed chin, with little beard. The hair is generally brown or dark-coloured. They are spare, and in general ill-made, but bony and muscular. They are exceedingly active, and capable of enduring great dangers and privations.

The Laplanders have ranked as a professedly Christian nation; yet old superstitions long lingered amongst them, and the dreaded divining-drum continued to be used. A happy change has, however, taken place;



and we rejoice to be enabled to report the increase of vital godliness amongst the Laplanders. The Swedish Missionary Society was formed in 1835, and Telström was employed by that Society as a catechist amongst the Laps. Finding himself much obstructed in his efforts to benefit the adults, he opened a boarding-school for Lappish children, the results of which appeared in several young men, the fruit of his labours, who were qualified to commence similar operations in different parts of the country. This good work has been followed up by others, amongst the rest, by the Rector Læstadeus. Partly by conversation, partly by plain, sharp sermons, printed, and circulated in all directions, he has aroused the consciences of the people. They love to read, and forsake their former vices. A few years back the Lapland markets were scenes of dissipation. Their desire for brandy and other strong drinks was uncontrollable. Now, instead of their former foolish behaviour at the markets and places of gathering, they appear as sober and peaceful as if met in the churchyard preparatory to the services of the sanctuary. Very many instances have occurred of restitution being made to merchants by those who, when leading a vicious life, had stolen, or, by deception in trade, fraudulently possessed themselves of, their goods.

## DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT ABBEOKUTA.

ABBEOKUTA is subject to frequent fires of a very destructive character. The materials of the houses, their light and combustible roofs, thatched with grass, help the fire to spread, and it extends itself with wonderful rapidity, bidding defiance to the efforts of the inhabitants. A fearful conflagration, attended not only by loss of property, but of life, occurred in March last, of which our native catechist, Mr. T. King, gives us the following description—

*March 15, 1853*—Of all the fires that have occurred in this town, that of to-day was the greatest. The rapidity that attended its progress, and the destruction of lives and property it occasioned, has no equal since the commencement of Abbeokuta, and may God in mercy never permit the like to happen any more! That more than two-thirds of the town was reduced to ashes, and that the number of houses consumed on this occasion was not less than a thousand, is not the opinion of certain individuals only, but is the general and concurrent assertion of everybody. And to affirm that not fewer than sixty persons perished in this calamity is no exaggeration whatever, besides many of whose recovery there is little hope. The fire having begun at Toko, near the rock Olumo, it consumed great part of that district and Ijemo, till it descended the range of Olumo, making a clean sweep of all Iporo, Ilawo Ijeun, Owu, Obba, Ika—in short, all the Gbagura, the densely-populated parts of the town. This fearful accident commenced about eleven A.M., and before three P.M. it had completed its horrible work. A very sharp and acute harmatan wind, which had been blowing about three days, greatly facilitated the progress of the fire. At its commencement, all our workmen and girls at Owu, and a great number of people that came out of their houses, stood viewing it in great anxiety of mind, hoping and praying it might not descend to the other side of the rocks, as all were fully convinced that, should that be the case, the calamity would be very appalling, and such at last it proved to be. Immediately when the fire was seen on the other side of the rocks, all of us instantly quitted the spot in confused dispersion, running homeward. The passage through the Kobiti, my only way home in this part of the town, became impassable, and I was obliged to turn my head to Mr. Crowther's quarter, the wind bearing the flakes so rapidly that the fearful leaps the fire made were almost incredible. While it was burning by the late Sodeke's house, on a sudden it was found at Owu hill, the central part of Igbagura.

After it was all over, Mr. Crowther and I went to see the converts, who were the sufferers, as well as to ascertain how far the ravages extended. With the exception of the iron furnace-house, all the houses on that hill by our new Station were burnt up. Had our church and dwelling-house been already roofed, they might have unavoidably undergone the same fate. After visiting Lara, the elder chief of Owu, and many others, we came to Basorun's house, to ascertain whether the furniture of the brass gun in his place had escaped the fire, as it is a public property for protection. Fortunately, we found the gun with all its materials quite safe. From thence we visited Ogubonna. His house, which I had not the least expectation of being in the number, shared the same fate, though he did not suffer the loss of property, from having good ceiling.

Besides those who perished in the attempt to save their property, there were many who were overtaken in their flight from the danger. The Apèna of Ido, a sick and infirm man, together with about four individuals who were trying to lead him away, perished. Others, who went to walk in the town, met with their unexpected and unhappy fate in some of the narrow lanes and roads, where the houses are too closely constructed. Some, having carried their children to the river side, and returning to the house to save some property, perished in that attempt; and the children, in going back to seek for their parents, were either suffocated by the smoke, or overtaken by the flames. Those who perished in endeavouring to save their orisàs or idols, as well as their animals, were the most of the number. Of all those who died in this calamity, the case of two little children was very affecting. The parents happened to be absent from home. The younger one was sleeping in the house, and natural affection did not allow the other to run away without trying to awake her; but, alas! these poor children were not permitted to see their parents any more in this world. Sad case indeed! What a cause for thankfulness to our gracious God, that not a life was lost among our converts!

There is a fire from which we have all need to flee. "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness." That is a fire. The Lord Himself so speaks of it—"Lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it; because of the evil of your doings." We are exhorted to flee from it—"Flee from the wrath to come;" nor need we be in ignorance where to find a hiding-place, for in Christ there is security. This is the work in which all true evangelists are employed, whether ministers at home or Missionaries abroad, in warning sinners of their danger, and exhorting them to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Alas! how many are like the Abbeokutans who perished in the fire. They have their idols, their besetting sins, the various objects which they have loved and served in the neglect of God, and these they cannot be prevailed upon to leave. If they could take these with them they would be content. The man would save himself, yet keep his idols too, and in that mad attempt what multitudes have perished! How many, who at times have seemed almost persuaded to escape: their eyes are open for an instant to their danger; but, lo! they also have their orisàs, and while they hesitate they are lost.

How touching, also, the strong affection of the little girl who was unwilling to leave behind her younger sister. Alas! what a reproach to us that we do not make more vigorous efforts to save sinners, "pulling them out of the fire"—that we are not more ready to undergo privations and dangers in this good work, after the example of Christ. We have escaped ourselves, we have found deliverance in Christ; but there are others, many others, in the flames, and shall we not try to save them?

It is remarkable that none of the converts perished. No

doubt the influence of the gospel on their minds helped them to escape. It disentangled them from the very objects, in cleaving to which others lost their lives. They had no idols or orisās to think of: they had long cast them away. Their property, also, was not so precious in their eyes, as that they should risk their lives for it. They were the more ready to part from it, because they knew that when they had lost that they would not have lost all, for that Christ would still remain; and they had rather save life to spend it on Christ, although with the loss of all earthly things, than risk it in the effort to save their worldly goods. Inordinate love of worldly things leads men into many dangers. The love of Christ disembarresses a man of much that would prove a great hinderance to him in the hour of difficulty and danger.

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MORAVIAN MISSION TO THE LEPERS AT THE CAPE.

AMONG the many interesting Missions carried on by our Moravian brethren, and in which they have been so remarkably blessed of God, there is none more touching than that at Robben Island, Cape of Good Hope, to which place the leper hospital, formerly under their charge at Hemel en Aarde, near Caledon, has been transferred. The history of this remarkable Missionary effort will, we think, interest our readers.

In 1822 the then Governor of the Cape Colony, Lord Charles Somerset, perceiving that the leper hospital, established some years previously, was not so conducted as to benefit the poor inmates, applied to the Missionary Leitner, then at Groenekloof, and his wife, a native of Lancashire, to undertake its superintendence—his chief solicitude being for the spiritual welfare of the sufferers—an invitation which was cheerfully accepted.

And yet, to the eye of sense, no more unlovely field could be presented, or in which the constraining love of Christ and love for souls were more needed to overcome the natural repugnance which the most loathsome and appalling of diseases is calculated to produce. The first sight of so many of their fellow-men—for about 120 of them had been collected from various parts of the colony—deformed and crippled in various ways, could hardly fail to produce painful impressions. Yet, in view of the blessed object before them, winning these poor souls to Christ, every feeling of aversion and disgust melted away; and assiduously did this devoted couple domesticate themselves with these poor sufferers, and place themselves in proximity to all that, to the natural feelings, was most trying, that they might minister medicine to their souls.

It presents a touching type of the love of Jesus. What they were physically, we, by nature, are morally and spiritually. Sin is the leprosy of the soul, and we are by nature covered with it. The sight of it, in its various forms, is far more loathsome to the holiness

of God, than the worst form of the physical disease could be to the natural feelings of the healthy man. Yet, into the lazar house of this world the Saviour came, and dwelt amidst us poor lepers that He might do us good. He who was "holy, harmless, undefiled," placed Himself in the midst of us poor sinners, and ministered to our need, while He loathed and instinctively shrank from the disease with which we were afflicted. By the exhibition of it, the various and loathsome forms which it assumed, He was continually pained; yet did He not, therefore, forsake the work He had begun: but—though sometimes, when grieved with the hardness of men's hearts, compelled to say, "How long shall I be with you, and suffer you?"—persevered until that work, amidst sorrow and humiliation, was finished, and means provided by which leprous sinners, in every age and generation, might be made whole.

After the example of his great master, Leitner laboured, and his wife with him. Such was the dilapidated condition of the premises, on their first entrance, that even the ordinary comforts and conveniences of life were wanting. But God blessed their patient efforts, so that they at length succeeded in providing furniture for their humble dwelling, in erecting and fitting-up a small chapel for the use of the patients, and in laying out, fencing, and cultivating a garden, which in process of time became so productive as to contribute largely to their maintenance. Nor were tokens of the divine favour wanting to them in their spiritual work. One after another of the poor lepers came to inquire what he might do to be saved; and on being directed to Jesus as a Saviour, received faith to believe in Him and rejoice in His salvation. Many a wild and depraved outcast from society was brought to his right mind, and learned to submit himself with patience, nay, even with inward joy, to the chastening rod which was laid upon him.

Six years' service this faithful Missionary was permitted to render at this station, baptizing, during that period, ninety-five adults, the greater number of whom departed this life in humble reliance on the righteousness and faithfulness of Christ, before their pastor was called to enter into rest. He was removed by apoplexy on Easter Monday 1829, during the baptism of an adult, and almost in the act of pouring the baptismal water. The lamentations of the poor lepers over their beloved teacher would have moved the most hardened heart, and afforded strong evidence of the love they felt for him, as one who had been faithful. Others succeeded him, until the removal of the hospital to Robben Island, in the latter part of the year 1845.

Robben Island occupies a position near the north-western entrance of Table Bay, about eight miles distant from Cape Town. At this spot are grouped together several buildings—general hospital, leper hospital, and lunatic asylum. The following extract from a letter dated April 26, 1852, and written by one of the Missionaries, presents some affecting details of their labours and their results—

The school for the children of the lepers, and for those adult lepers who like to attend, is kept four hours a-day, by a young Englishman, a convert from the Romish church, who has undertaken to perform that service gratuitously. It was touching to see both adults and children turn over the leaves of their Bibles and Testaments, with their mutilated hands and fingers—some not only without fingers, but likewise with hands corroded to the very wrist, and putting to shame those who, in the enjoyment of perfect health, neglect the reading of the Scriptures. The more outwardly deformed some of them are, the more edifying it is to witness the effects of the grace of God working in their hearts and lives.

John Gerts, the chapel-servant, who has been afflicted with this awful disease for at least twenty-six years, is nevertheless always cheerful, and an edifying example of a pardoned sinner. Once he told me, "All my confidence rests on my dear Saviour, for I believe that He has taken upon Himself my sin, and has died for me on the cross. His word is my comfort, and the food of my needy soul." Whenever the Missionary knocks at his window, as a signal to prepare for the meeting, he generally calls aloud to the inmates of the other rooms, "Come on! come on! now it is time for the meeting! now let us go to church!" Sometimes he has been even found in his room delivering a short discourse to his leprous brethren and sisters. A baptized leper declared to me one day after the meeting, "When I was still a bondsman—my parents were from the land beyond the sea—I knew nothing of God; but I cannot thank Him sufficiently that He has delivered me, and brought me hither to hear His word. I will now live to Him alone."

Though all the lepers are living and sleeping together in four large rooms, I never heard of quarrels among them during my stay there. On the contrary, I was pleased to observe that such as had the last joint of the thumb remaining, and who were thus able to take hold of something, were kindly assisting others, who could not help themselves at all, in cleansing and binding up their sores. Their charity and brotherly love, as members of the Brethren's church, is favourably contrasted with the behaviour of the other patients at the interment of their comrades. For, while at the burial of the other patients no one is found to attend, not even their nearest room-companions, besides the coloured lunatics employed as bearers of the litter, and the Missionary and police constable, no leper, who is able to walk or crawl about on his crutches, is wanting at the funeral of one of his brethren or sisters, either in the church or as followers of the corpse, though the walk to the new burial-ground occupies nearly ten minutes, over a sandy and uneven tract.

A great number of them are confined to their beds. One of them, a paralytic, when asked by Br. Wiedeman whether he did not regret his inability to walk any more, replied, "No, for then I should perhaps be still walking in the way of sin, but at present Jesus Christ is my comfort: I love Him, for He is my Saviour, and I trust in His merits." The majority of the patients we found any thing but averse from spiritual conversation: on the contrary, they thankfully received admonition and consolation from the word of God.*

* "Particulars of Intelligence respecting the Missions of the United Brethren," Dec. 20, 1852.

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[DECEMBER, 1853.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE DISHONOURED IDOL.

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

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THE DISHONOURED IDOL.

OUR Missionaries amongst the Hindus have very much to encourage them at the present time, in the favourable reception they are meeting from the masses of the people, when itinerating amongst them. Time was, and that not very long ago, when opposition, or at least indifference, was their portion, with very little of encouraging circumstances to enliven it. Now they are welcomed, even in the very places where they remember to have been insulted, and are soon surrounded with attentive hearers. The Hindus, at the present time, are most willing to hear. They resemble the fresh ploughed land, broken up and laid open for the reception of the seed. Would that we could multiply the sowers in sufficient numbers to cover the vast field which is presented to us! But, alas! they are but few in number. This is our great need.

The following facts are full of encouragement. Two of our Missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Hasell and Schurr, accompanied by the Rev. G. E. Yate, of the Calcutta Cathedral Mission, proceeded in November of last year on a Missionary tour in the Nuddea district, westward of Krishnagurh. Amongst other places visited by them was the town of Dowlutunge. Here, the year before, they had been grievously abused, and the Lord's name awfully blasphemed. But now all was changed, and all were willing to hear. They reached it on the Saturday, and on the Sunday, in the market-place, they had, in two or three places, 500 people.

A few mornings after, the Missionaries, on entering the town, found themselves surrounded by a dense crowd, with whom they held a lengthened discussion. Towards the close of it they were invited by some members of a Brahmin family, the only one in the town, to enter their house. Seats were placed in the idol-house, and it was soon filled with a large concourse of people. What a position this! There were the Missionaries seated on chairs, on the very spot where the idol is fixed on pujah days; and around them were two or three hundred attentive listeners, to whom they had the opportunity of preaching Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. "They were," says our Missionary, "extremely quiet and respectful; and this, when we consider that we were alone in the interior of a large native house, miles from any European, and that we were unflinchingly and without compromise declaring the Lord Jesus to be the only way, the truth, and the life, is clear evidence of the secret influence which the great truths of the gospel are exerting upon the people. A few years ago a Missionary could not have spoken in peace in the bazar even: now we were, without fear or hinderance, allowed to sit in the idol's place, and preach the gospel for two or three hours together."

It was at Dowlutunge that the remarkable scene took place which we have endeavoured to represent in our engraving. It was the time of the Jagatdhatree puja.

Amongst the Hindus an image is nothing until it be consecrated by the Brahmins. When, at the commencement of the Durga puja, the solemn hour arrives, the officiating Brahmin, provided with leaves of a sacred tree and other holy accoutrements, approaches the image. With the two forefingers of his right hand he touches the breast, the two cheeks, the eyes, and forehead of the image, with each touch saying, "Let the spirit of Durga descend, and take possession of this image." It is then considered to be the local habitation of the deity: worship commences,

sacrifices are offered, and rites multiplied. On the morning of the fourth day the grand ceremony takes place of unconsecrating the images. The image is carried forth on a platform raised on men's shoulders. A numerous procession accompanies it to the river. There boats are in readiness, and, filled with the living mass, they are launched on the stream. As soon as the last ceremonies have been completed, the idol-bearers break the image in pieces, and cast the fragments into the waters, amidst the crash of instruments and the uproar of human voices.

Just as the Missionaries reached the high road leading from Maheshpur to the river, they were met by a procession of high and low, rich and poor, following the idol, which they were about to cast into the stream. The Missionaries waited for the crowd to pass by, hoping they would do so quickly, for the noise of the drums was really deafening. To their great surprise the crowd stopped, and, gathering round the Missionaries, allowed the bearers who were carrying the idol, and the musicians, to pass on alone. There were not less than between 600 and 800 persons waiting to hear. They directed the Missionaries to an elevated spot on which to place themselves, and then, forming themselves into a circle, listened attentively to the message they had to deliver. All was still. The noise of the procession had passed away, and the idol, and all connected with it, seemed to be forgotten in the interest excited by the blessed truths which were placed before them. The subject was what we might expect it to be, God's love to sinners in the gift of His Son. After a while came back the noisy drums and the frame-work without the idol, which, deprived of its usual honours, had been committed to its watery grave; when, to the great surprise of our Missionaries, some of the most respectable of those present sent an order to stop the beating of the drums, lest the preachers might be inconvenienced. "We finished our addresses," writes Mr. Hasell; "no one followed in the idol procession; and thus at least for once in this ancient Hindu town the name of Christ and His cause were deemed worthy of more honour than the idols." May it indeed soon be so all over India, and Christ be exalted on the ruins of idolatry!

~~~~~ WESLEY TE PAKE.

THIS is the name of an old New-Zealand chief, who has recently died in the Taupiri district. The Rev. B. Ashwell has transmitted to us, in a letter dated June 14, 1853, the following touching account of his happy Christian death—

On my return to my district I found the old chief of Tukopoto pa, *i. e.* the village nearest the station, exceedingly ill. He died most happily. The following account of one of the first-fruits of the Waikato stations I trust will be interesting.

It is about ten years since that Wesley te Pake was baptized by the Rev. R. Maunsell: he was formerly the greatest native priest in the Kaitotehe district. Soon after his baptism he was determined to learn to read, and his son, a lad about ten years of age, was his teacher. Although an old man, by constant perseverance he succeeded so well that he formed one of the second class at the Sunday-school at this station. About seven years since, the son alluded to was drowned in crossing Ma-

nukau harbour. This was a great trial to Wesley, and I feared he would have lapsed into heathenism, as he was told the native gods were angry with him for forsaking them, and therefore this affliction had befallen him. The temptation, however, lasted but a short time: he withdrew from public worship for three weeks; but afterwards saw his error, confessed he was wrong, and again joined the church. From that period he became a steady believer. He was exceedingly desirous to live in peace with the other tribes of Waikato, and was known among them as a peacemaker. He readily joined in my proposal to form a Missionary Association at this station about three years since. He was present at each anniversary, the accounts of which I have forwarded. As a speaker, few equalled Wesley te Pake: his addresses were always to the point, and were attended with much effect, whether as a peacemaker, or to urge the claims of the gospel. Being an old chief of some standing, he rendered me much assistance in my plans, and we shall feel his loss much. He was much beloved by his own tribe, the Ngaungau, and respected by all the Waikato tribes. Their "huhungao," *i. e.* lamentation, and various speeches over the body of the old chief, prove how much they felt his death. Several tribes who were at variance met at his funeral, and I have no doubt that their quarrels will now be settled amicably.

On my arrival at Motutarata, where Wesley was staying, I found him very unwell; but I did not apprehend any immediate danger, though he himself thought he should not recover. I asked him what were his hopes for eternity. He replied, "Christ is my Saviour: His death is the utu," *i. e.* payment, "for my sins."

On Sunday, May 29, this conversation took place. I was now obliged to return to the station, fourteen miles distant. He expressed a wish to be removed to Tukopoto, to be near me. Accordingly, on June the 6th, he was again brought to the place close to the station.

I visited him, and asked him if he felt depressed. His answer was, "Christ is my light and life." On the 9th a change for the worse took place. He called his tribe, and said, "Hold fast gospel principles. Be decided for Christ. Pray without ceasing. Hear what St. Paul says, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'" (Rom. viii. 31.) He then remained silent for a time, but shortly exclaimed, "'Thy word hath been a light unto my path.'" (Psalm cxix. 105.) He continued, "All things were made by Him. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." (John i. 3, 4.) He then exclaimed, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." (Psalm xli. 1.) He now remained silent, when, feeling for his book—for his sight was quite gone—he cried, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and shew us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us; that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations." (Psalm lxvii. 1, 2.) He then fainted. It was some time before he recovered. The whole tribe now assembled. He now began a native song, in a plaintive voice. The following is a translation—

"The fever is tearing me.* Do not speak to me as of a thief that has been taken.
Do not say that my words to the different tribes have been those of contention.

* He had been falsely accused as having promoted a quarrel about land with another tribe.

Here (*i. e.* Tukopoto) let the church remain.*

I am taken by the stream to heaven,

To the Father. Death is desirable.

Strengthen the inner man, O my Father!

Be nigh me—close with me."

He now prayed in a distinct voice, "Oh, my Saviour! O Christ, strengthen me! Give me Thy Holy Spirit; for Thou only art my Sav—" And thus died this good old chief in the act of prayer.

If the conversion of this celebrated priest and chief, Te Pake, had been the only fruit of the Waikato Mission, even then our labour would not have been "in vain in the Lord;" but, thank God, we have many instances that the good hand of our God has been, and is, with us. To Him alone be the glory! Wesley te Pake will not soon be forgotten in this district.

THE ESKIMOS.

THE circle of our Missionary labours in North-West America is rapidly extending. Beginning with the Ojibways, it next approached the Crees, amongst which tribe several Stations have been formed, and results attained of a very encouraging character. Our most advanced station northward has been moved from Lac la Ronge to English River, in a more northerly direction, so as to approach the Chippeway tribes, a distinct nation from the Crees, from whom they are separated by that river, and with whom we are beginning to come into very interesting communication. On the Saskatchewan a new station has been commenced by the Rev. H. Budd, at the Nepowewin. In this direction we are approaching the Plain Indians, to large parties of whom Mr. Budd has had opportunity of preaching the gospel, which they have heard very patiently and attentively. The extension of the Missionary work in this direction is deeply interesting, the Indians being most numerous in the direction of the plains. Far away to the north-east, at Fort George, on the east coast of St. James' Bay, we are beginning to see something of the Eskimos; and we think that the following extract from the journal of our Missionary, the Rev. E. A. Watkins, in which he describes his first interview at this station with some Eskimos, will be read with interest—

April 29, 1853—This has been quite an eventful day in the history of the almost unvaryingly quiet Fort George. When just on the point of sitting down to breakfast, information was received that the Eskimos, whom we had now almost given over expecting, were in sight. By exerting our best powers of vision we were enabled to discover a black spot on the river; and as it drew near, we found that the party consisted of four individuals, and a sled drawn by seven dogs. I went to greet the strangers as they ascended the bank of the river, and saw that they comprised a man and his wife, a boy about fourteen, and a youth about eighteen. This last had previously been here, remaining for nearly four

* His tribe wished to remove from Tukopoto in consequence; but he wished the church to remain near their minister.

years, during which time he had gained a tolerable acquaintance with English. They were all dressed in the manner common to their nation—in seal-skin coats, trousers, and boots. The coats were provided with hoods, which answered the purpose of caps when required, and were ornamented with a row of small pieces of ivory, somewhat resembling teeth. The woman was distinguished by the addition of a long, broad tail hanging at the back of her coat, which, on some occasions, is turned between the legs and fastened in front.

The first proceeding after their arrival was the unpacking of their sled, after which they commenced the building of an igloo, or snow-house, for their accommodation during their stay. A site was selected at about 200 yards from the Fort, where the snow was four or five feet deep. One of the Eskimos then commenced cutting into the snow with a knife about two feet long, and soon succeeded in procuring an oblong slab, measuring perhaps two feet and a half long, one and a half broad, and six inches thick. This was handed to the other workman, who placed it on its edge as the commencement of a wall, to which other blocks, as



soon as they were prepared, were added, till a circle of about nine feet in diameter was formed. On the top of this row similar pieces were placed, and, a little inclination being given towards the inside, a building of the shape of a dome was gradually erected, inclosing the two men employed in raising the structure. Each slab was carefully placed to lean against the one next to it, and by running the knife along its lower edge it was readily made to retain its position. While this process was being carried on from the inside, the boy was employed on the outside in filling up all crevices with small lumps of snow, pressing each firmly into its place; and as he proceeded towards the upper part the strength of the dome was proved by its bearing the whole weight of his body. The woman, meanwhile, found her appropriate employment in procuring small branches of the pine to form the covering of the floor, intended, I presume, not so much for the softness of the bed, as to prevent unpleasantness from the melting of the snow in consequence of the heat of the body.

The igloe itself being completed, the next step to be taken was the forming of the entrance passage, which was left altogether to the management of the boy, while the two men went to attend to their sled, having first effected their escape from their snowy prison-house by removing one of the blocks of which the wall was composed. The young builder now commenced cutting the snow at about six feet distance from the dome, producing blocks of the same dimensions as before, with which he constructed two walls about five feet in height, each being a little curved at its foundation, and also inclining inwards, but not arched over. From this vestibule an entrance was easily made into the igloe by removing part of its wall, making an opening perhaps two feet square, just sufficient to allow an adult to creep through on hands and knees. Upon entering through this somewhat inconvenient doorway I found the interior to be much more comfortable, both with respect to warmth and light, than I expected. The floor was not all on the same level, a little more than half of it being raised a foot or so to form a bed for the inmates, which was strewn with pine branches, over which was spread a covering of deer-skins. The front of this raised floor answered in the day time the purpose of a seat.

In the early part of the afternoon, as soon as I thought the interesting strangers had completed the arrangements of their temporary home, I paid them a visit, being desirous, as far as God should give me grace, to announce to them the glad tidings of a Saviour's love. I took my seat amongst my small but deeply-attentive congregation, and commenced to preach to them Jesus, using as my interpreter the young man who had previously been living at the Fort, and who, though not baptized, is usually called Peter. By making use of short and simple sentences, and occasionally repeating the same sentiment in two or three different ways, I was enabled to make him understand all that I wished to convey. My hearers manifested much serious attention while I spoke to them of the love of God for sinful men in sending Christ to die on their behalf, and while I endeavoured to contrast the happy state prepared beyond the grave for those who love and serve Jesus, with that awful condition of misery to which the impenitent will be condemned.

April 30—In the evening the four Eskimos, according to invitation, came to my house to tea, if, indeed, a meal may be so termed where the

beverage that "cheers but not inebriates" is altogether wanting. They were provided with partridge and venison, together with a basin of oatmeal porridge each. In eating the former they seemed much more at home in the use of the knife and fork than I expected to find them. After finishing their meal, Mrs. Watkins and myself endeavoured to interest them by exhibiting various articles with which we thought they would be altogether unacquainted. They were much pleased with pictures in natural history, and made a particularly minute inspection of many of the quadrupeds. The operation of bellows in rapidly kindling a flame from the dying embers gave much amusement, as did also the more simple effect of the application of an extinguisher to a candle. I exhibited the internal mechanism of my clock, which excited their interest very highly, and especially so when it struck the hour, for which I prepared them by pointing out the hammer, and showing the direction in which it would move. Mrs. Watkins gave a small present to the married woman, who, in fact, is but a girl of about sixteen, consisting of a pair of scissors, a bodkin, a thimble, and a few needles and pins, all which appeared to be highly valued. The use of the scissors and bodkin was learned with great readiness, though the poor woman had never before seen any thing of the kind.

Our Missionary had been very anxious to have an Eskimo resident with him, with the double object of being helped by him in acquiring that language, and of giving him instruction with a view to his conversion, and, by the blessing of God, his future usefulness amongst his countrymen. Peter appeared to be just the person he was in search of, and Mr. Watkins opened the matter to him, pointing out to him what a blessed thing it would be if he should become a teacher of his countrymen, whose perishing condition loudly calls for help, no fewer than fifty-five of these thinly-scattered people having died near the Little Whale River during the last few months. To this proposal Peter eventually acceded. That the Eskimos are not without natural affection appears very touchingly in the strong feeling manifested by Peter on separating from his friends.

May 3—After family prayers I sent for the four Eskimos, as I wished to make a few presents to those who were about to return, as also to give them a word of spiritual counsel previous to their departure. I then spoke to Peter, wishing him to tell his friends to think often of what they had heard from me respecting God and His Son Jesus; but his heart was too full: he turned his back, and the trickling of a few tears down his cheek soon told the tale of his sorrows. We endeavoured in various ways to impart comfort; but every effort was vain, and seemed only to add to the bitterness of his feelings. His three companions soon afterwards went to their sled, which was already packed ready for their departure. I accompanied them a little way on the river till they had made a fair start, and then took my leave, following them with earnest ejaculations to that God whose temple is all space.

This afternoon I spent some time with Peter, regarding him in the double capacity of tutor and pupil, receiving from him my first lesson in Eskimo, and, in return, teaching him English, and introducing him, for the purpose of writing his own language, to the mystery of the A, B, C.

While those whose privilege it is to be the "Lord's remembrancers" make intercessions on behalf of the cause of Missions, may I request that they forget not the Eskimos, and in particular this young man, Peter, in whom I am now specially interested, that he may be led to a saving knowledge of Jesus; and that then out of the abundance of his heart his mouth may speak to his people "in their own tongue the wonderful works of God!"

~~~~~ FIRST BAPTISM BY OUR MISSIONARIES IN THE PUNJAB.

THE first instance of conversion in a Mission is ever an important fact—to the Missionaries who are engaged in the work especially so. It is a gracious recognition on the Lord's part of the labours of the past; it is full of promise as regards the future; and the baptism of this first convert is a deeply-interesting occasion. Our Missionaries at Amritsar, in the Punjab, the Rev. Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Clark, have been thus encouraged; and in the following letter, dated July 6, 1853, Mr. Fitzpatrick makes us partakers of their joy—

You will rejoice to hear that we have been thus early privileged to baptize the first convert to the faith of Christ through the preaching of the gospel in this Mission. The service was held on Sunday, the 3d instant, at our school-house in the city; and the congregation consisted of all our native Christians, eleven of the residents, most of our inquirers, and a few of the boys from our schools.

Shamaum (Simeon), the baptized person, is a man of about forty years of age, of superior intelligence, and of a frank and manly character. He heard the word of God for the first time on the 23d of February last, upon the occasion of a visit to his village, three or four miles from Amritsar, by David and me, on our first Missionary tour. He was the Grant'hí—reader of the Grant'h, or Sikh priest*—of the village, and was called from his garden to hear what the Sahib had to say. It was a most unpromising place at the time; for the poor villagers were in great excitement, expecting a visit from the deputy commissioner. We collected about twenty together; but I believe not more than three or four remained attentive, and of these Shamaum, then Kaisoa Singh, was especially so. He seemed deeply interested, and asked so many questions, or made so many remarks, that our preaching was at length turned into a conversation with him instead of a general address. He and another were the only persons who read, and we gave them each two Gurmukhi books—part of the Pentateuch, to Exodus xxi., and the Pilgrim's Progress. He accompanied David to the tent, and had one or two interviews with him on the same day afterwards; and at the end it was agreed that David should come again and instruct him more fully. But the man himself did not wait the day appointed. In his desire to know more, he came to the city to see our native Christians, and, after that, continued to visit David three or four times a week, Sunday being one of them, that he might be present at our services. At length, having read the books, he asked permission to stay with David altogether for better instruction. We advised him to

* An engraving of such a reader is given in the "Church Missionary Gleaner" for August 1852, p. 91.

act very deliberately, setting before him the consequences of such a step, in the probable alienation of his people, and loss of all things worldly; and he did so. He had two or three days to consider again and again what he should do, and I think we had a second or third interview with him; and some four or five days more elapsed before he finally came to reside in the city. At that time his knowledge of the book of Genesis and part of Exodus was remarkable, considering the shortness of time and the few opportunities he had had; and his progress since then has been, as might be expected, yet more satisfactory. We had all along expected that he would become a Christian, for his conduct was so consistent—his spiritual perception and prayerfulness so striking—that we could see no reason to doubt it. He had commenced the work of self-denial, and the breaking off of evil habits, well. He had reduced his allowance of opium—almost all the Sikhs eat this drug—not by the slow degrees I had, in prudence, advised, but by one-fourth in a month, and had gone through bodily trial in so doing; but last week he was led to look back upon his village and all his former associations, and in so doing suffered for days together severe temptations. He was excited against David, the chief instrument in his conversion, to reproach him as the cause of his *misdeeds*; but yet he struggled against these feelings, and endeavoured by prayer to overcome them. He was at length successful, and then requested baptism. We all fully concurred in the propriety of admitting him into the Christian fold; and this was my happy privilege on Sunday last.

He is now somewhat depressed in spirit. Satan is not leaving him untried, but is tempting him. We do not, however, doubt his real conversion: on the contrary, we believe him to be a true child of God, and look forward to his becoming a very useful member of the Christian church. The name "Shamaum" was preferred by him and David in reference to the words, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." I believe the occasion of his baptism was much blessed to many present.

Let us pray for Shamaum, that, "after he has suffered a while," the God of all grace may "stablish, strengthen, settle him." Let us pray that our Missionaries may have holy zeal and wisdom to improve the opportunities for good which are presented to them, and that their numbers may be much increased. The field is a large one. Amritsar is a great resort of strangers, who come to it as the holy city of the Sikhs, and, on the occasion of the great melas, the streets are crowded like those of London, there being collected at such times from 200,000 to 300,000 people. Besides the city itself, there are within a circle of ten miles not fewer than 300 villages, and probably more, some of which contain as many as 4000 or 5000 inhabitants. Beyond, there is, in every direction, an openness to hear. One Missionary, with the catechist David, made a tour in a northerly direction some months ago. They were out sixteen days, during which time they preached in not fewer than twenty-eight towns or villages to 2400 people, the representatives of some 34,000, and distributed 496 books. In places where the gospel had never before been preached,

the people were eager to hear and consider what was declared to them. The catechist David, once himself a Sikh, but for the last eight years a consistent Christian, was never wearied of declaring to his countrymen the words of eternal life. The Missionaries state, that on this line of march the population was so dense that they might travel day after day, visiting two or three villages each day; thus instructing daily on an average 200 or 300 persons; or, had they adopted the plan of locating themselves in the midst of one of the more important towns, they would have found themselves in the centre of a population numbering 300,000 or 400,000, all accessible by easy marches.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Oh! for the putting forth of earnest prayer that "the Lord of the harvest" may send more labourers!

~~~~~ RASALAMA, THE MADAGASCAR MARTYR.

A RAPID growth in vegetable and animal life is often accompanied by the loss of soundness and vigour of constitution. Hot-house plants grow rapidly, but they do so under artificial influence, and if they were transferred outside, and had to brave the damp, chill air of autumnal mornings and evenings, they would soon wither.

As in vegetable and animal life, so in spiritual life, there is growth. There is growth in the love of Christ, and in the sanctifying power which the gospel exercises on the believing heart. The more rapidly this grows in us the better, for it grows, not as material objects grow, by the increase of parts, but in the blessed influence which it exercises on the character. In that growth, growing up in all things into Him which is the Head, may we all richly participate!

In Missionary work there is also a growth, and that of a twofold character. There is a growth in the spiritual influence exercised on men's hearts and consciences, the whole of which is known only to God; and there is growth in the visible results which are produced. This latter growth might become too rapid, if, while numbers increase, the action of divine life in the hearts of men did not increase with it. Numbers of professing converts might be added to a Mission, but not of the right kind. A great increase of such persons would be very hurtful to Missionary work. He, therefore, who is the Great Head of the church, and whose husbandry faithful Missionary work undoubtedly is, so interposes as to prevent this. He dispenses afflictions, and Missionary work is reared in trial. The trials are of various kinds: very generally they consist in the persecutions to which the converts are exposed from the heathen round. Sometimes they are so numerous and powerful, that, to the eye of man, it would seem as if the work would never be able to sustain them: but He who permits the trial affords the needful strength to bear it; and, however oppressed, the work, if genuine, in God's time fails not to revive.

In our October Number we referred to one of the most tried Missions of modern times, that in Madagascar. Seventeen years have passed since the Missionaries were compelled to leave that island, during which the native converts have been in the midst of profound trial. For wise pur-

poses God has suffered them to be so. Satan has been permitted to deal with them as he dealt with Job. Him he harassed in the hope of making him unfaithful; but he found him "stedfast, unmoveable." He hoped, in the same way, to overcome the faith of the Malagassy Christians, and overthrow the hopeful work which had sprung up in a land which he had long ruled over with undisputed power. But he has not succeeded.

After the departure of the Missionaries, the converts continued to meet, as they had opportunity, for mutual exhortation and prayer. On the Sabbath they assembled in lonely places on the mountains, where, amidst the treeless hills and vales, they could see at a distance the approach of strangers. There they could freely sing the praise of their God and Saviour without the fear of being overheard. The copies of the Malagassy Bible, which the Missionaries on their departure had placed in their hands, were a great consolation to them. The "Pilgrim's Progress" had also been translated into Malagassy, and eight manuscript copies, written out by some of their number, remained with them. They taught one another to read, and their numbers, instead of diminishing, increased.

Ten of the number were now seized, and every effort was made to extract from them the names of their fellow Christians. One of them, whose name was Rasalama, being overreached in her simplicity by the deceitfulness of the inquisitors, was induced to mention the names of seven other persons, who were immediately seized and put into confinement. When she learned that their names had been previously unknown to the government she was deeply grieved, and, in her next interview with the officers, expressed herself so strongly as to the injustice of their proceedings, that she was put in irons and beaten. In the midst of her sufferings she continued singing hymns, adding, "My life shall go for my companions." The persecutors then decided she should die. The afternoon before, she was placed in irons of a peculiar construction, consisting of rings and bars, so fastened around the feet, hands, knees, and neck, as to cramp the whole body into a most painful position, forcing the extremities together, as if it were packed into a small case. It is thus the natives are accustomed to bind their bullocks, by drawing the fore and hind feet into one knot, and these irons are from hence called *omhy fohy*, "the shortened bullock."

The next morning she was led to execution, and still she continued to sing hymns, and to express her joy that she had been brought to know the truth. On passing one of the Missionary chapels, where she had been baptized, she exclaimed, "There I heard the Saviour's words." On reaching the place of execution, she requested to be permitted to kneel down and pray; and in that attitude, as she calmly committed her soul to her Saviour's keeping, she was speared to death by three or four of the executioners, who, standing around her, struck her through the ribs and heart. Her body was left to the wild dogs—her soul fled where persecution could not reach it. Her name, Rasalama, is formed of the oriental word, "Salama," and the usual Malagassy affix to proper names, "Ra;" and it was true of her, according to her name, that she found peace in believing.

Satan mistakes when he supposes that, by compassing the death of the Lord's faithful people, he shall succeed in crushing the spirit of inquiry in a land. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." This, as we shall see on some future occasion, is remarkably exemplified in the history of the Madagascar Mission.

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The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring a dense, repeating design of small, interlocking, teardrop or 'combed' shapes in shades of brown, tan, and dark blue. The marbling is somewhat faded and worn, especially along the edges and in the center. A vertical strip of plain, aged, light brown leather or parchment runs down the right edge of the cover. In the bottom right corner, a small, rectangular, light blue paper label is pasted onto the leather strip. The label contains the text 'University of Southern California Library' in a black, serif font, arranged in three lines. The overall appearance is that of a well-used, historical volume.

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